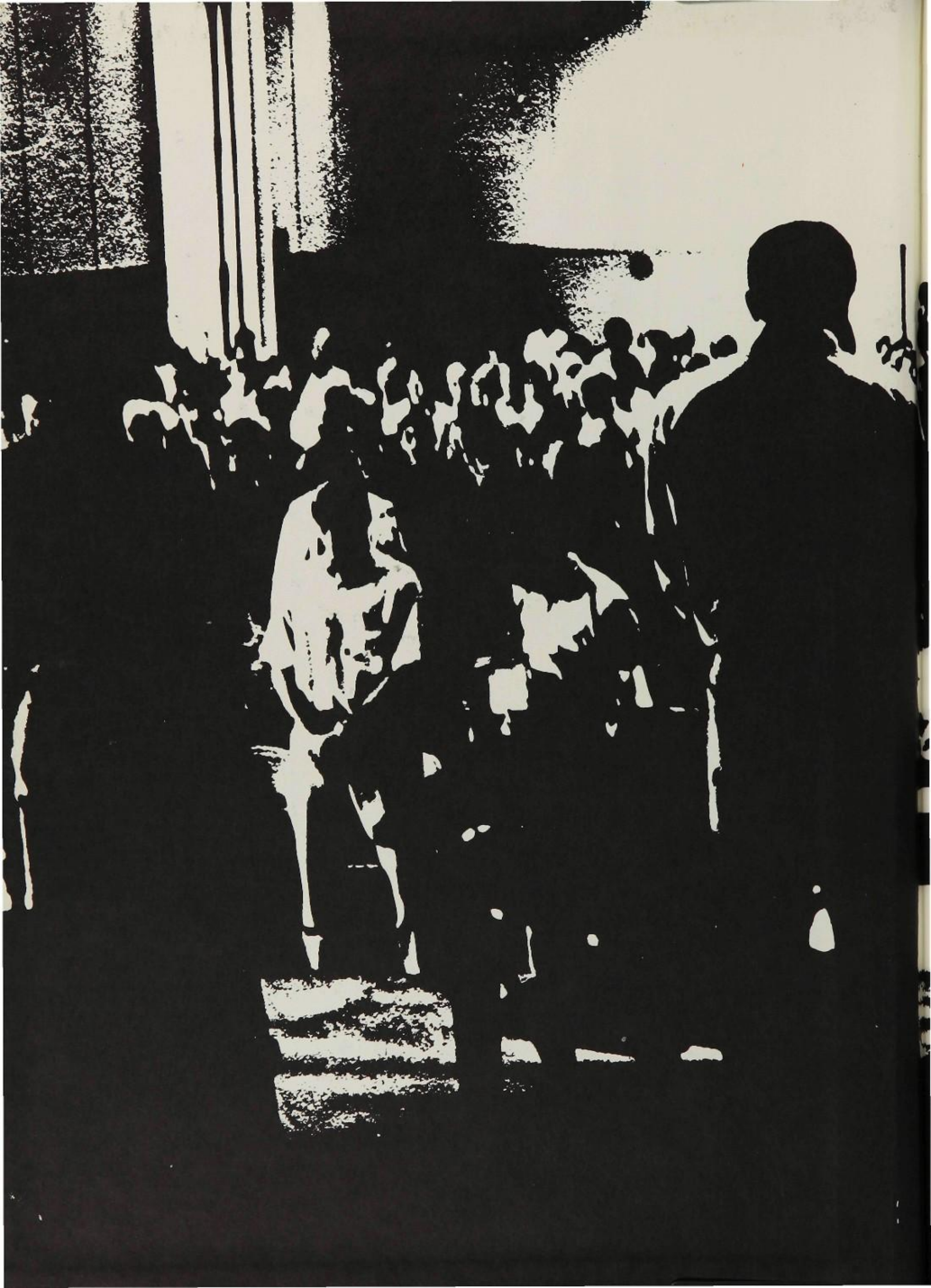
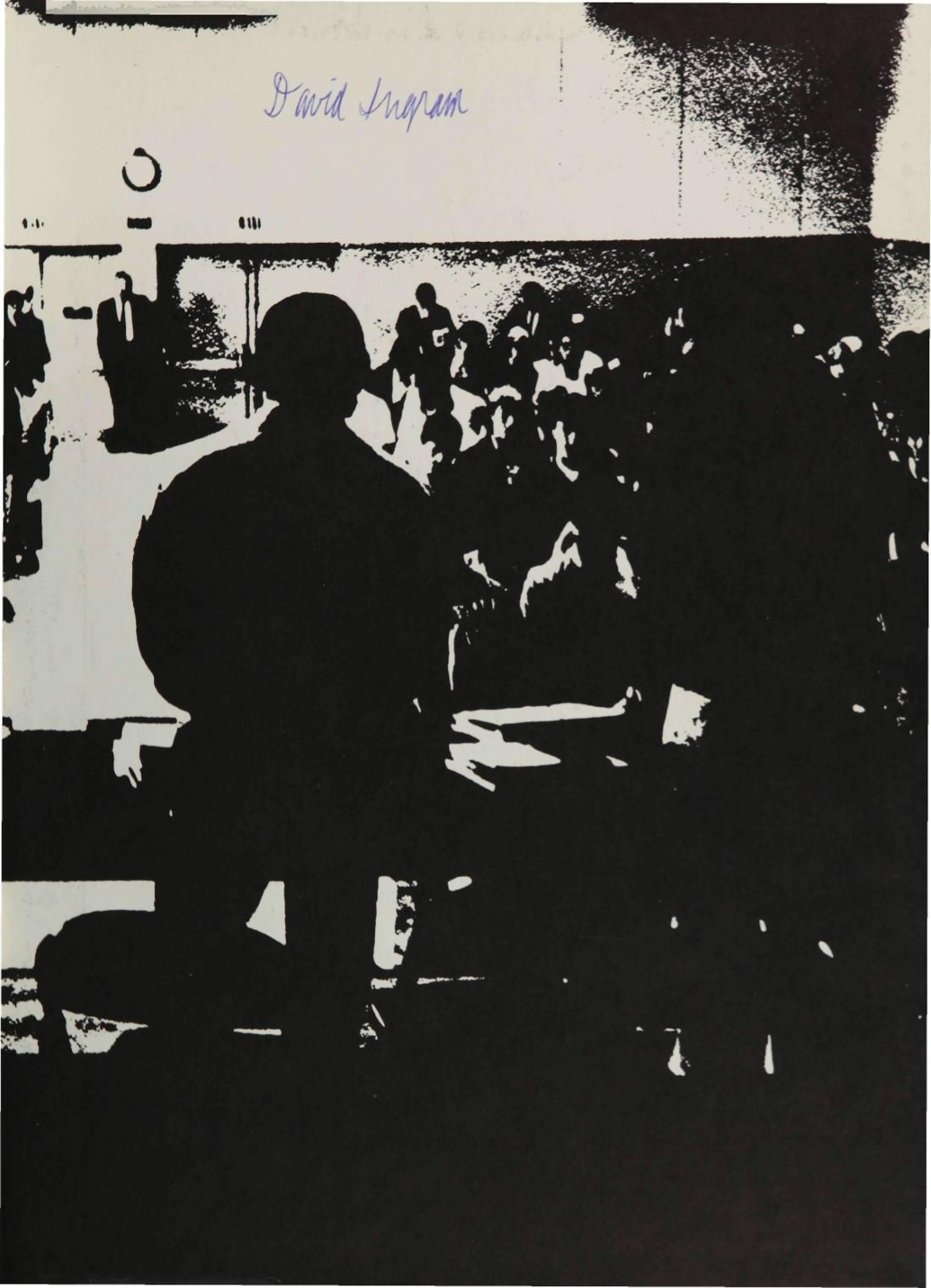


David Ingram



1970 SENTINEL ANNUAL

HARVARD SCHOOL

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

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Michael Dennis Wagner
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Junior Editor

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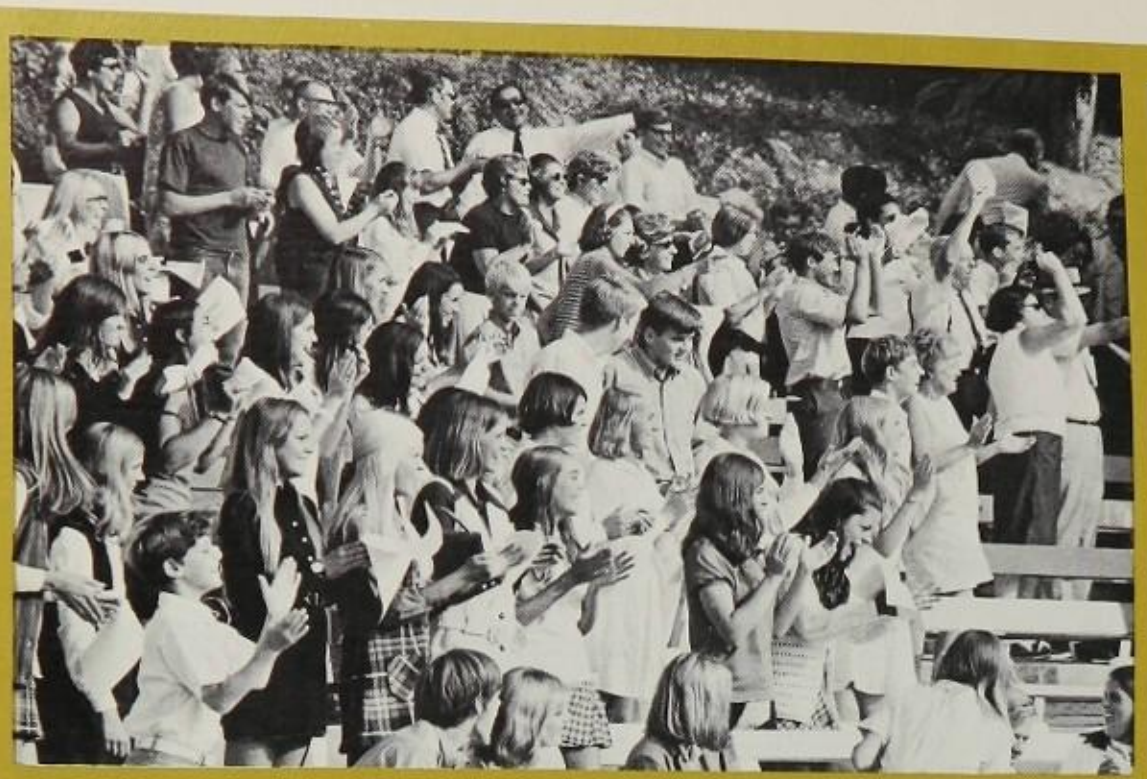
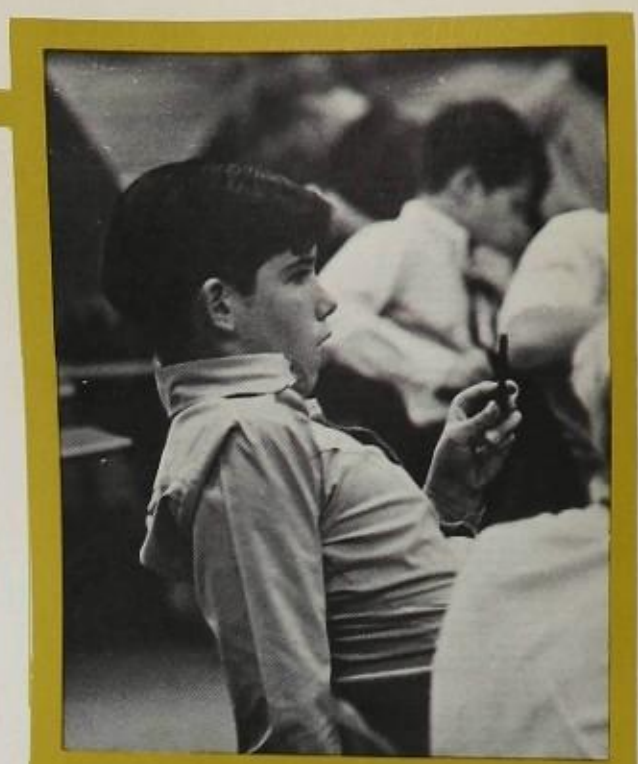
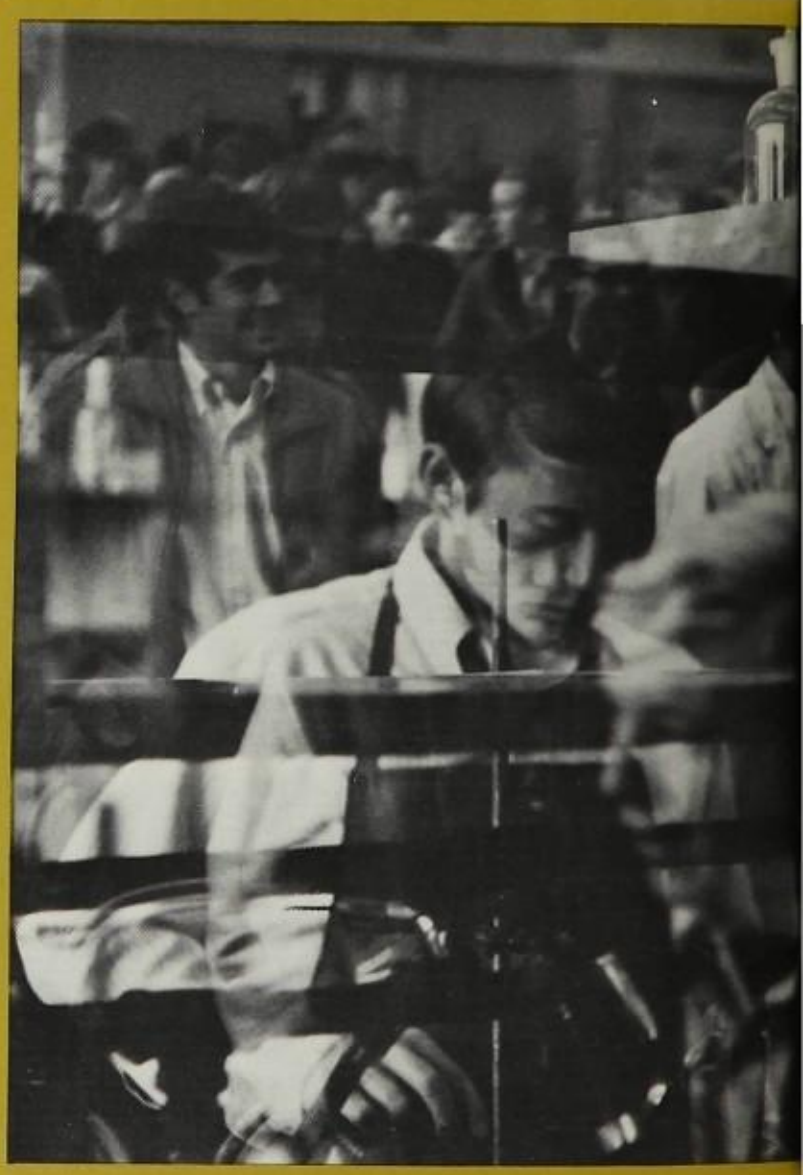
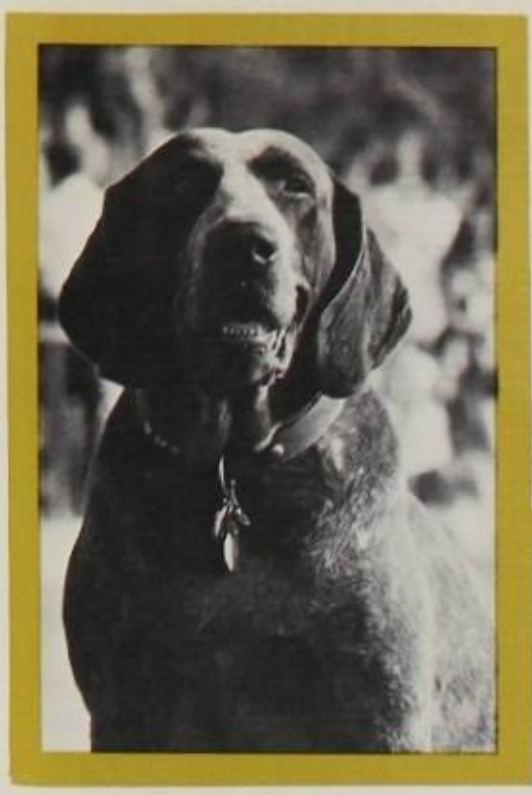
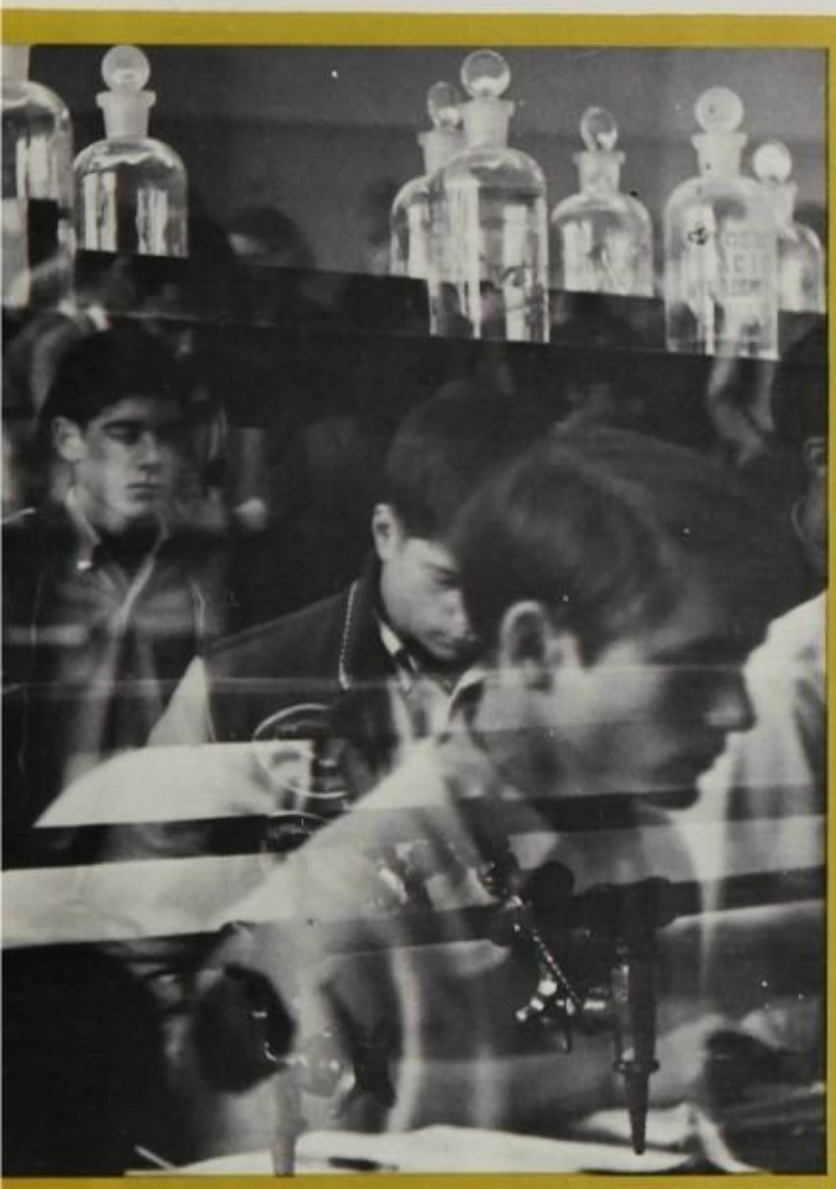




". . . . . Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.

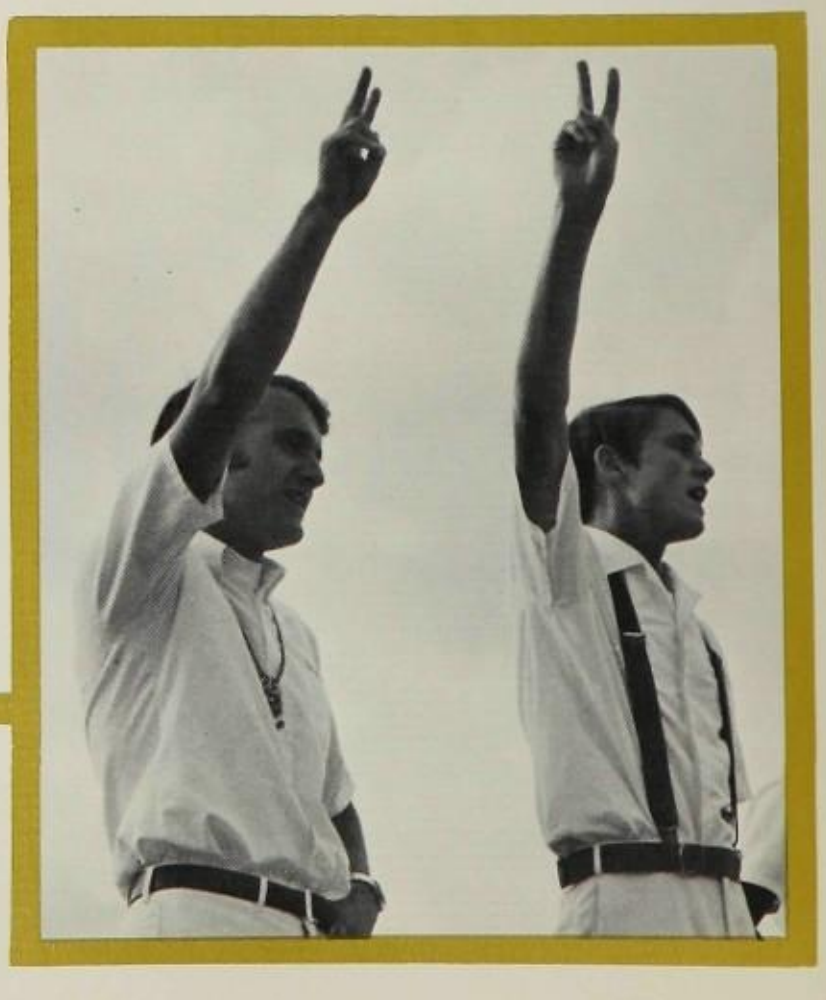




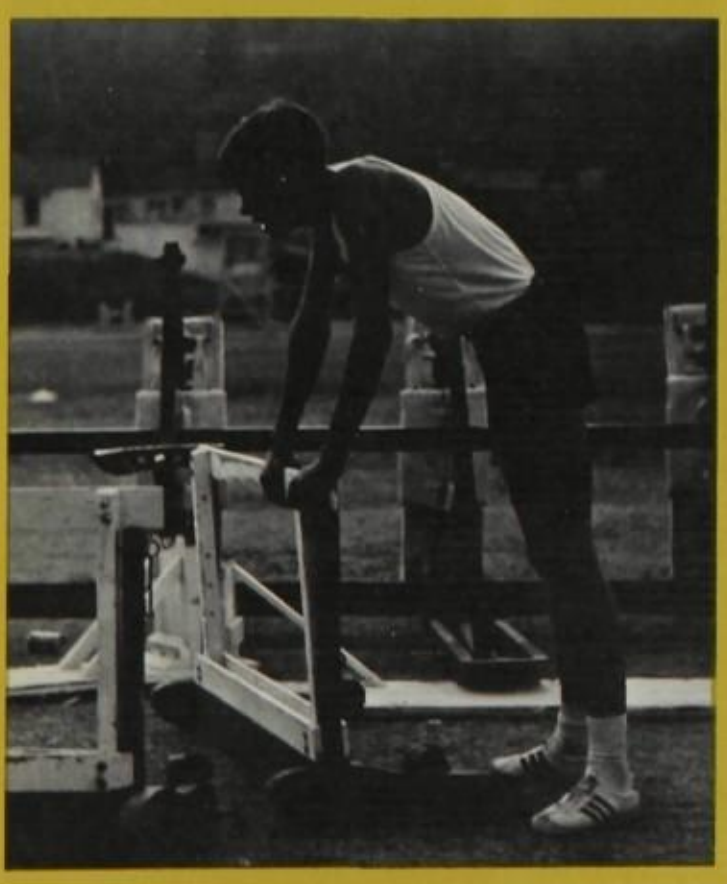


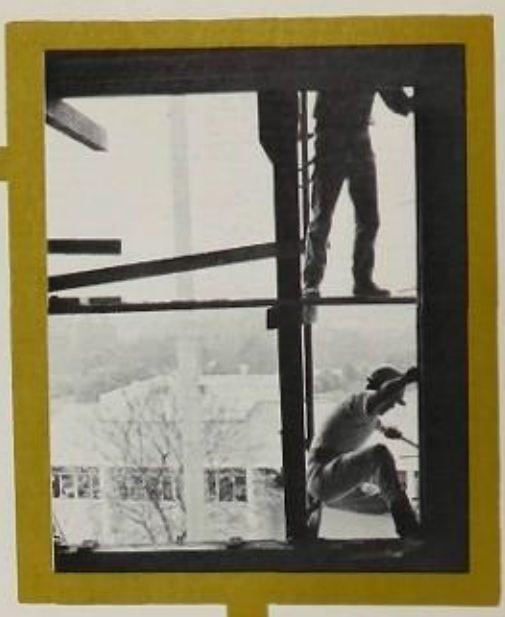
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows;

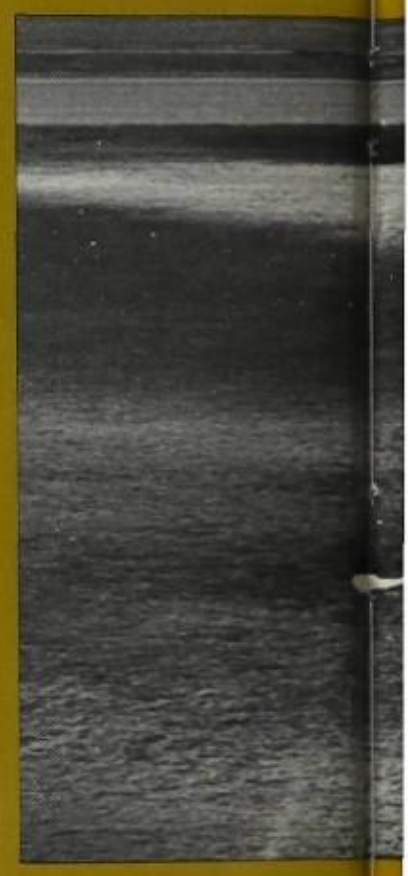
. . . . . for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the
paths
Of all the western stars, until I die.



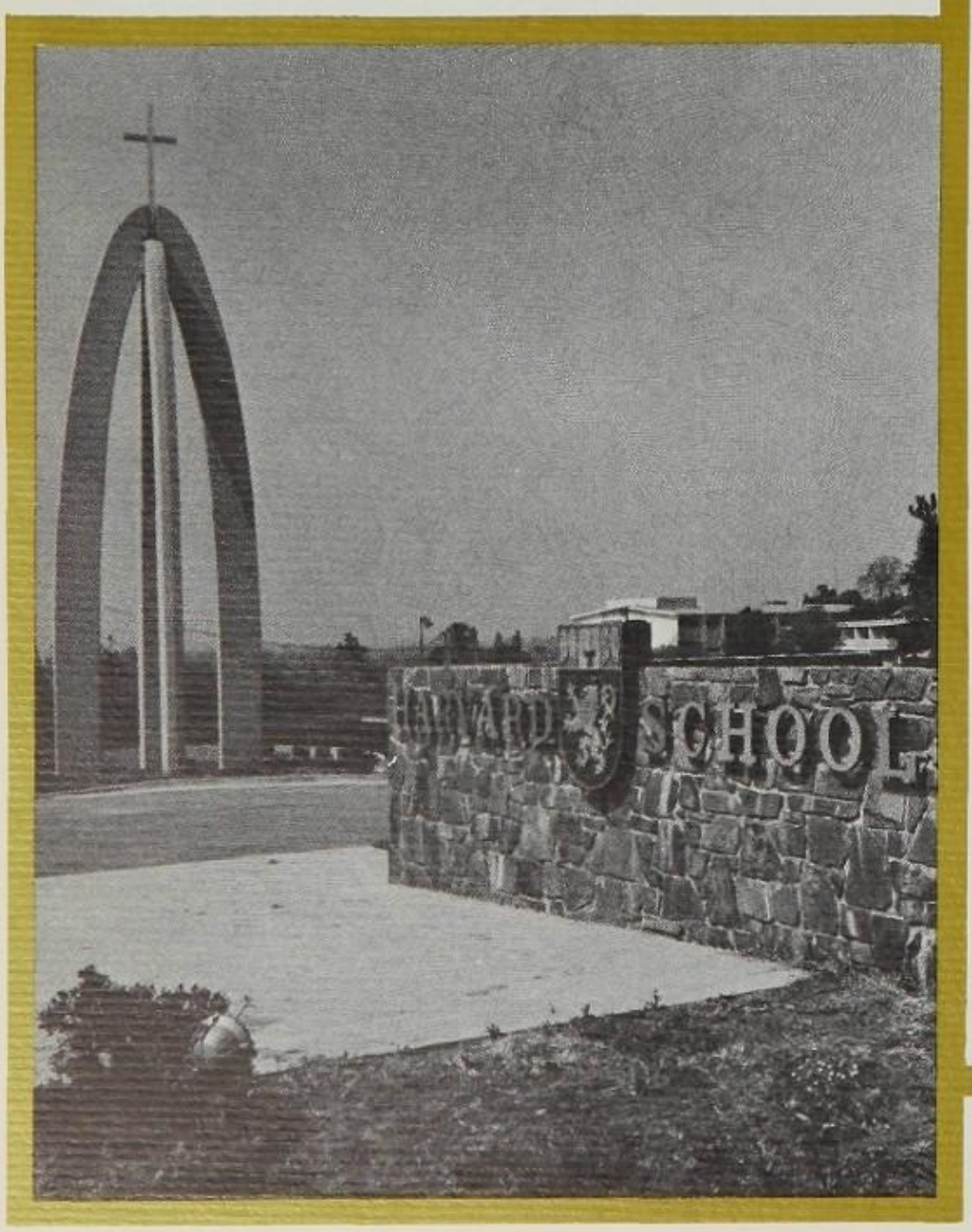
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

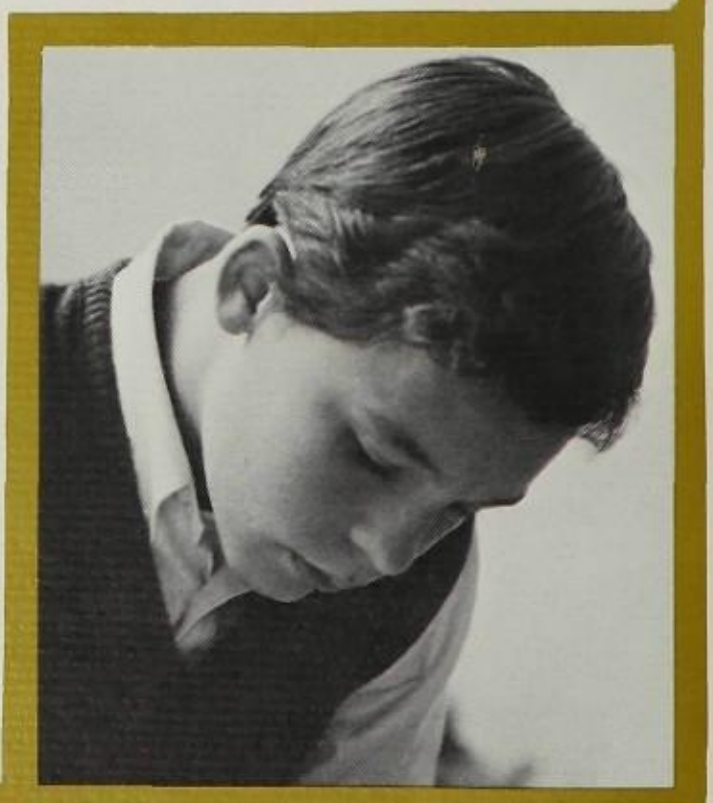


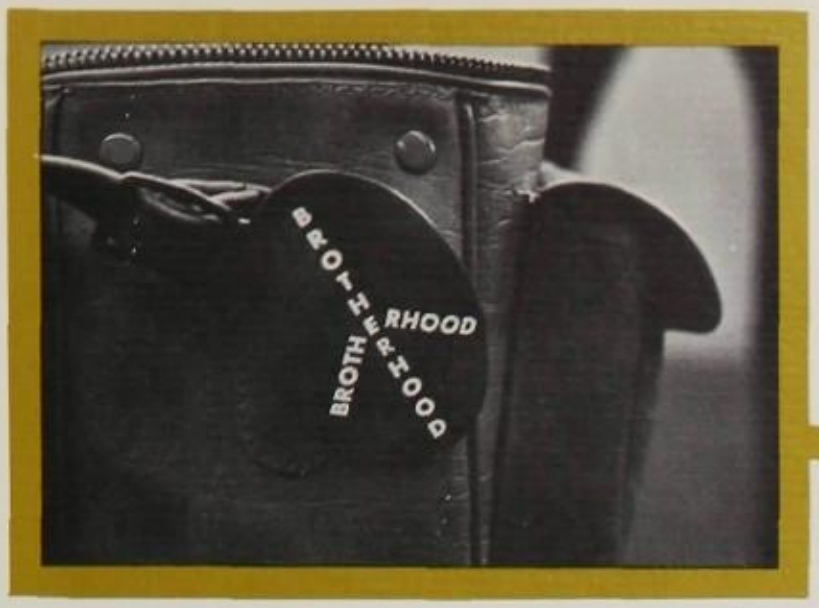


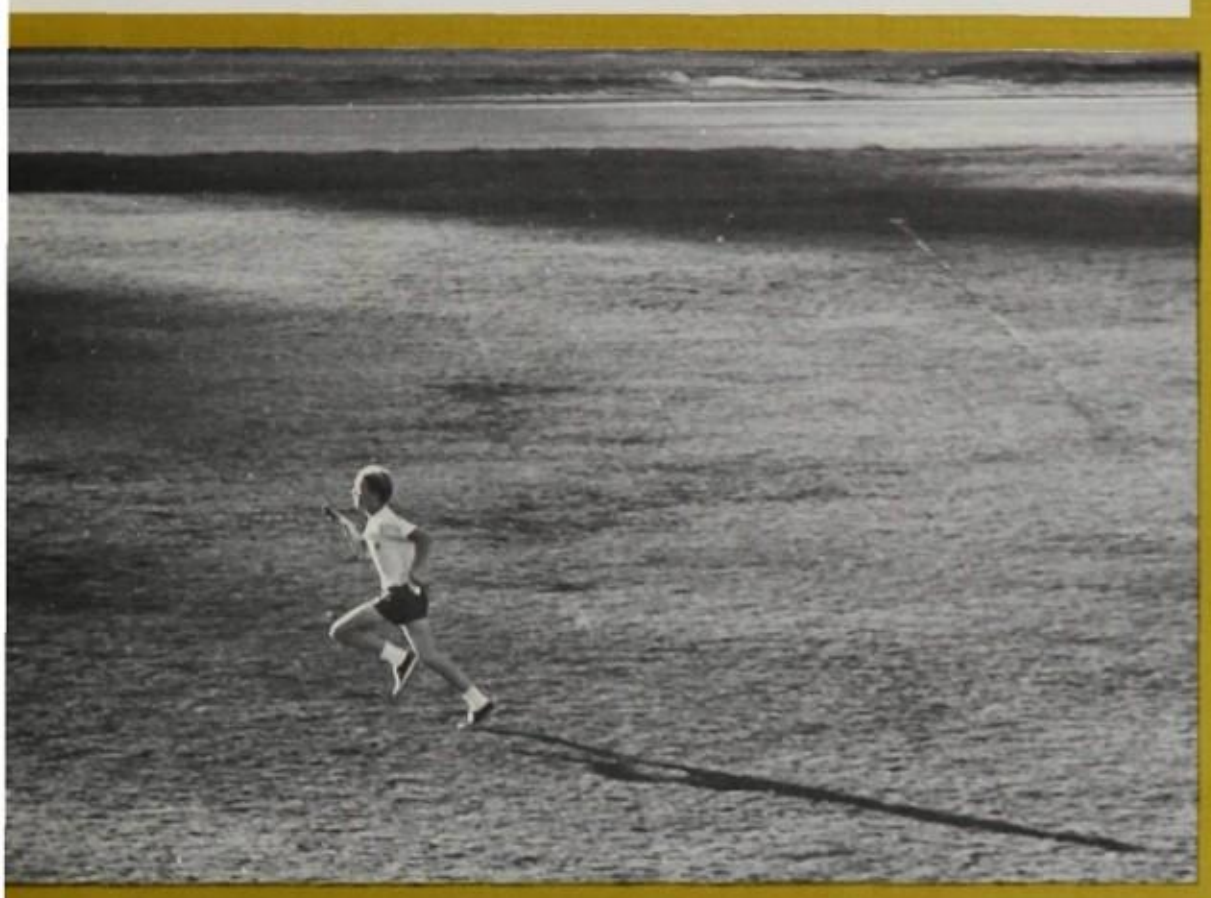


Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are:

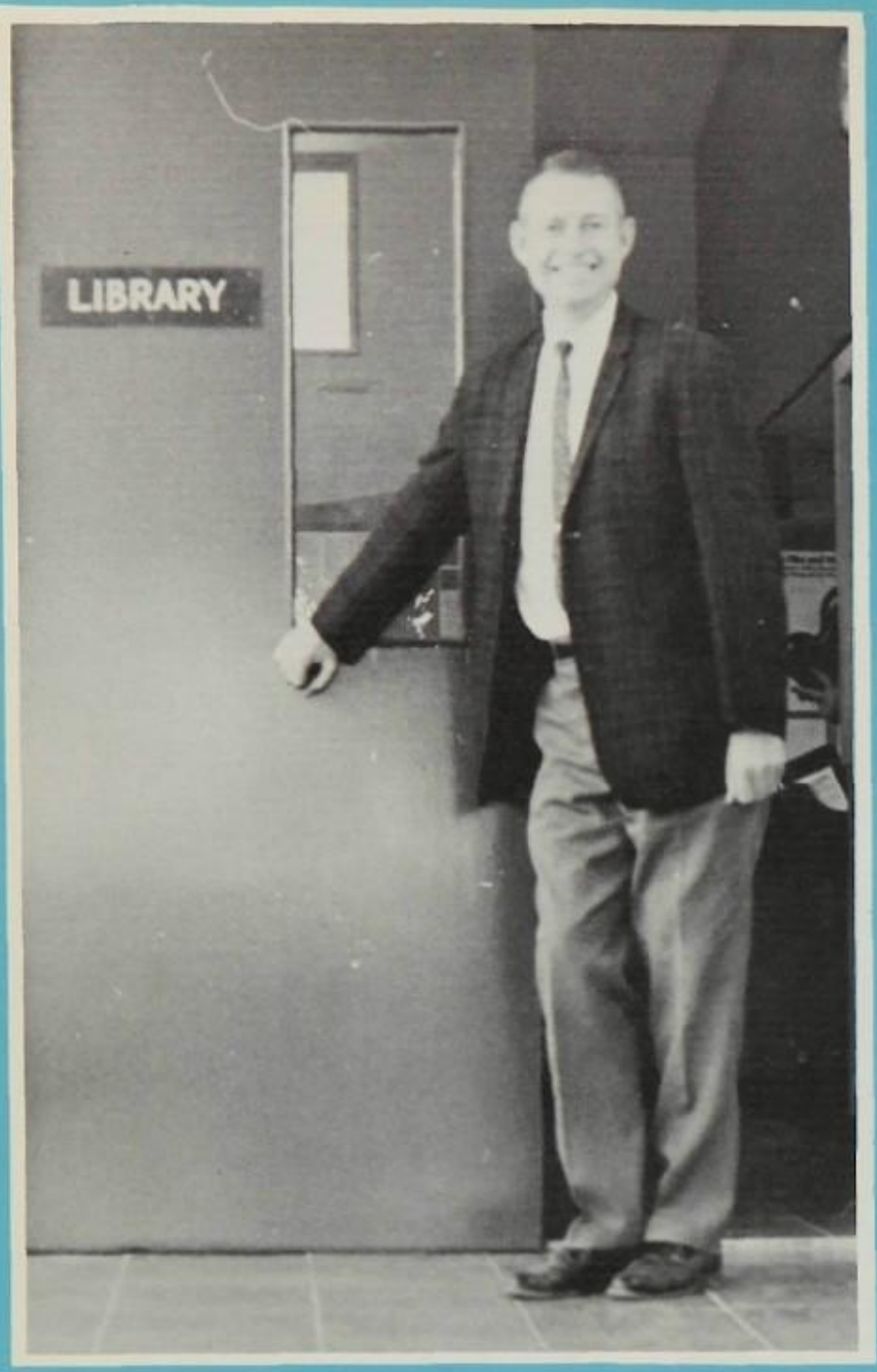








One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



DEDICATION

ARTHUR L. HOWARD

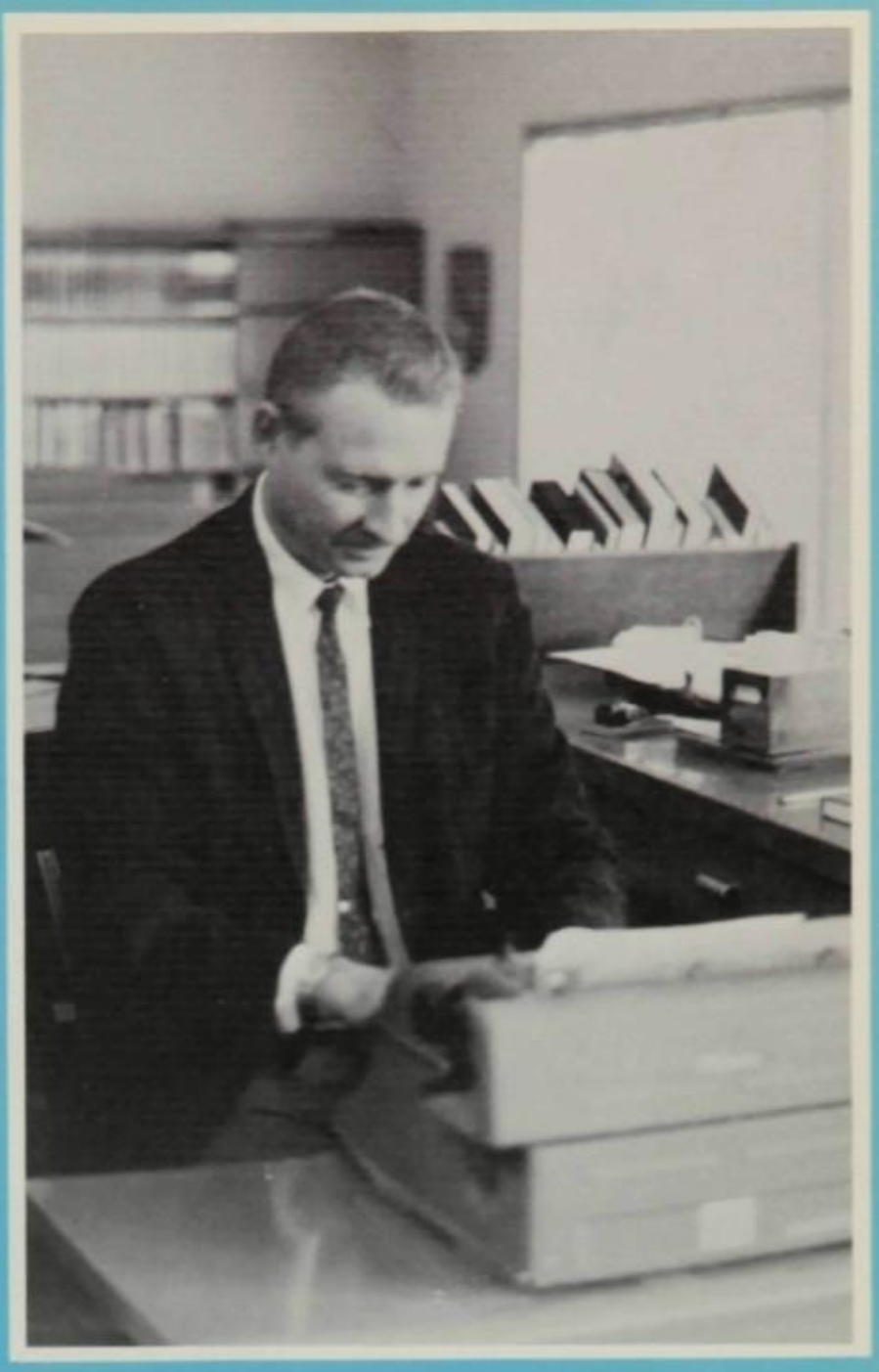
By way of lasting achievement, the Class of 1970 has lived up to the dire prophecies of last June. However, all this can be overlooked once one notices that the dedication of this yearbook, traditionally the highest honor awarded by the senior class, goes to a man who truly deserves it; a man who has held the dubious title of "Harvard's Forgotten Man" for many years; a man with great humility and devotion—Mr. Arthur L. Howard.

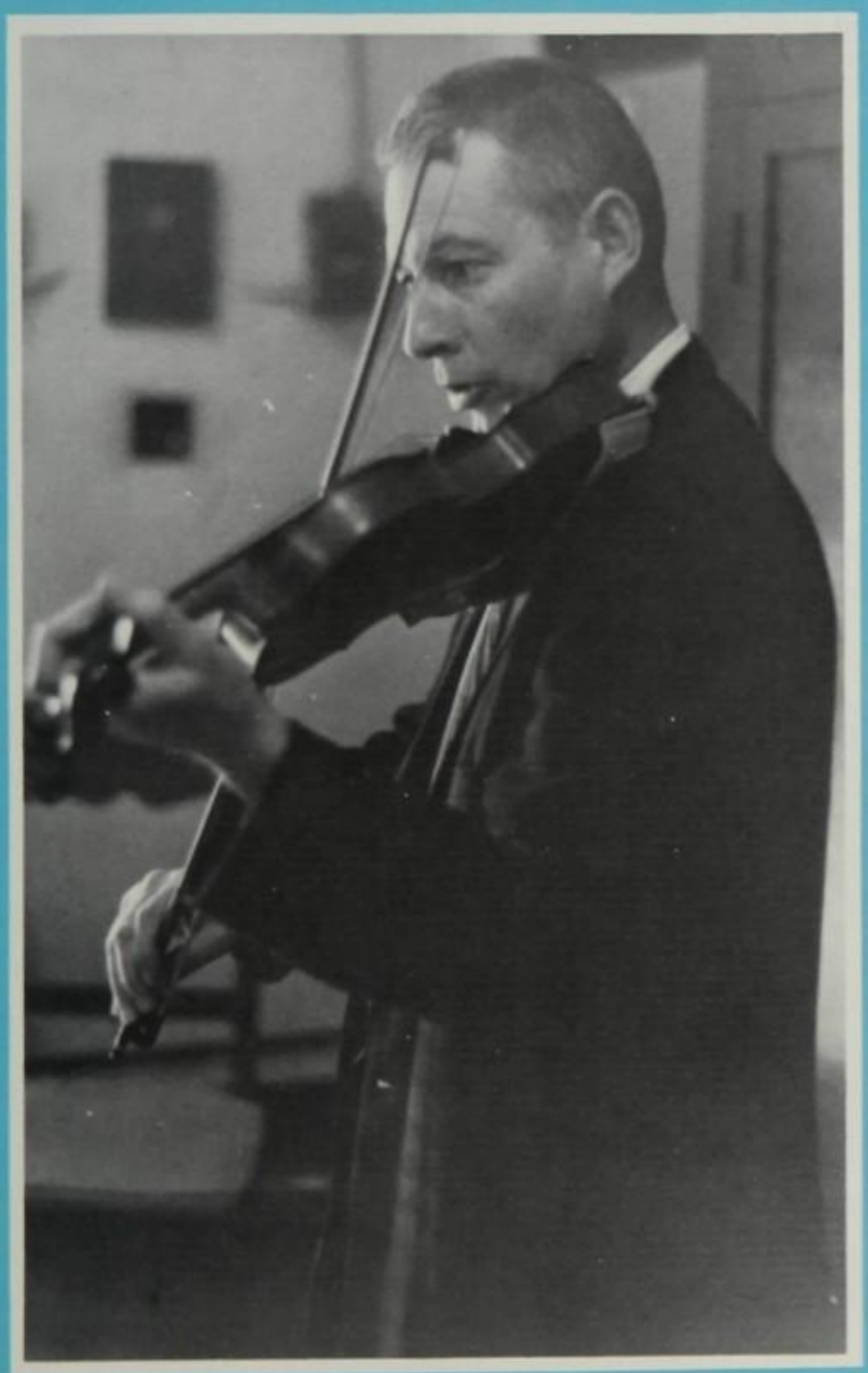
Mr. Howard was raised in New England and spent a few years of his early childhood in Paris. He attended an Eastern "prep" school in Connecticut and went to Trinity College for his B. A. and Boston University for his M. Ed.

It was at this time that the youthful Arthur Howard, filled with idealism and armed only with these degrees, went to France to drive ambulances during the Second World War.

After the surrender, Mr. Howard returned to the United States and shortly thereafter came to Harvard School, to take up once again his old love of teaching. After two years of teaching French and Latin, he was asked to take over the duties of Librarian.

When Mr. Howard assumed that post almost twenty years ago, the library was nothing more than a small collection of Hardy Boy books and dated manuscripts that were of no practical use whatever. Not only did he get rid of worthless material, but he also renovated the entire system, categorized the collection, ordered journals of significance, started the record collection, kept records on microfilm, and brought us up to a level where the library is now ready for further major expansion.





Aside from his fulfilling of these duties in the library, Mr. Howard has served as dorm master in every building ever used as a boarding hall here; this past year found him serving as master of Barnes Hall.

This past year Mr. Howard had the posts of secretary to the Curriculum and Library Committees as well as to the Faculty Committee.

For many years he has given of his free time to help keep time at football games and at swim meets. He has been available to boarding students when they have had problems or when they remained at school during holidays. By their senior year at Harvard, students have gained a great deal of respect for Mr. Howard and for what he is doing.

The Class of 1970 would like to sincerely thank Mr. Arthur Howard for showing that good human beings do still exist.

HEADMASTER

CHRISTOPHER BERRISFORD

B A, M A, M Ed
Oxford, Harvard University

HARVARD SCHOOL

THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY

To The Members of the Class of 1970:

I am deeply grateful to the Class of 1970 for your friendliness, your cooperation, and your willingness to help a new administration become acquainted with the traditions of Harvard School. It is not easy to see so much change in a senior year. Your willingness to think constructively and offer suggestions has made a real contribution to the future of the school and your leadership will be felt for many years by your successors.

I wish there had been more time to get to know each of you. As it is, I have warm memories of a fine group of young men.

With a profound sense of the important place that your class has had in the history of Harvard School, on behalf of the faculty, I wish you every success as you go on to college.

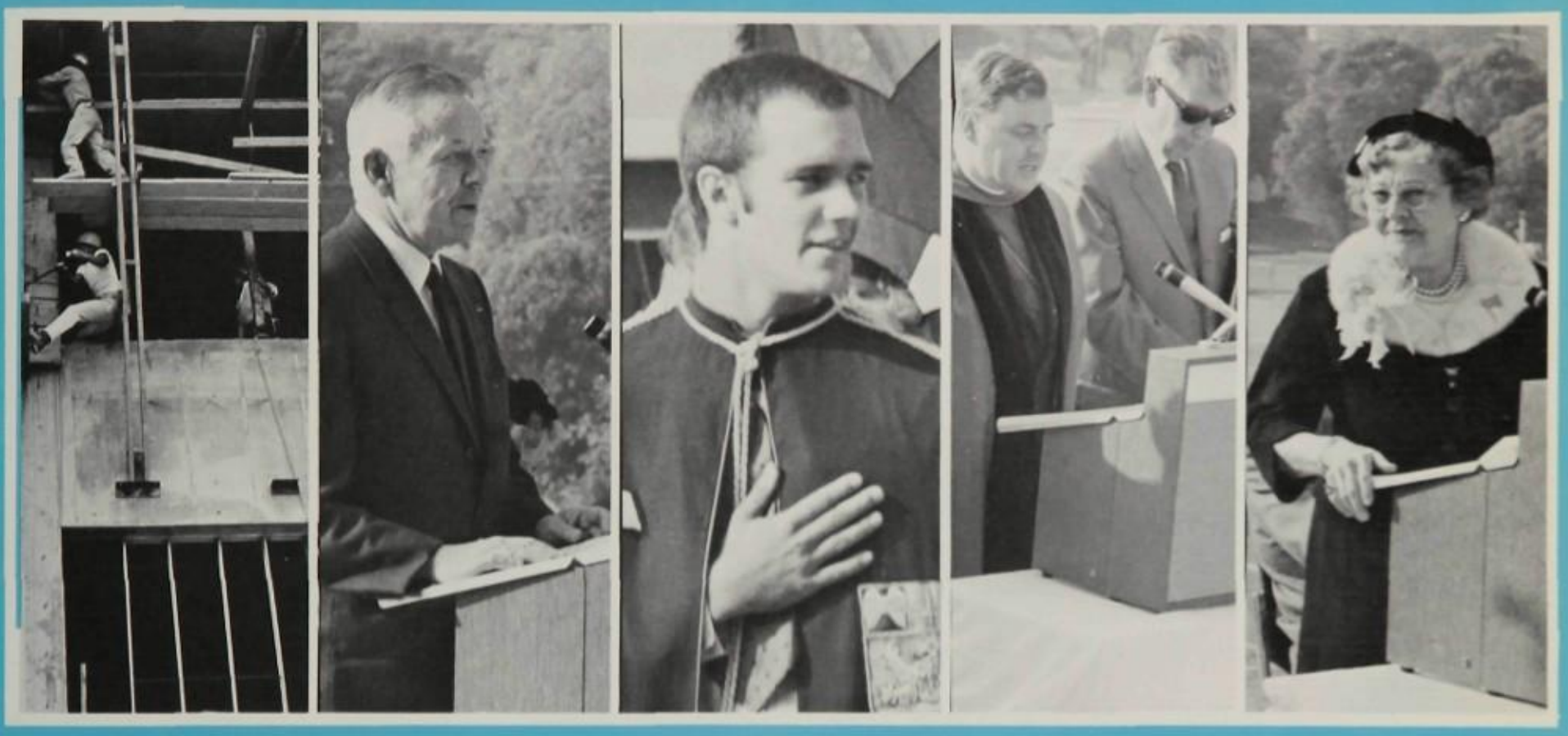
Sincerely,

Christopher Berrisford

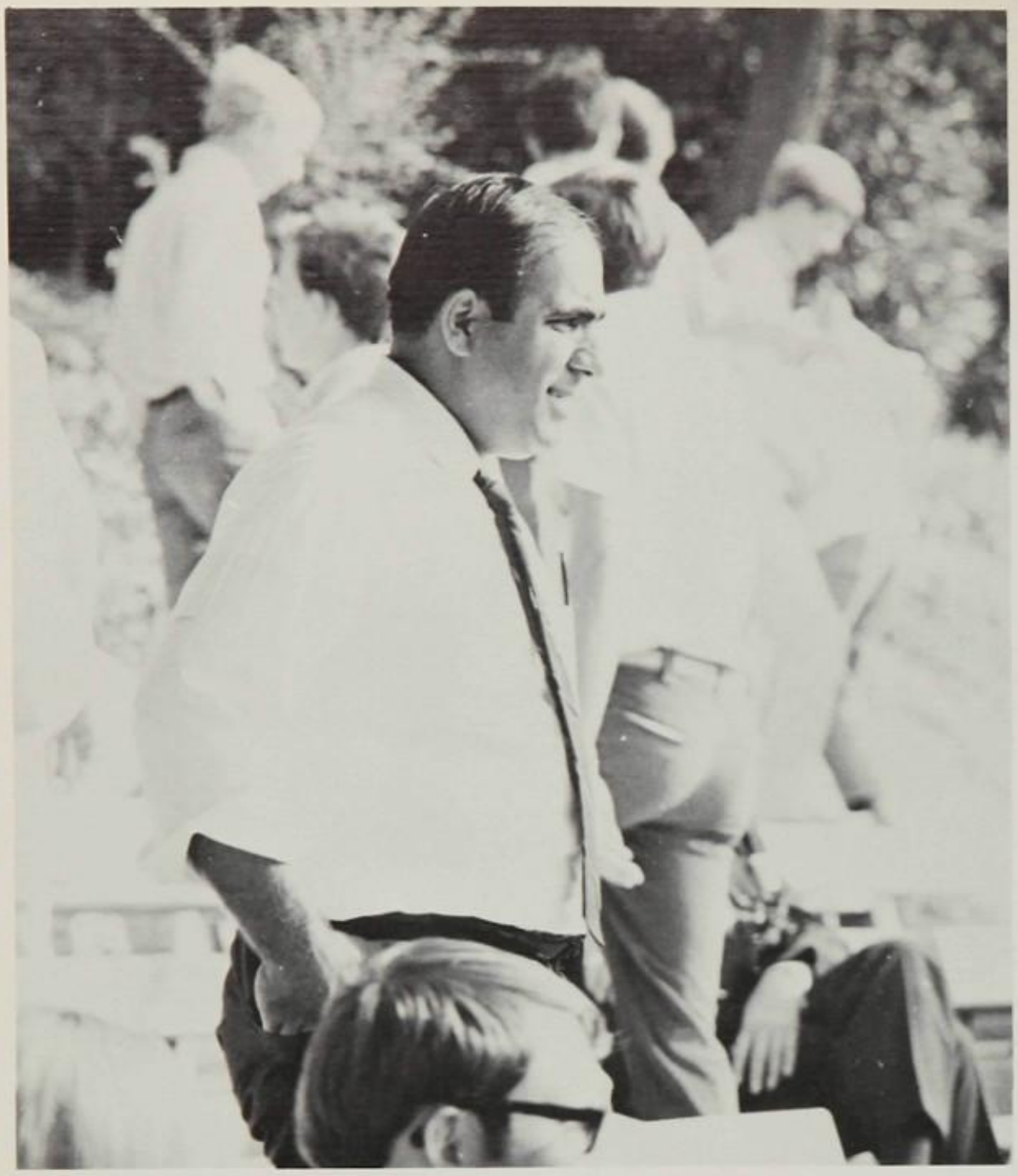
Christopher Berrisford

INVESTITURE OF THE HEADMASTER • DECEMBER 17, 1969

DEDICATION OF THE FRANK R. AND BLANCHE SEAVER ACADEMIC CENTER

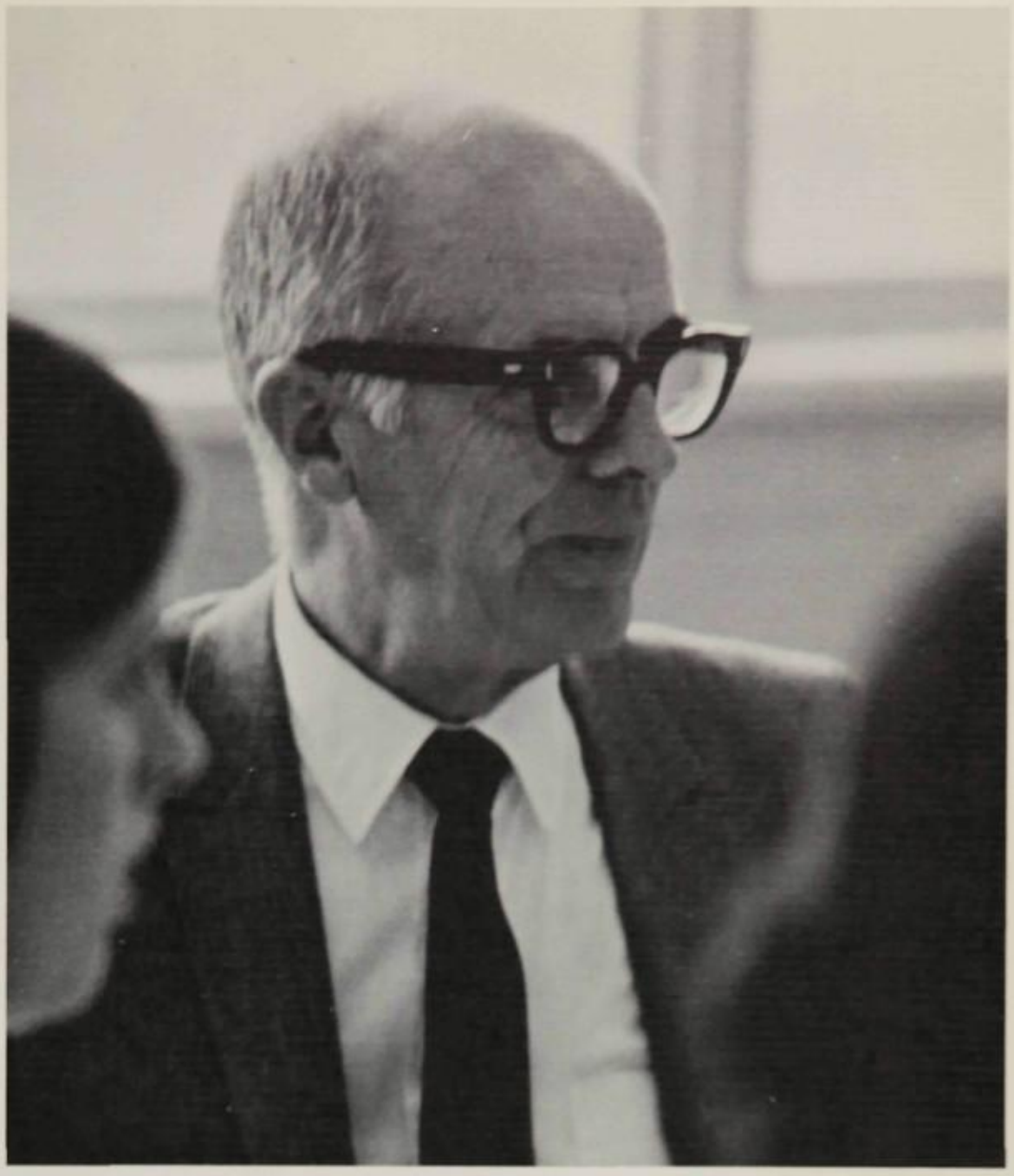


OCTOBER 26, 1969



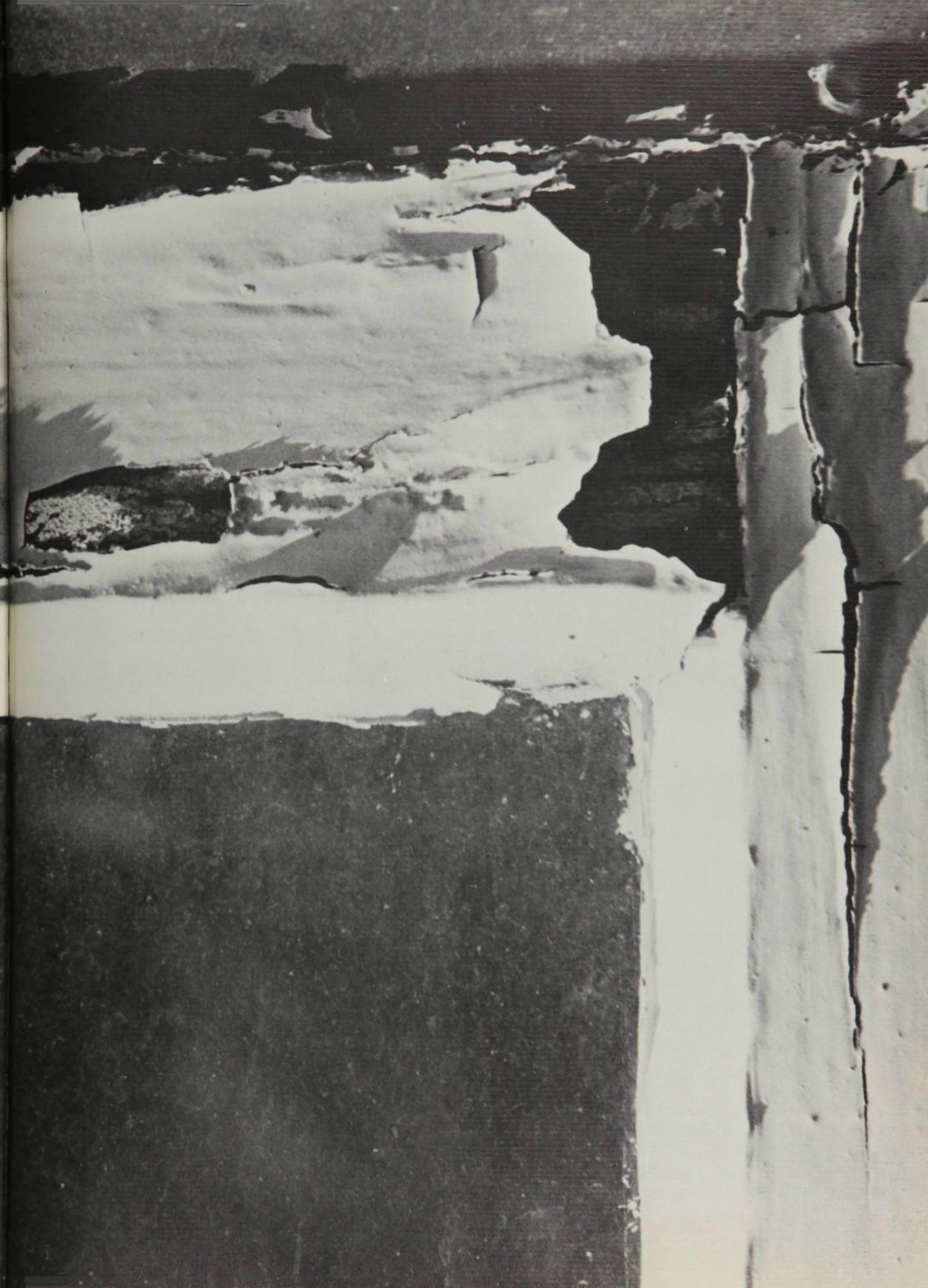
HEAD OF THE UPPER SCHOOL

JOHN PIERRE AMEER



HEAD OF THE LOWER SCHOOL

NATHANIEL GRIFFITH HUGHES



RULES FOR TEACHERS

Teachers each day will fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks. Each teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they go to church regularly. After ten hours at school, the teachers must spend the remaining time reading the Bible or other good books. Women teachers who marry or who engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a good sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years, so that he will not become a burden on society. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop, will give good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity, and honesty. The teacher who performs his labors faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents a week in his pay providing the board of education approves.

Posted by a New York City school principal in 1872.

FACULTY

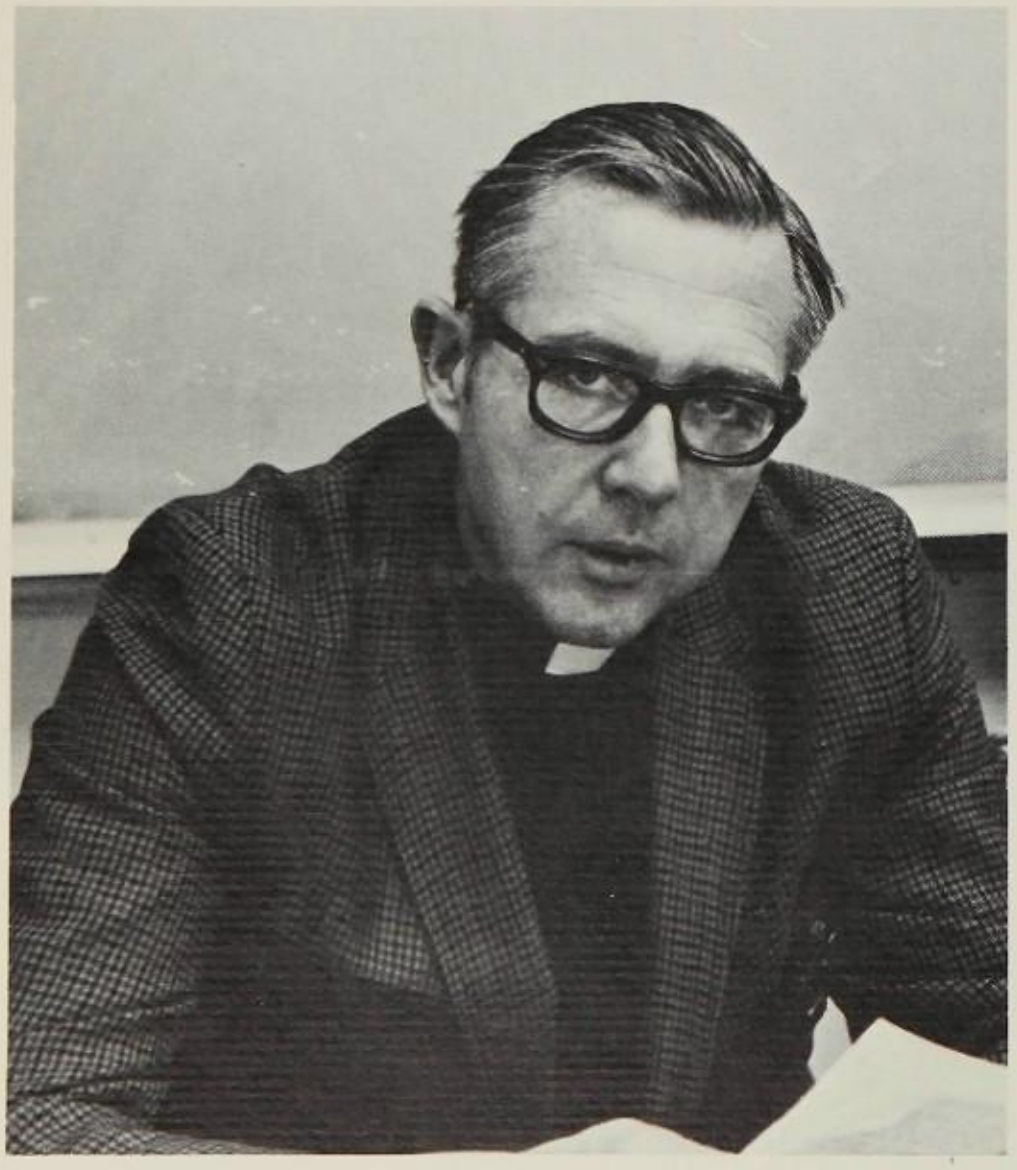
Fr. John S. Gill, BA, MA
San Diego State, UCLA
Chairman; Chaplain; Curriculum and Counselling Committee; Chairman, Library Committee

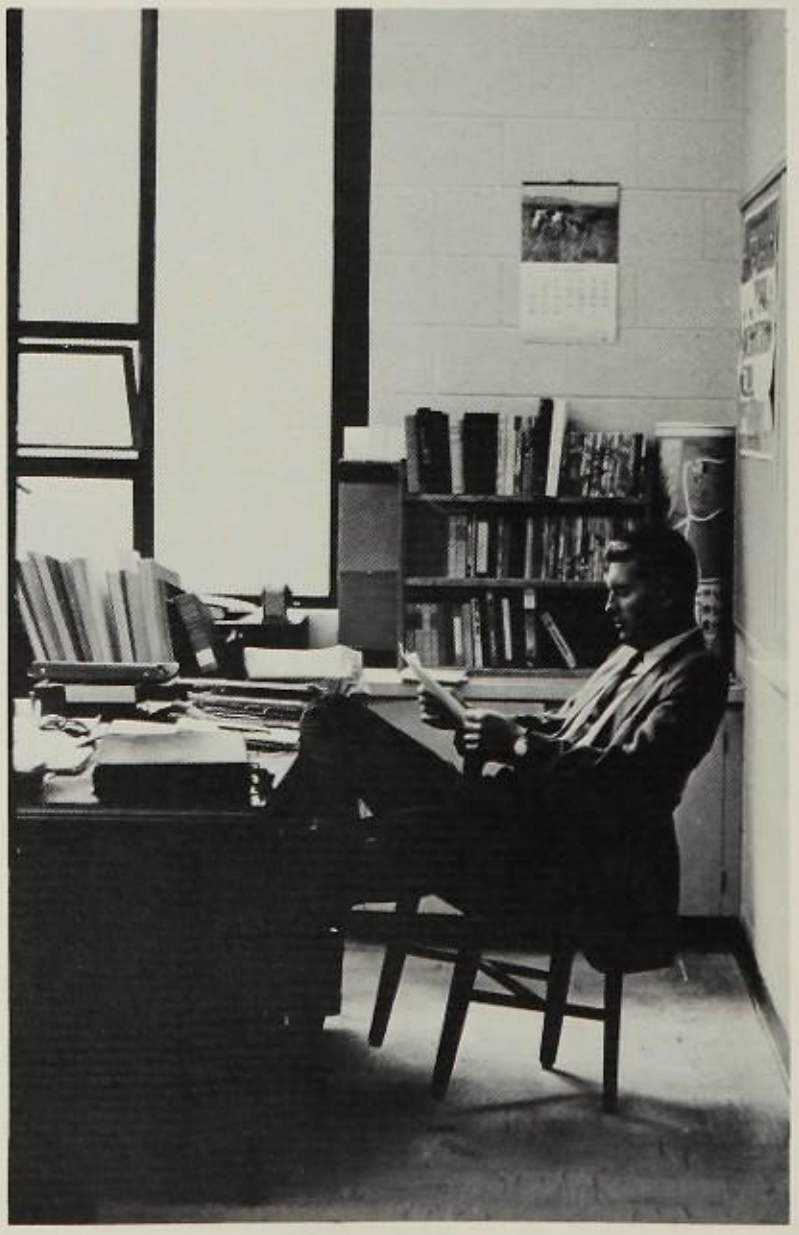
HISTORY DEPARTMENT

History is bunk.—Ford

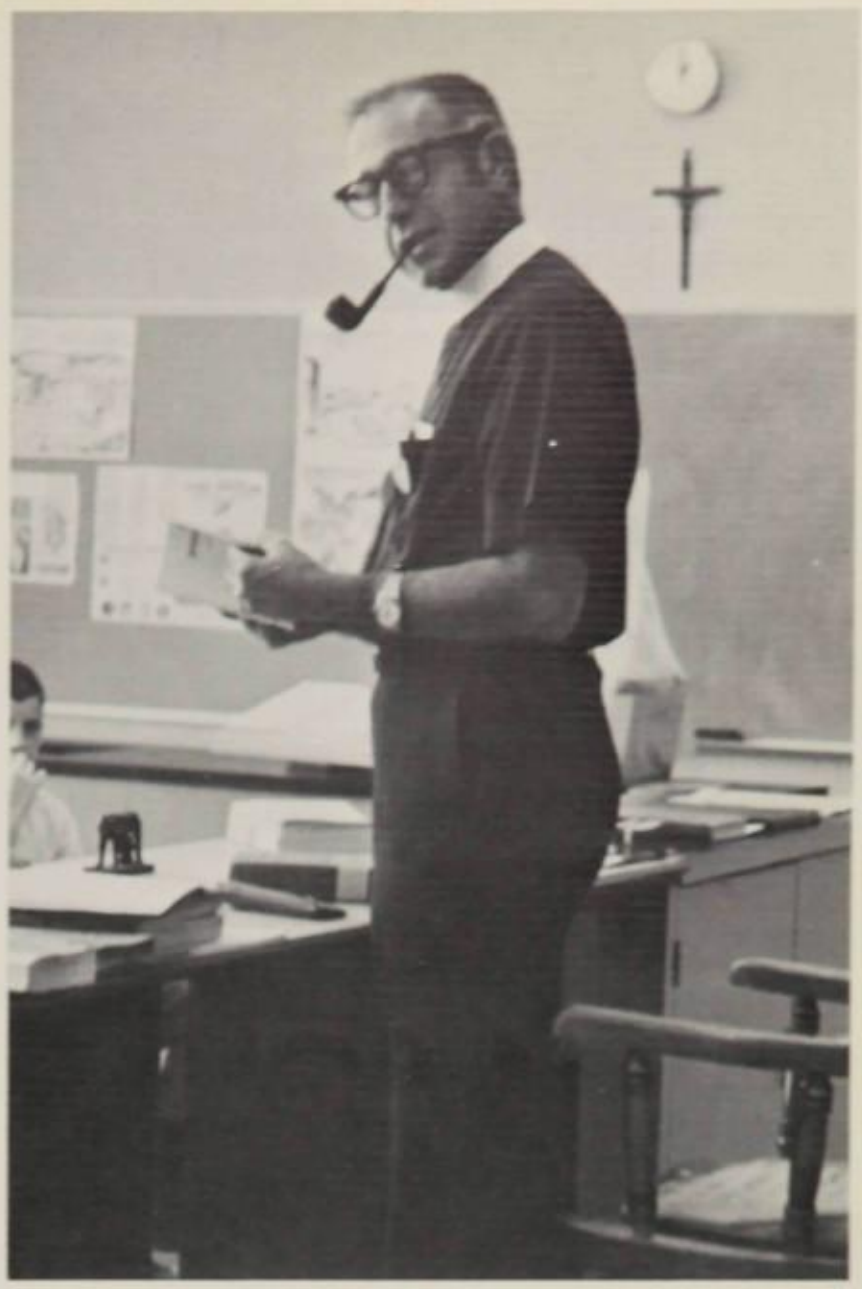
Daniel T. McFadden, BA, MBA
Yale University, U. of Pensylvania
Varsity Basketball; Varsity Football; Admissions Committee

Fr. Richmond H. Grant, BA, BD
Amherst, Church Divinity School of the Pacific
Lower School Chaplain; Admissions Committee





John Pierre Ameer, BA
Yale University, Princeton Seminary, UCLA
Head of Upper School; Curriculum,
Counselling and Admissions Committee



Leo

He who fails to learn from history is doomed to repeat it.—Santayana

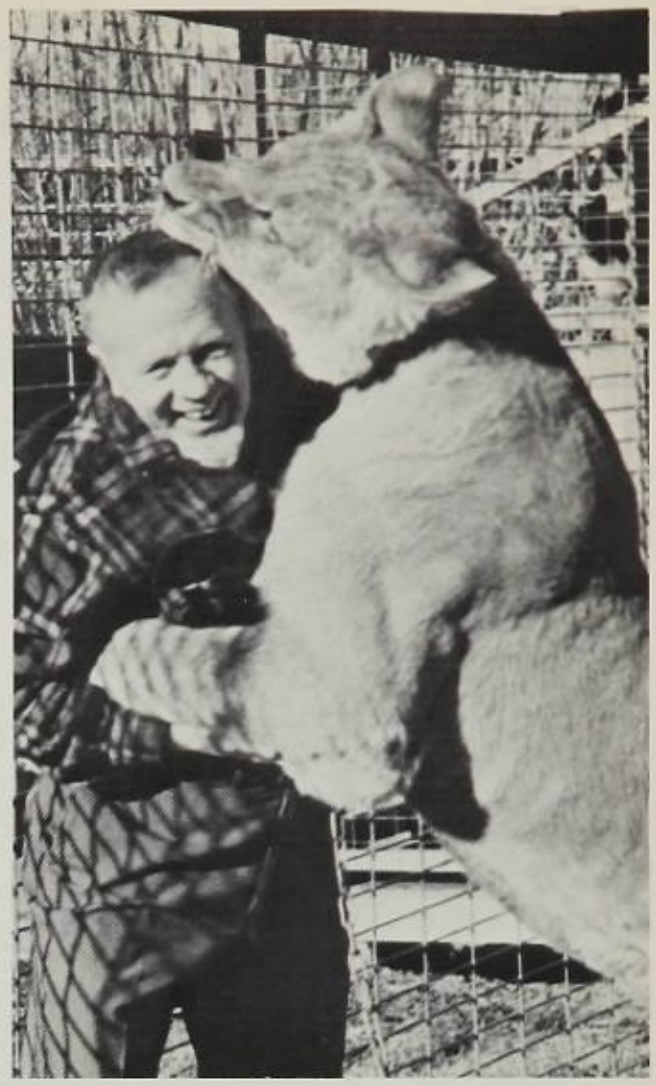
Nathan G. Hughes, BS
UCLA
Head of Lower School; Curriculum and
Admissions Committees

Spencer P. Edwards, Jr. BA, MA, BD
UCLA, Univ. of Chicago, Church
Divinity School of the Pacific
Chairman; Spanish; Curriculum Committee

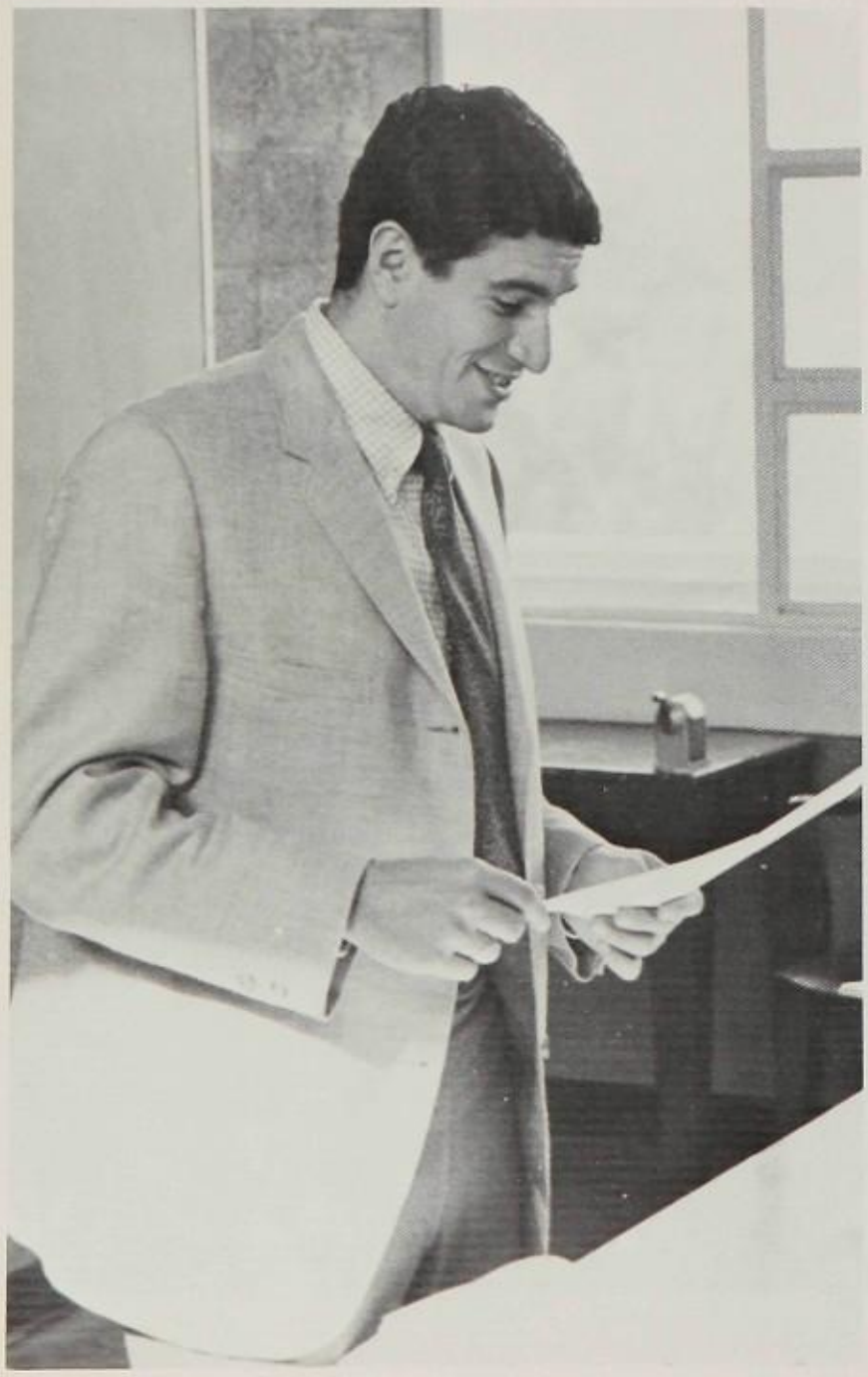
LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

We learn by teaching.—Seneca

Rogelio Martinez Oyarzun, BA, Diplome
H.H. Mariste; Sorbonne
French; Spanish



Robert F. Leslie, BA, MA
UC Santa Barbara, USC
French; Spanish; Photography



Odette Marissael, Teacher Credential,
Brevet D'ensignement
Sorbonne, California State
French; Fencing Coach

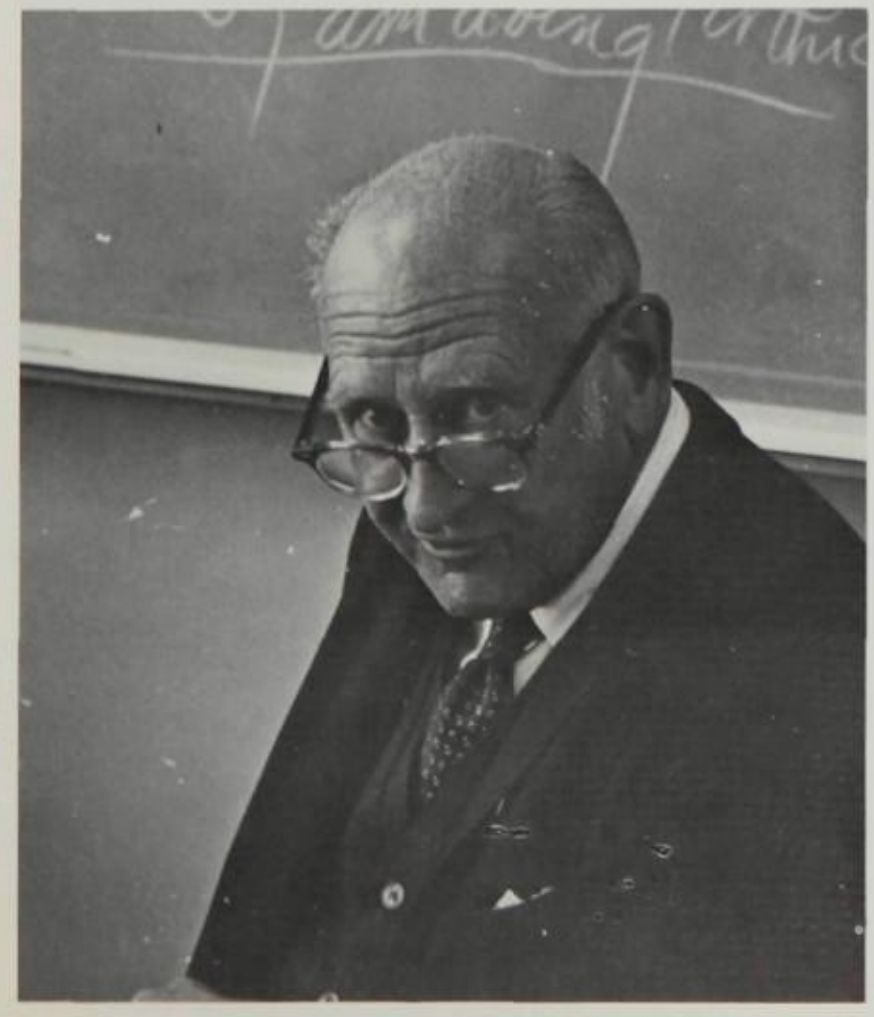
To know the language is to know the truth—A. Lockton

Mireille Mancinelli, BA
University of Montpellier
French

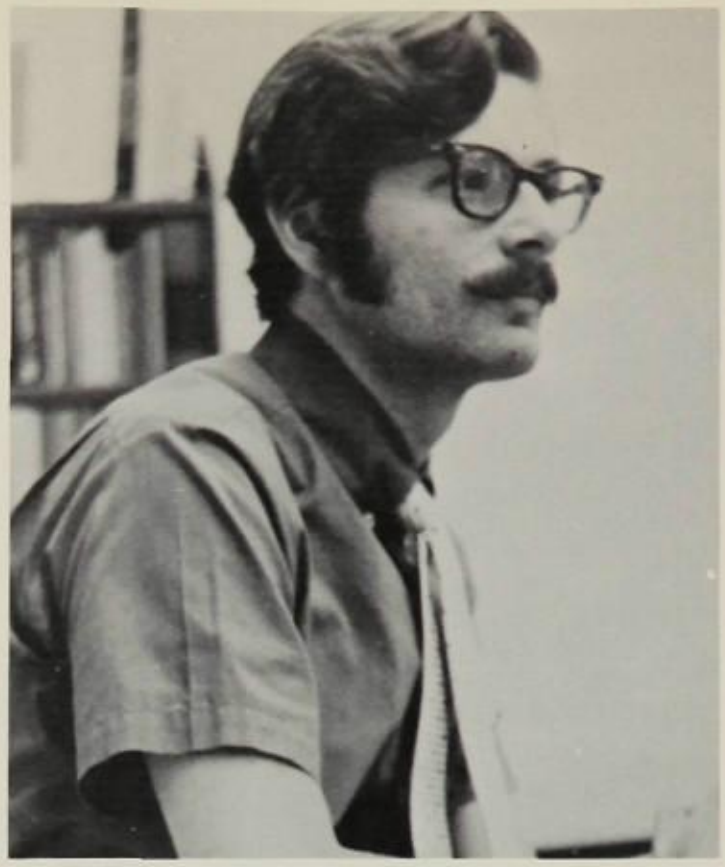
Alan Dronet, BA, MA
French; Spanish

James W. McCleery, BA
Dartmouth College
Latin; Spanish

William C. Bullion, BA
Syracuse University
French; Spanish



He who fails to question how
fails to learn.—A. Lockton

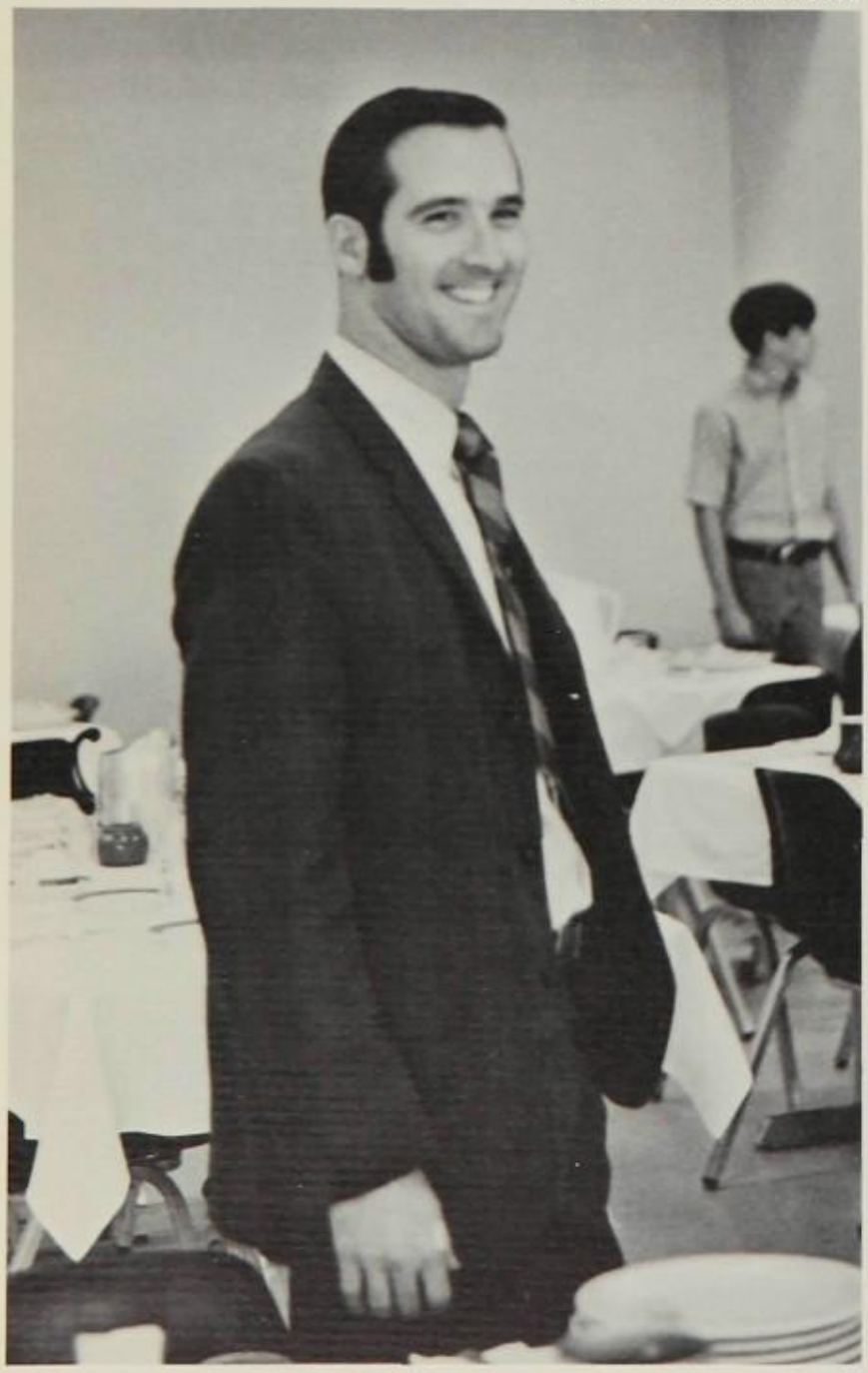


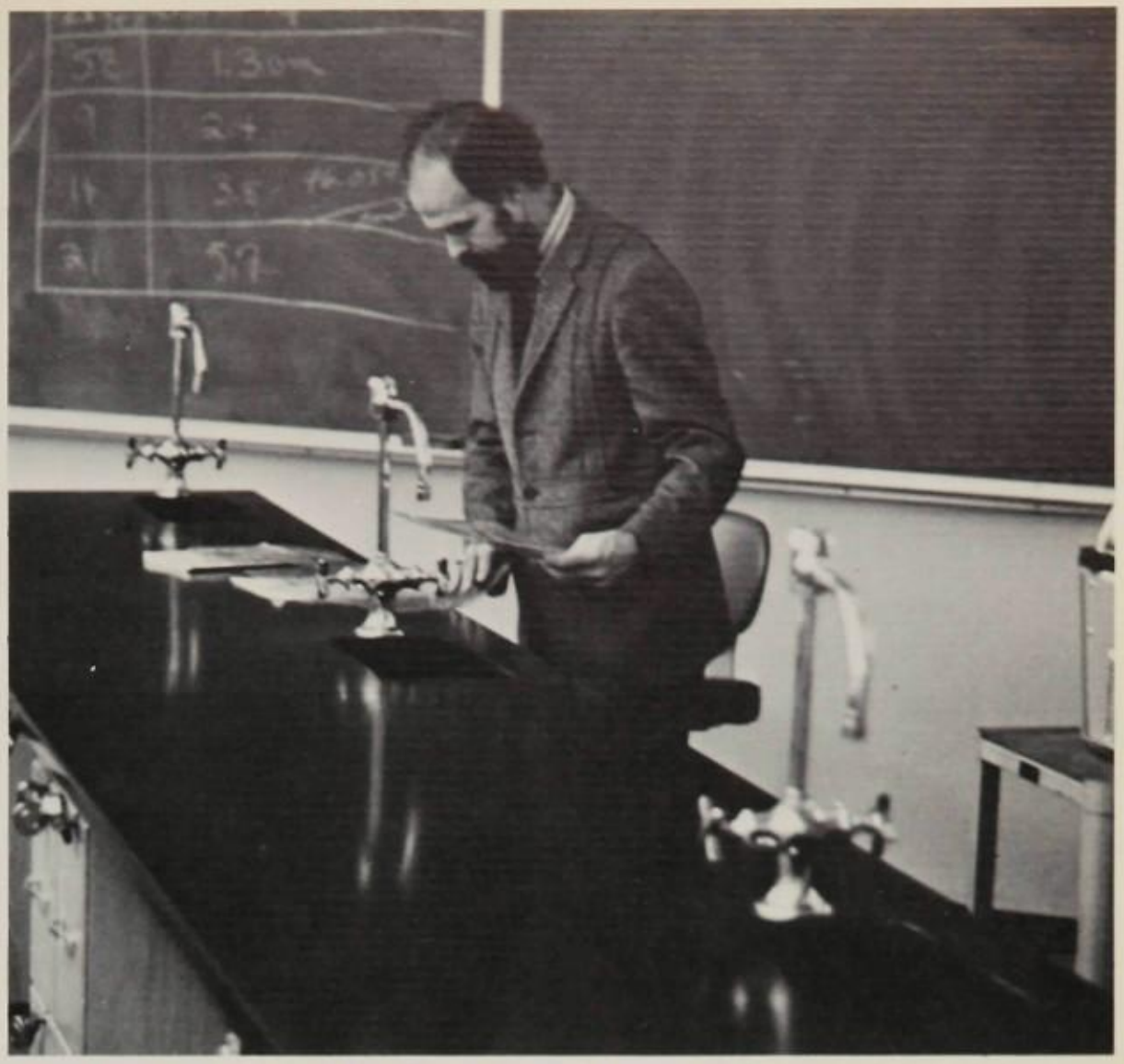
John P. Clark, BA
UC Riverside, Univ. of Redlands
Chairman; Junior Class
Advisor; Curriculum Committee

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Richard L. Humphrey, BS, BD
UCLA, *Fuller Seminary*
Class of '73 Advisor

Alice B. Thompson, BA
San Fernando Valley State



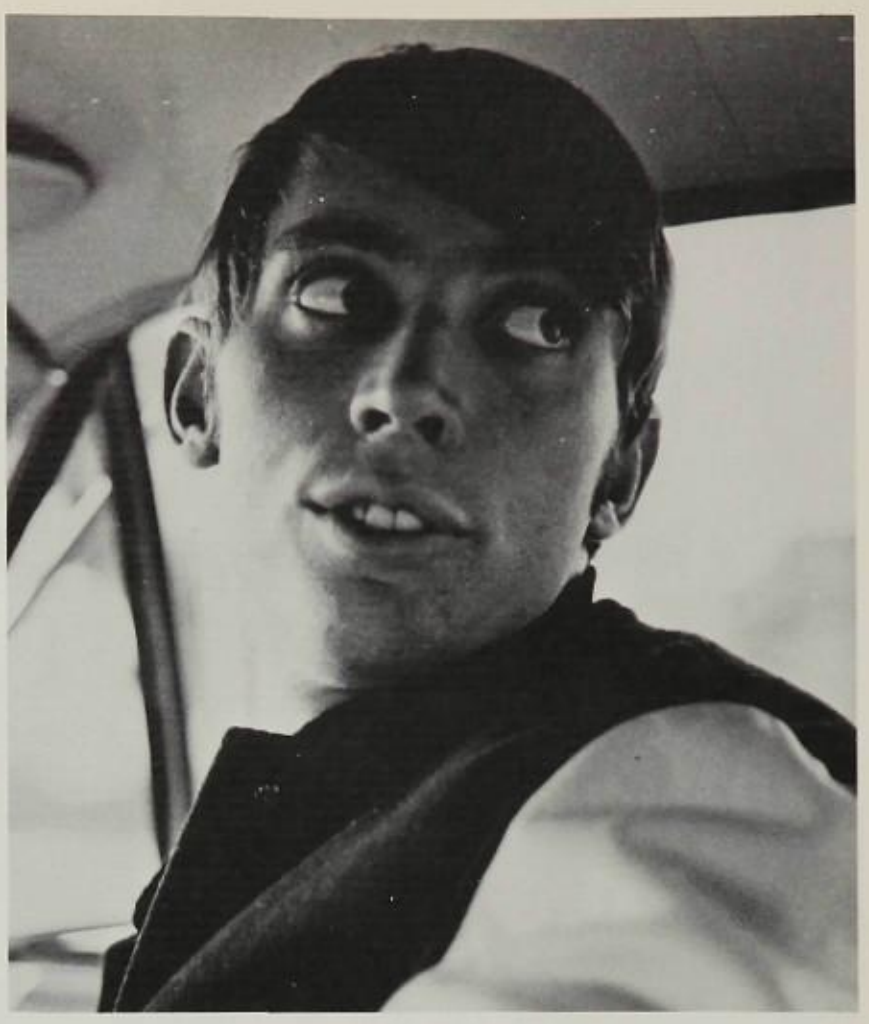


To the stars through knowledge.
—A. Lockton

R. Arthur Thompson, BA
Los Angeles State College

Mervin H. Miller, BS
Pennsylvania State, USC, UCLA
Dean of the Faculty; Director of the
Summer Session; Curriculum Committee

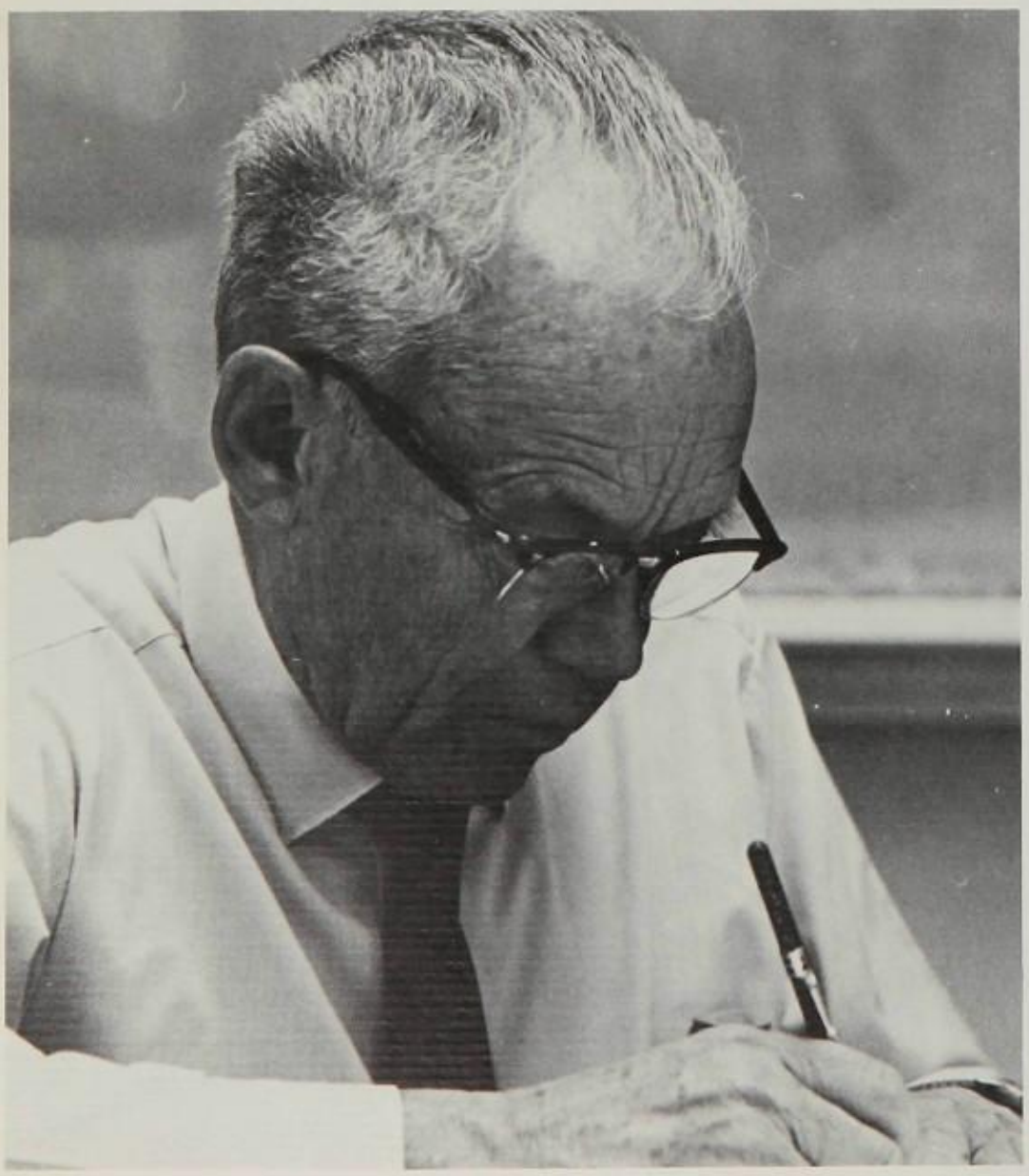
R. Lee Carlson, BS, UCLA
Director of Athletics;
Head Football Coach; Rugby
Coach; Admissions and
Curriculum Committees



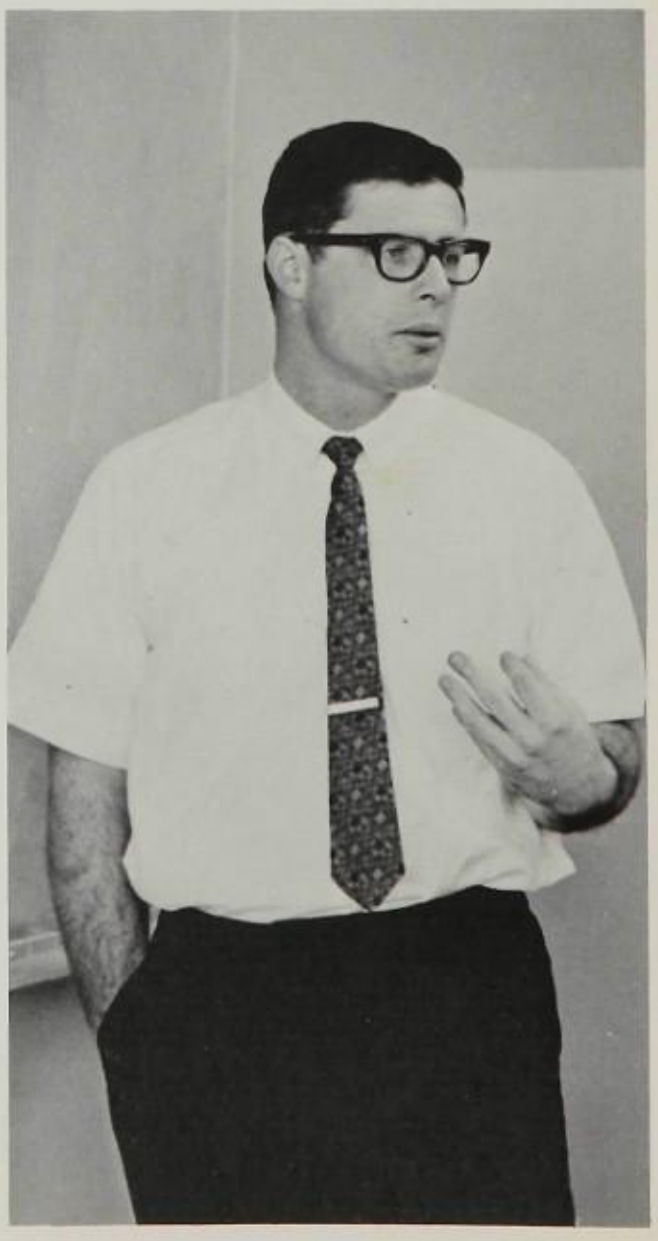
Duncan McCosker, BA, MA
Occidental, USC
Cross Country Coach

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT

Marion C. Hays, BS, MA
Univ. of Minnesota
Univ. of Chicago,
Library Committee; Sec'y-Treasurer, Fathers-
Sons Club



Gary Bowler, BA
San Fernando Valley State
Junior Class Advisor; JV
Football; Varsity Baseball



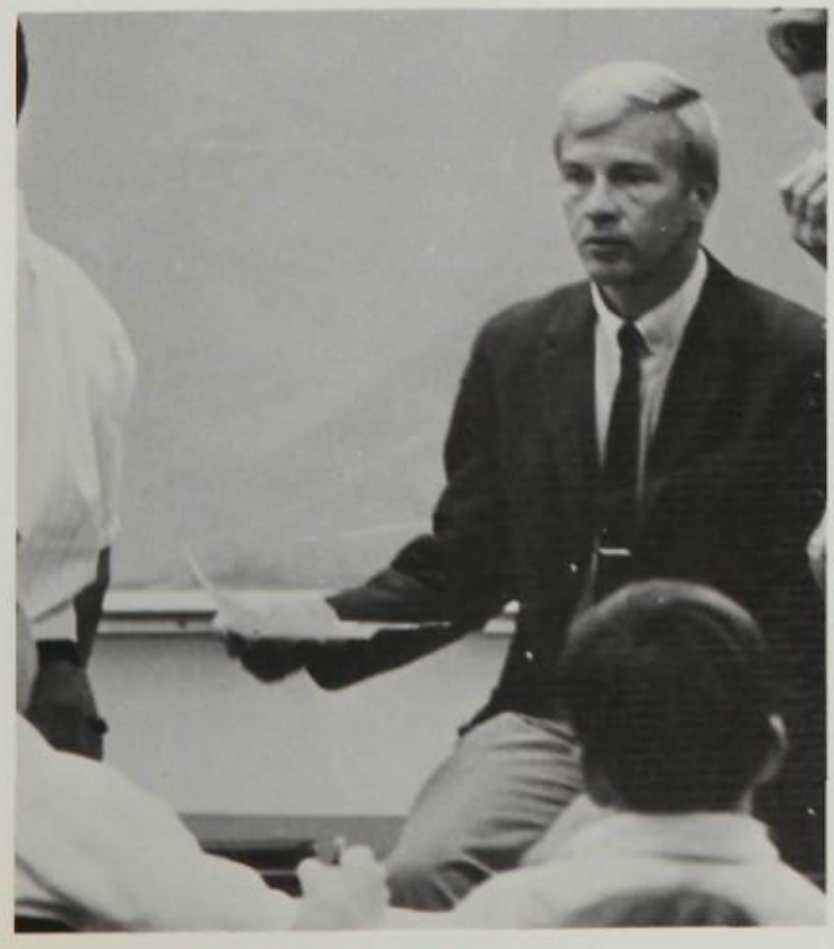
Hal Hoeland, BA
Princeton
Asst. Coach for Golf
and Basketball

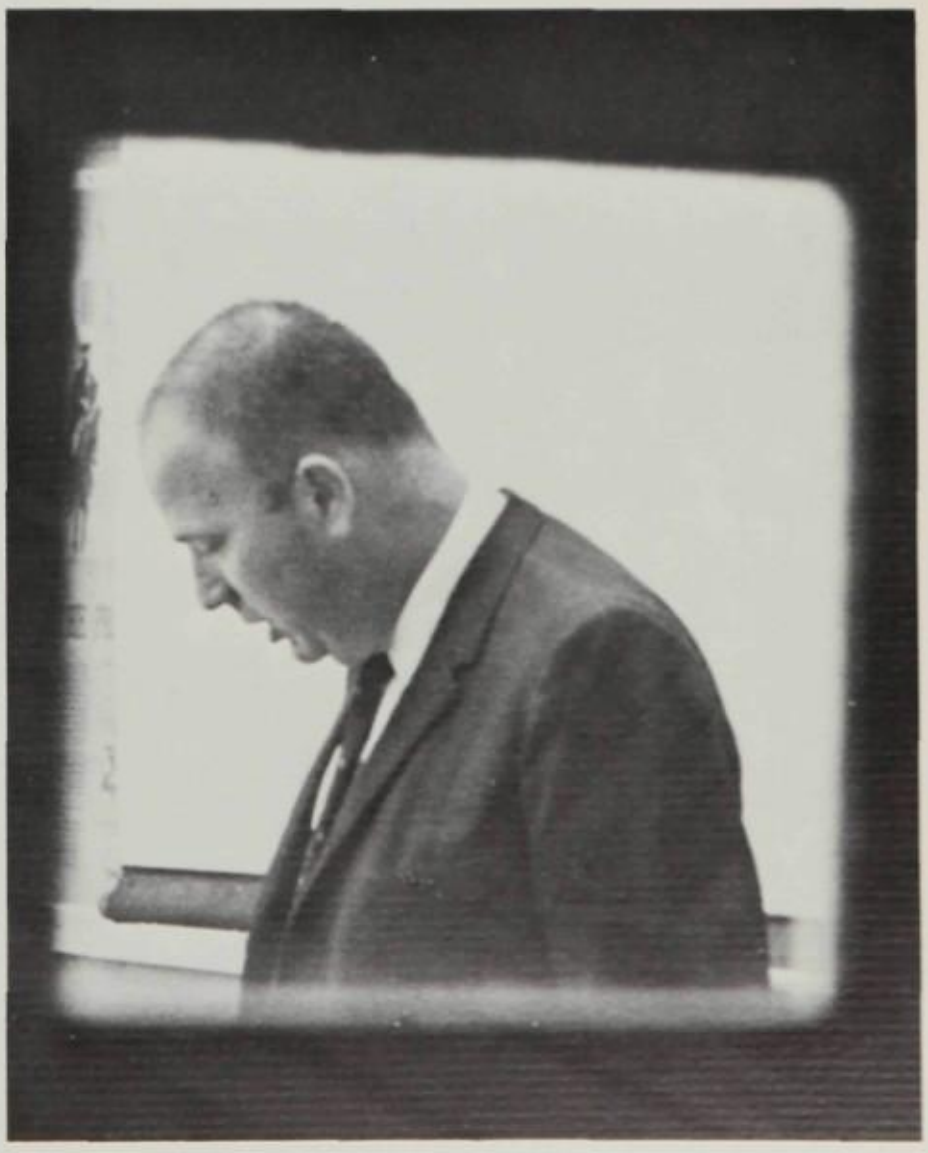
George Bryan Roberts, B.Sc.
University of Leeds
Director of Admissions; Chairman,
Counselling Committee; Curriculum
Committee

Walter Stewart, B.E.E., MA
University of Michigan
Chairman; Swimming and Water Polo
Coach; Curriculum Committee

2+2=5
—George Orwell

Sture N. Radstrom, Teacher Diploma
Folkskollarare, Upsala, Sweden





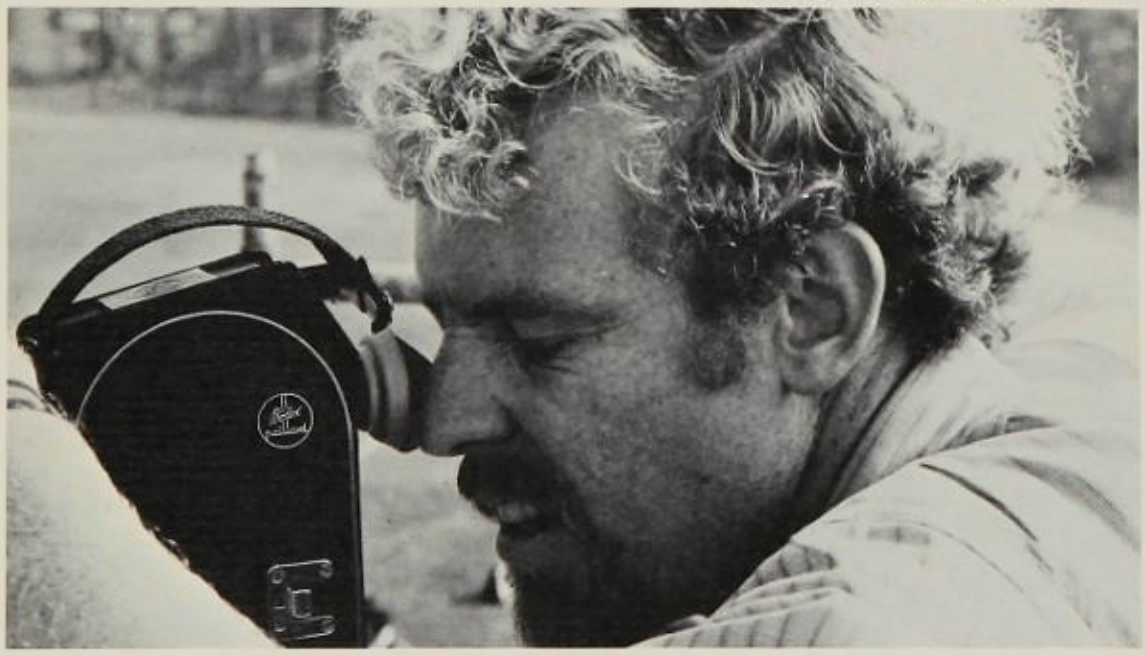
Robert E. Archer, BA, MA
UCLA, USC
Chairman; Curriculum Committee;
Asst. Basketball Coach

William H. Dillenbeck, BA
Kansas U.; Kansas City College, London
Academy of Dramatic Art, San Diego State

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Philip Holmes, BA, MA
USC, Duke
Freshman Basketball;
Library Committee; Director
Of Lower School English

Arthur L. Hoyle, BA, MA
UCLA
Sophomore Advisor; Tennis Coach;
Film Club; HARVEST advisor



Larry Shriver, BA
Duke
JV Football

Timothy Kahn, BA
UC Berkeley, UC
Santa Barbara, UC
at Bordeaux
Sophomore Advisor

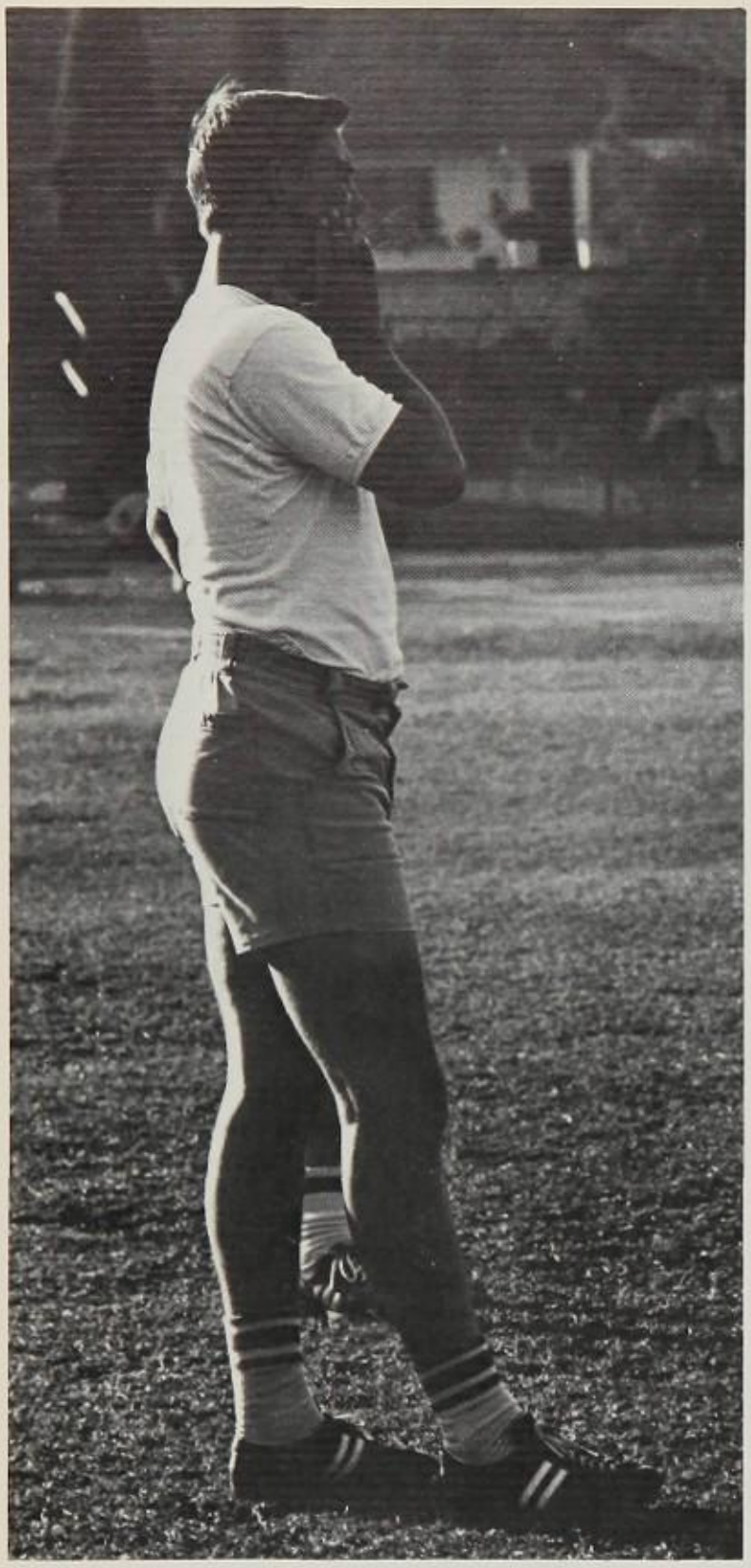
Francis P. Read, BA, MA
Hobart, Michigan
Freshman Advisor;
Counselling Committee

Tedd D. Woods, BA, MA
San Diego State, UCLA,
University of Utah
Senior Class Advisor;
Advisor, Rally Committee;
Secretary, Counselling
Committee

Show me the books he loves
and I shall know
The man far better than
through mortal friends.
—Mitchell

Donald Thompson, BA, MA
Cambridge, Oxford

David A. Drummond, BA
Claremont College
Freshman Football; Rugby;
Varsity Baseball



Myron N. Bayless, BA
San Fernando Valley State
Mechanical Drawing; Track
Coach; Asst. Coach, Football
and Wrestling

Robert P. Schmidt, BA
Roosevelt University,
San Fernando Valley State
Band

Anthony V. Reale, BA
San Fernando Valley State
Art; Glee Club

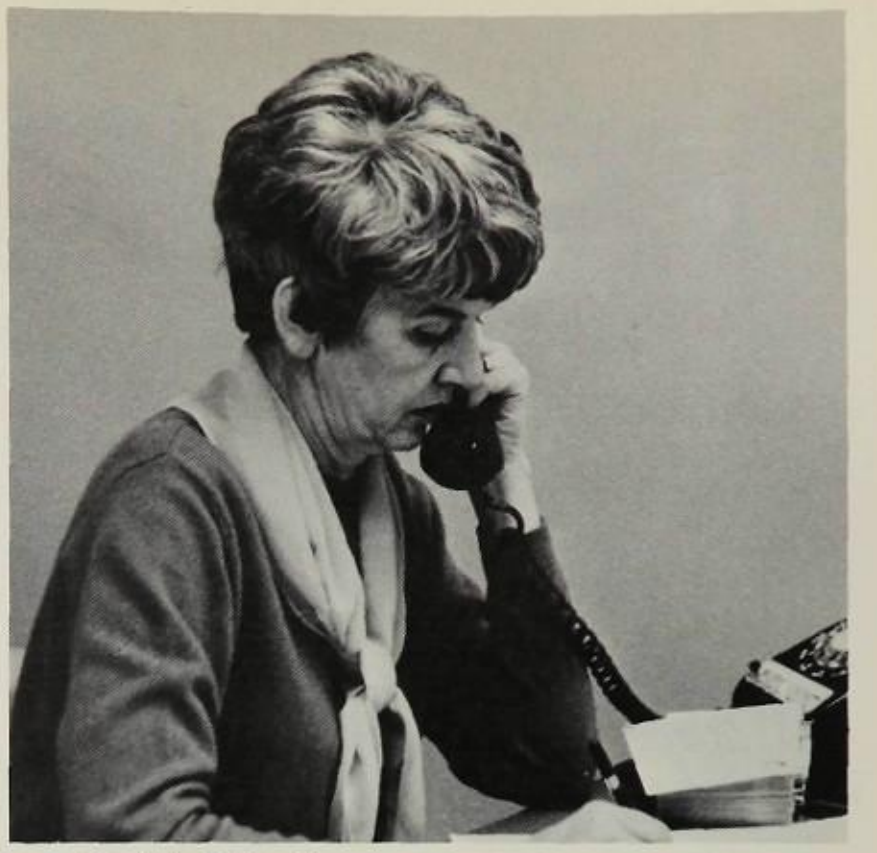
FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT

William S. Bartman, Jr., BA
Trinity College
Dramatics

**Saxa et solitudines voci respondent,
bestiae saepe immanes cantu flectuntur
atque consistunt—Cicero in pro Archia**

James Rogers
Los Angeles College of Design
Art

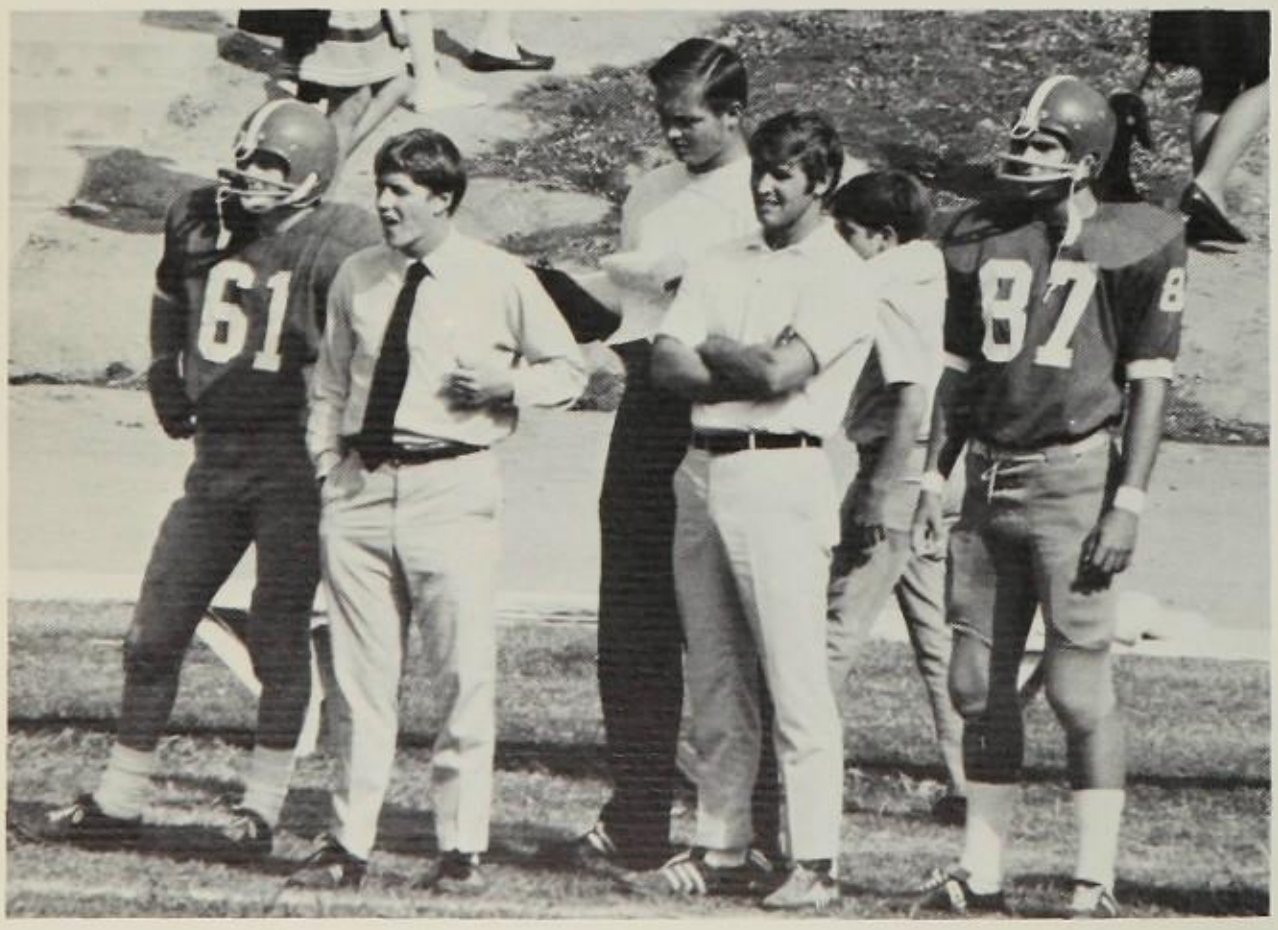
Mr. Charles L. Clustka, BS
UCLA
Director of Development; College Placement; Curriculum and Counselling Committees



Mrs. Virginia Pickrell
Secretary for Alumni Relations and Development

ALUMNI RELATIONS AND DEVELOPMENT

Mr. James R. Young, BS (Second from left)
USC
Director of Alumni and Public Relations; *Varsity Football*



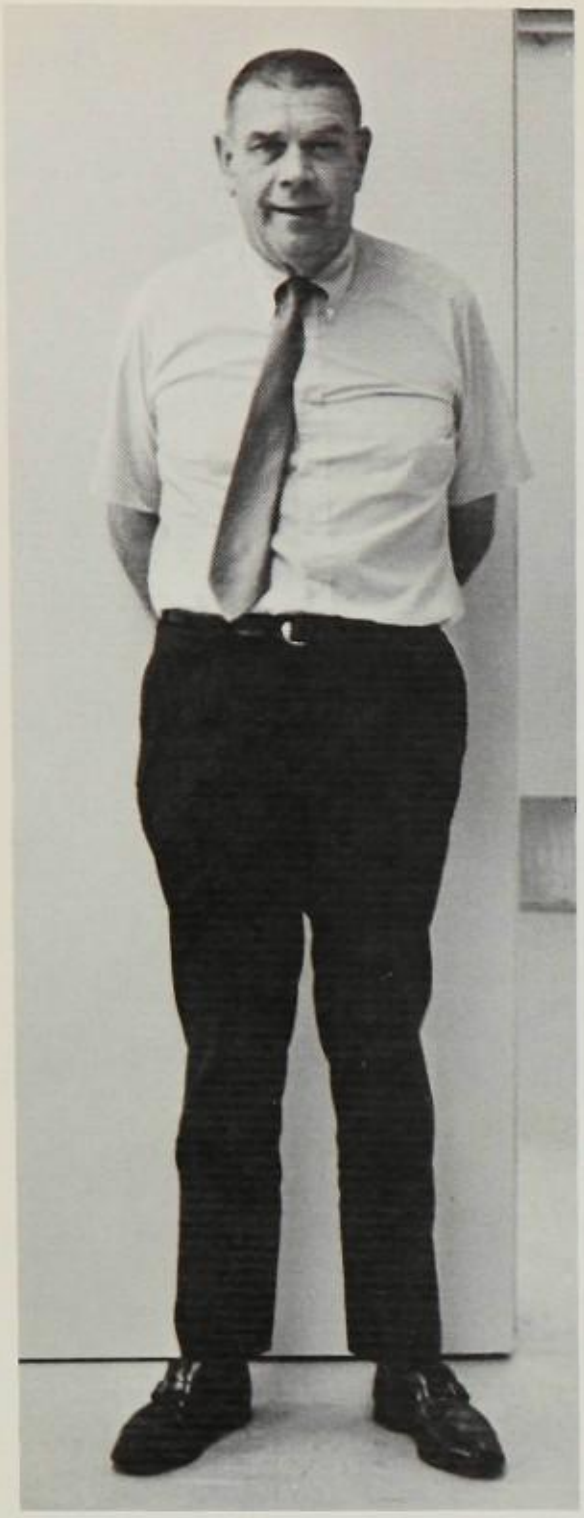
Mrs. Nina Dunn
Secretary to the Headmaster

Mrs. Louise Dickson
Secretary to the Head of Upper School and to the Director of Admissions; Registrar

Thoughts change more often than the seasons—A. Lockton

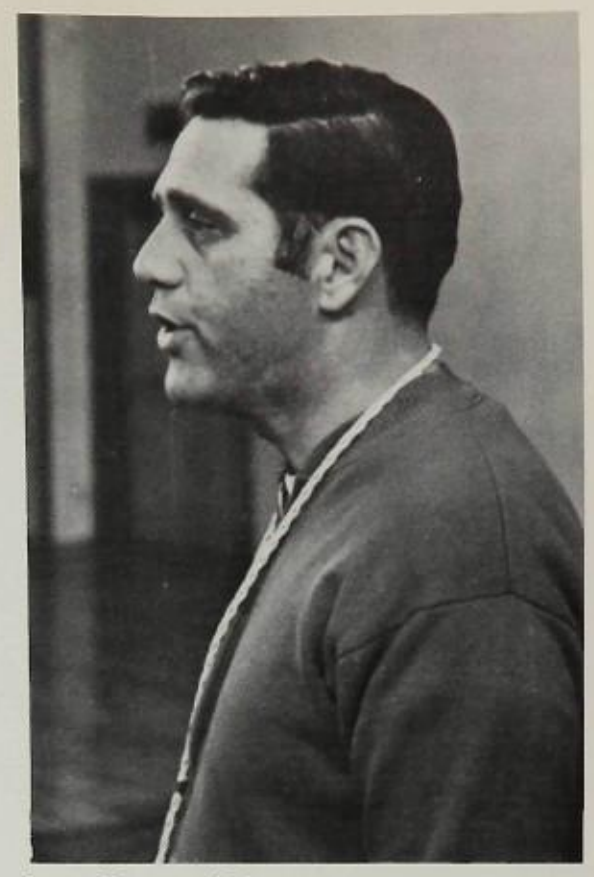
Mrs. Joan Ryan
Secretary to the Head of the Lower School

Miss Janet Kerrigan
Faculty Secretary



Albert E. Burr, Jr., BA
UCLA
Business Manager; Golf

Mrs. Verna White
Secretary to the
Business Office



Lou Ryave, BA
Varsity Football;
Driver Training

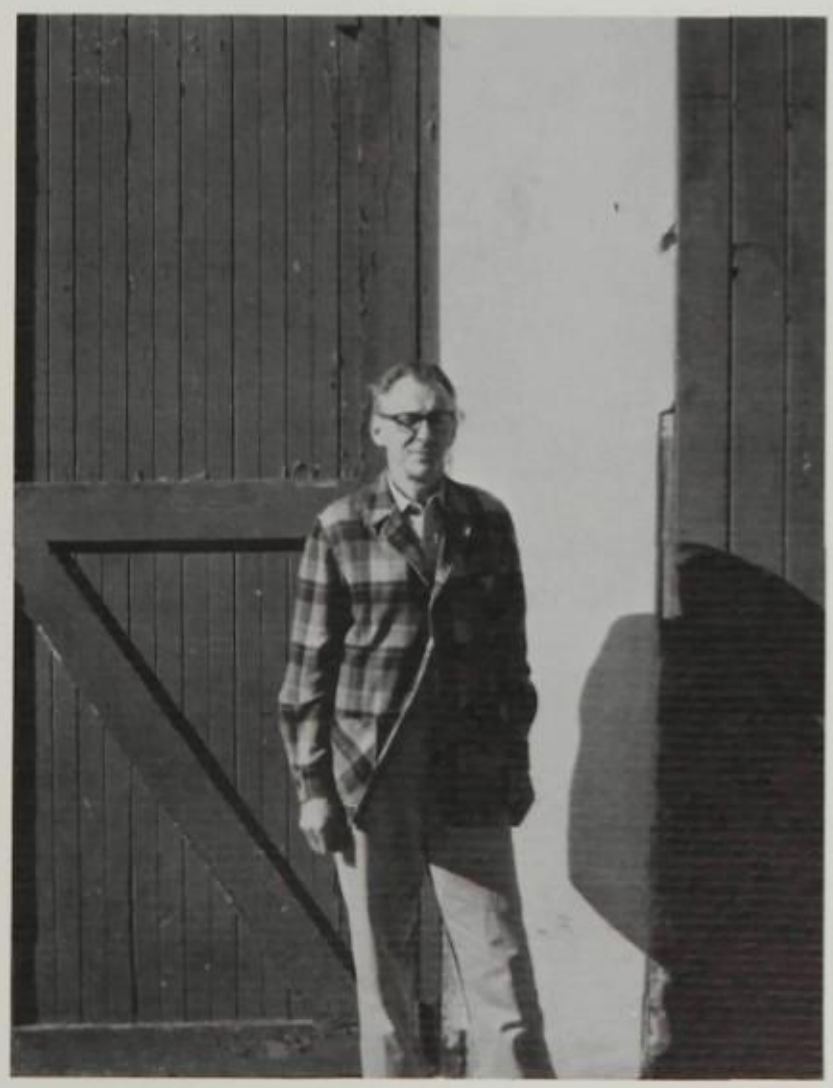
Mrs. Faye C. Sitch
Bookstore

Mr. Frank Alvarez
Accountant

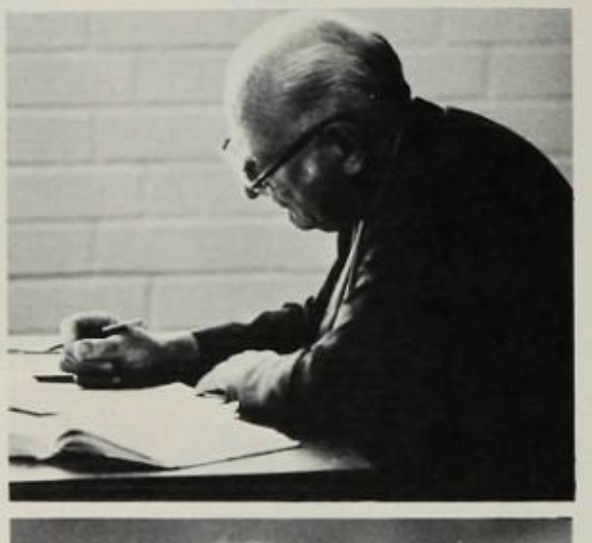
Mr. Eugene A. McPherson, Sgt. USA, Ret.
Boarding Supervisor; Language Laboratory
Supervisor; Driver Education

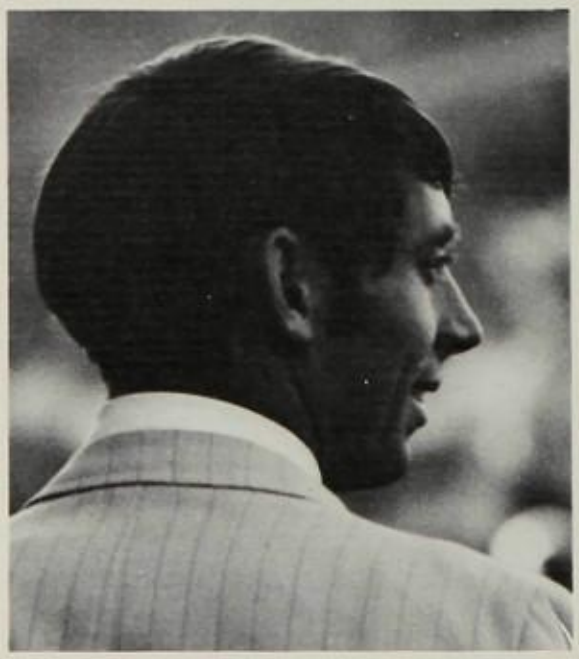
Mrs. Susan Nolan
Nurse

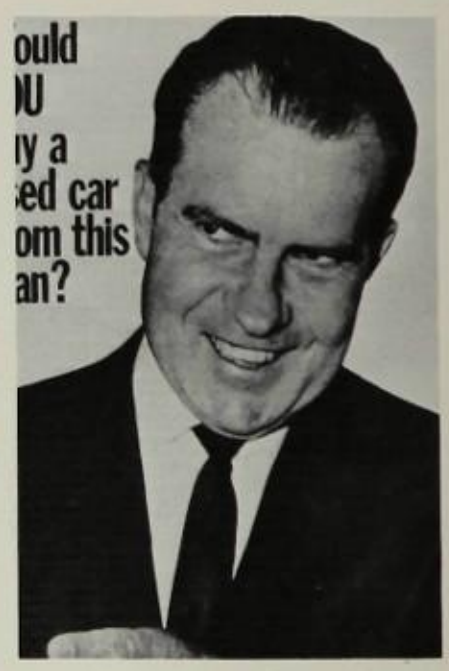
Mrs. Louise Asay
Receptionist



Mr. John Bokowski
Superintendent of Maintenance



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For some, six years of school have gone by,
For others, a fewer number.
When I am ready to go out into the world
To face the responsibilities time places on everyone's
Shoulders;
There will be one thing I can always depend on;
The sun to rise every morning
And wake the world with gentle rays.
Sometimes, hidden behind clouds—
As many things in life are hidden—
The sun will seem to have deserted me.
But I know the sun will always be there.
To spread its warmth and happiness
Over the entire world.

For some,
The sun will always be hidden
And never reach their heart.
They will never know the joy of helping another
Human being or the satisfaction of gaining peace of mind
By spreading
Love wherever they can.
For those people have made their own society
And want to live in it—
Not knowing, seeing, or feeling
The world around them.
Everyone has their own personal problems
But it doesn't mean they can't overcome them.
The world is full of beautiful things and beautiful people,
But it takes a special type of person
To appreciate the world they live in.
Are you this kind of person?
Will you ever be?

SENIORS
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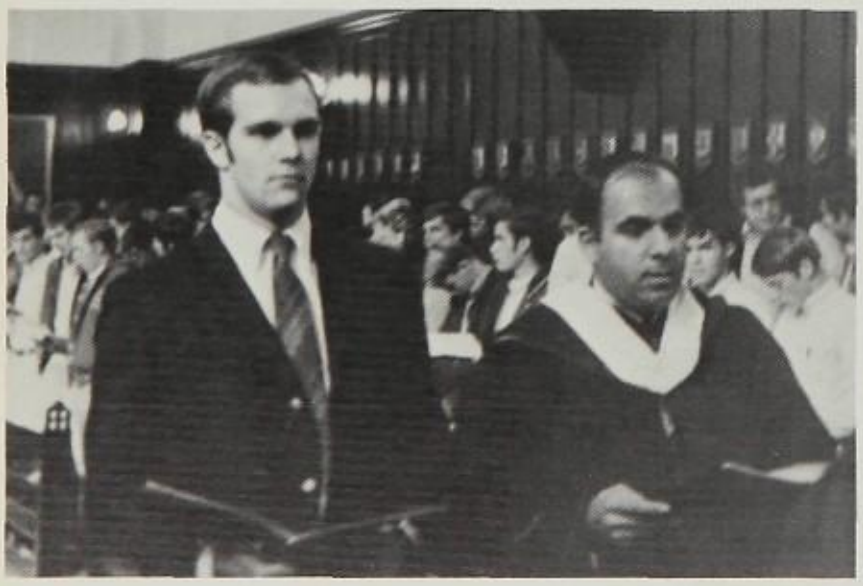
LEFT TO RIGHT: Wick, C; Ingram, R; Ramsay, B; Irvine, J; Harmon, M; Meyer, M.

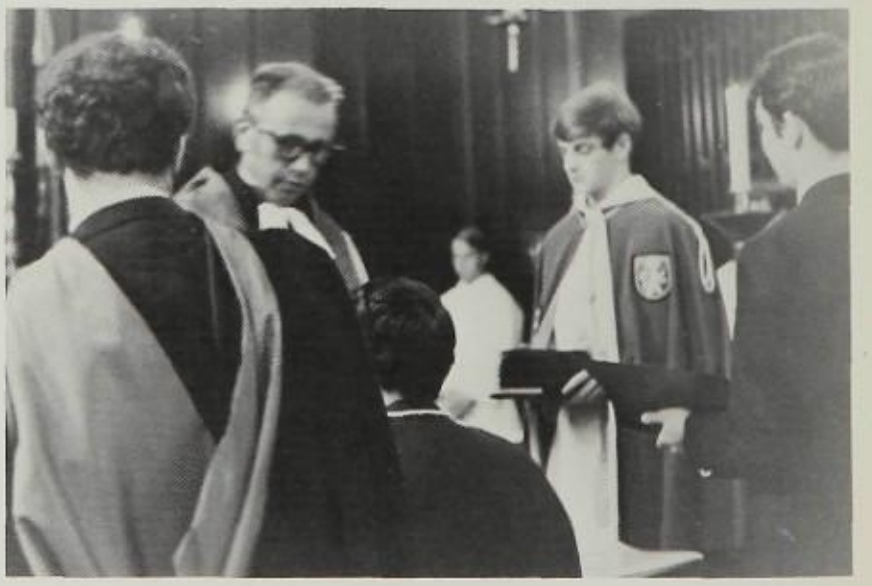
PREFECTS

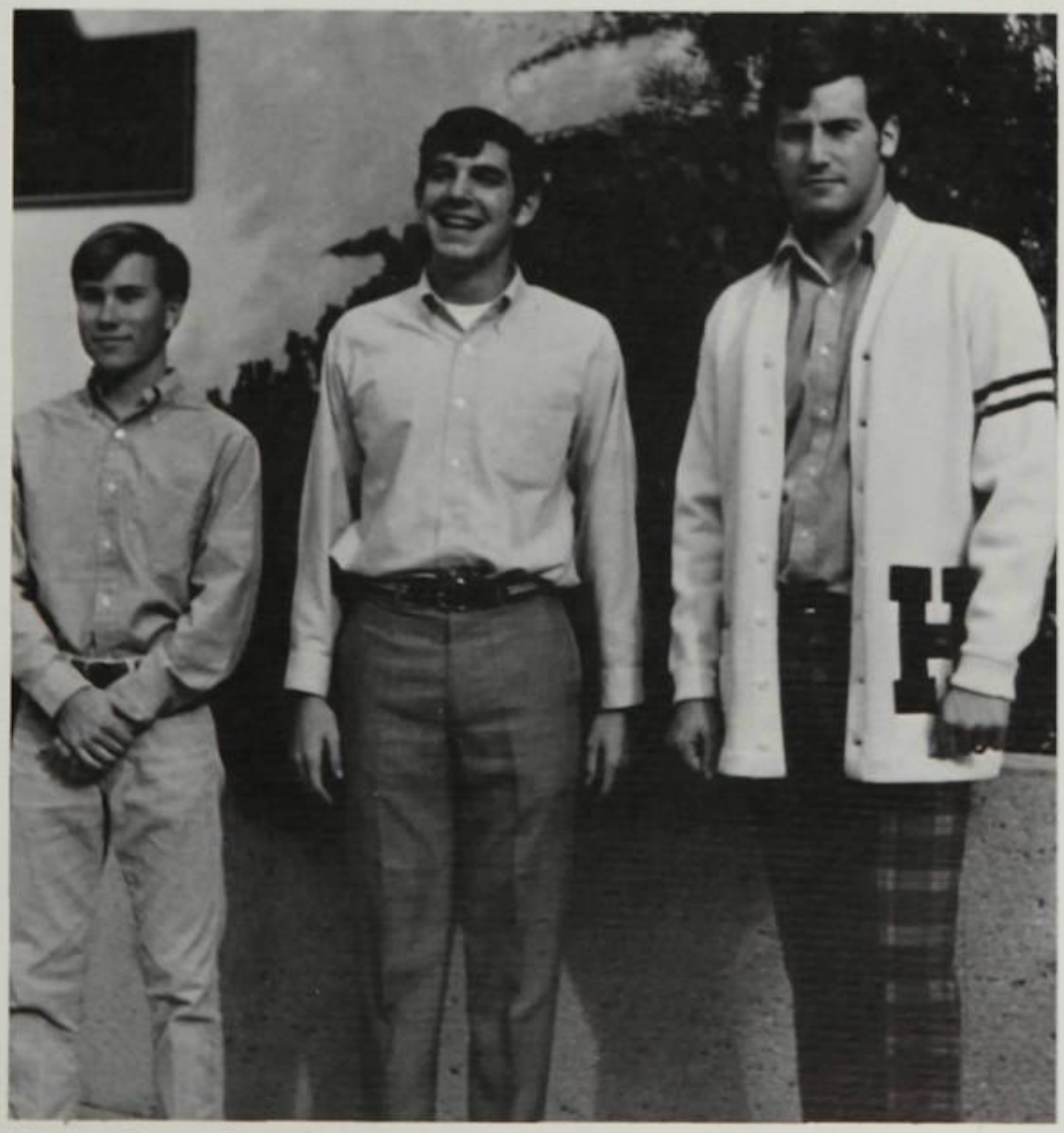
The six Prefects selected last Spring were John Irvine, 1st or "Senior" Prefect, Chip Ramsay, 2nd, Mark Harmon, 3rd, Bob Ingram, 4th, Mike Meyer, 5th, and C. Z. Wick, 6th. For the first time this year there was considerable discussion as to what the office of Prefect actually involved and as to how a prefect handled his duties once in office. Some said that a prefect should follow the tradtional route by demonstrating "moral" leadership. Others countered that a prefect carries with him the grave responsibility to accomplish something during his term. Many were ambivalent as to both views.

The question of the relevance of a prefect system in a modern secondary school isn't of much importance isolated by itself. What does matter is whether or not an individual, once in a position of authority is an initiator or a follower, a doer or merely a title-holder. This is what the students at Harvard must face up to as the school moves ahead—what response will they give to this challenge, for in that response lies the future of student leadership and responsibility.

Jean-Paul Sartre once said, "Qu'il doit agir prouver son existence." One must act in order to prove one's existence. It is up to the students to provide themselves with capable and active leadership in order to maintain initiative along with their contemporaries elsewhere.







Senior Class Officers— Barry, J (Vice-President); Wick, C (President); Preis, J (Secretary-Treasurer).

Traditionally, the essay on the Senior Class expounds the grand accomplishments of the class during their final year at Harvard, and lists, in almost alphabetical order, the many "outstanding" seniors in their respective fields. All in all, this is quaint, nice, and rather dull.

But a class history doesn't begin in September and end in June of that final year. Whatever history there is, starts with that very first day in the Seventh Grade. Yes, the Senior year is a time of culmination and action, yet whatever happens during that period is but a result of what was formed and experienced before. This being the case, this essay will attempt to characterize the essence of the Class of 1970, its attitude toward change.

When the members of this class entered Harvard School in the Fall of 1964, we faced a school steeped in tradition and vigorously rigid in its ways. As with all seventh graders before and after us, we were awed, and we followed all the rules to the letter. As time went on, we adjusted to Harvard life very well and became known as one of the top classes in the School's history, for the reason that we never caused any trouble.

Up to, and including our Junior year, we maintained our standard of following the rules and we produced our fine scholars, athletes, and generals, but no real leadership. We were content to follow rather than to initiate and we couldn't wait to become seniors so that we could finally get a share of the best part of tradition—being the chiefs—after we had served our time for many years; and, moreover, we deserved and needed it.

Then fate played a trick. In our Senior year, the year of dreams, glory, and power, Harvard changed decisively. Gone were the officers and the senior mystique. A senior was to be respected now as he earned that respect. All the hopes were gone and the only thing left for this class to do was to hold on to every surviving remnant of the past. So, the majority of us at first tried to resist change and, finding that couldn't succeed, reluctantly and, for some, sadly, gave in.

A few of the class tried to keep a spirit of activism and interest alive; most either withdrew into their own preoccupations or else went through passive motions reminiscent of earlier classes.

Unity within the class came from groups rather than from the whole and the year moved quietly on. Few seemed to care.

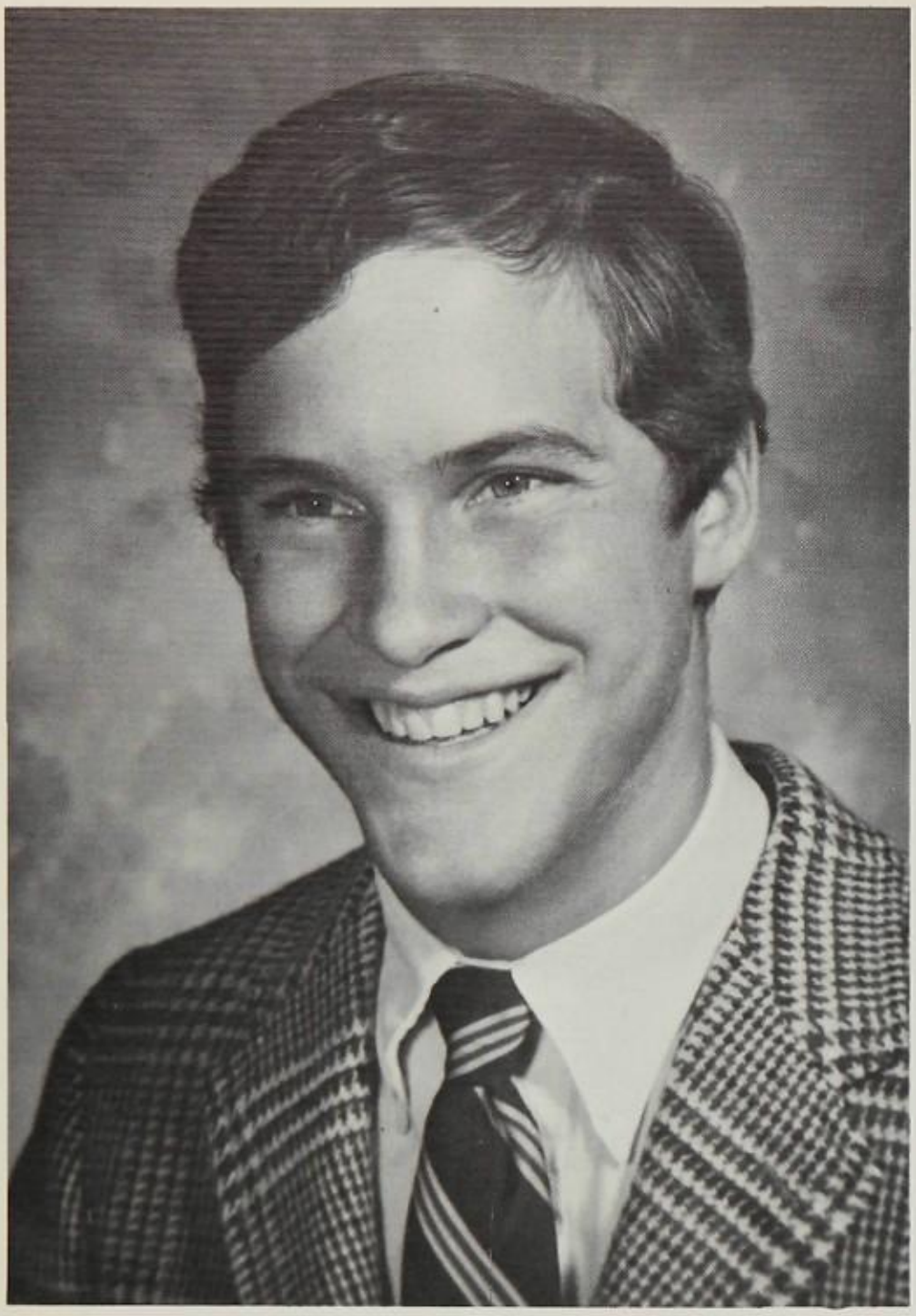
But this Class of 1970 is not to be faulted for its failure to act nor lauded for its always following norms. If judged as a class, we shall be accepted as one that saw a great deal of change and coped with it as best we could. We were a class much influenced by the past and reacted accordingly.

We were confused, we were confident; we were elated, we were disappointed; we were concerned, we were unconcerned; we were all good guys!

CHANGE CHANGE ETERNAL

ALL THINGS CHANGE AND WE CHANGE WITH THEM

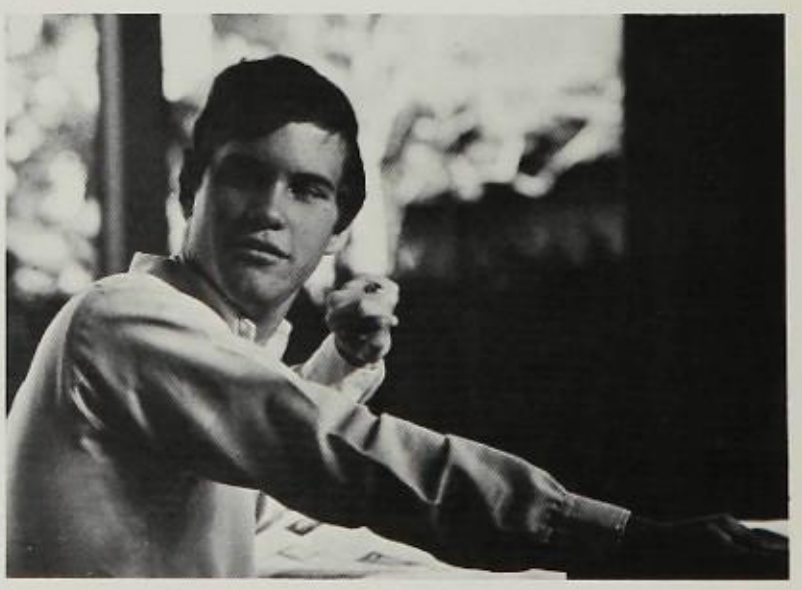
BORBONIUS



STEPHEN CARROLL BARNES

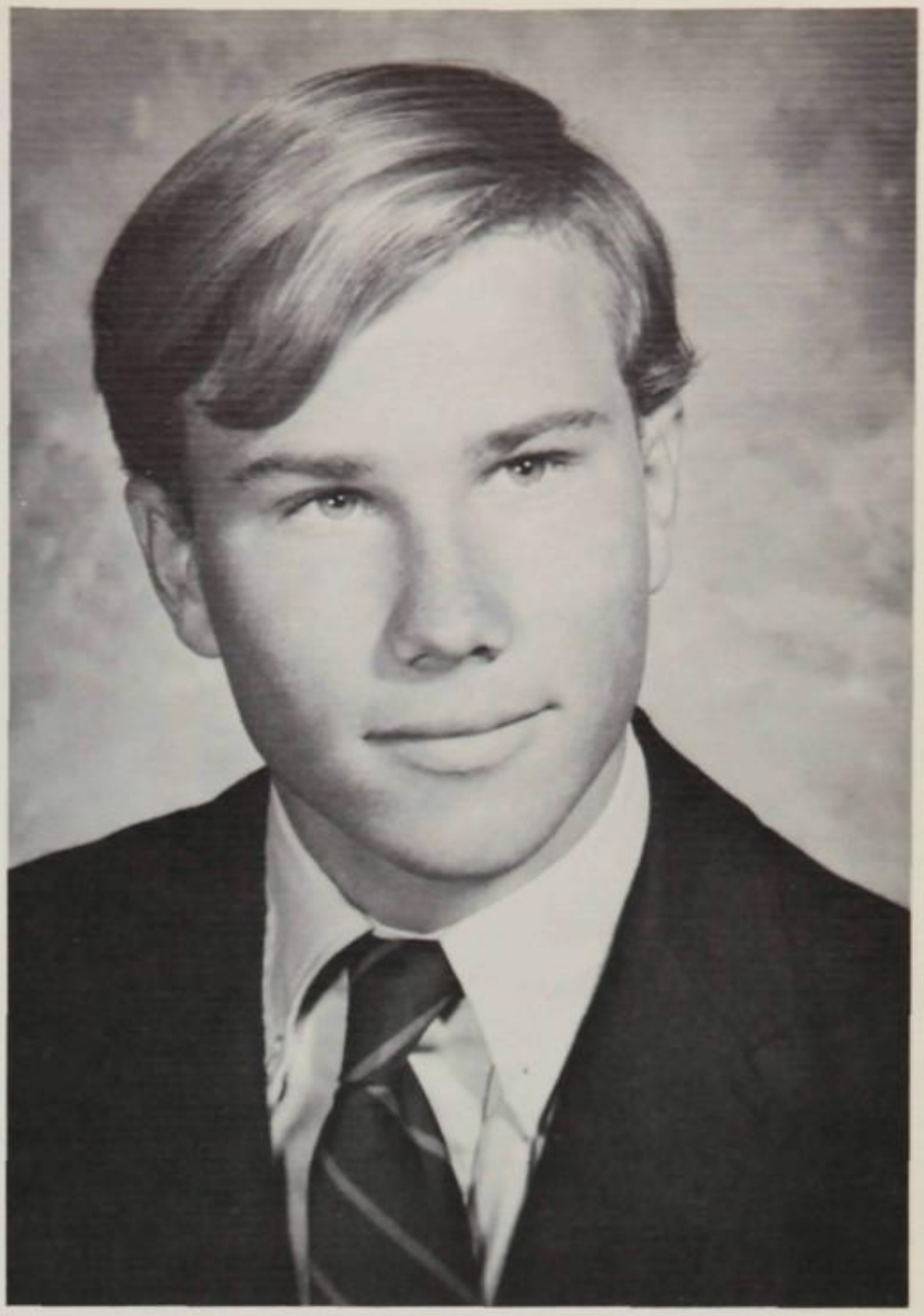
Entered '67; Red
J.V. Football 11
J.V. Basketball 10, 11
J.V. Baseball 10
Vars. Basketball 12
Rally Committee 12
Yell Leader 12

I, Boogie, no longer being known as Steve Barnes, having both naturally-straight hair and grossly-developed mouth, do generously bequeath the following to the right recipients: to Irv, "The Great Barbeque", my surfing and skiing abilities, and sixteen memorable, if at times hectic, years of a great friendship. To Bob, a sore jaw, sideburns, and a period of uninterrupted study. To Woo, a life-size pin-up of Bill Beck. To Mark, a book entitled THE INHERENT USE OF A HAWAIIAN SLING, eligibility and all his girlfriends. To Bear, the great singing duet and an autograph from Smokey. To Charlie, the sea bass. To Laird, the universal label of S.N. To Randy, a foghorn, a fluent jump shop, and the ability to sidetrack teachers. To Brent, my Eke, a balloon, the ability to slam-dunk, and the league lead in shooting percentage. To Hocher, a good profile and an eternal glowing photo of THE COACH. To Malcolm, a big head and a peaceful game of one-on-one with the Beak. To Chip, dedication; to Fred, a Palm Springs, and a well-rounded golf game. To Coach, thanks for showing me that one must really understand himself before he can understand others and that a realistic outlook is the only real way to view life. Lastly, to Mr. McCleery, Fr. Gill, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Woods, Coach Carlson, Fr. Chalmers, and Mr. Berrisford and especially to my parents, my sincere appreciation for allowing me these three memorable and rewarding years.



Steve Barnes

JOHN SAMUEL BARRY

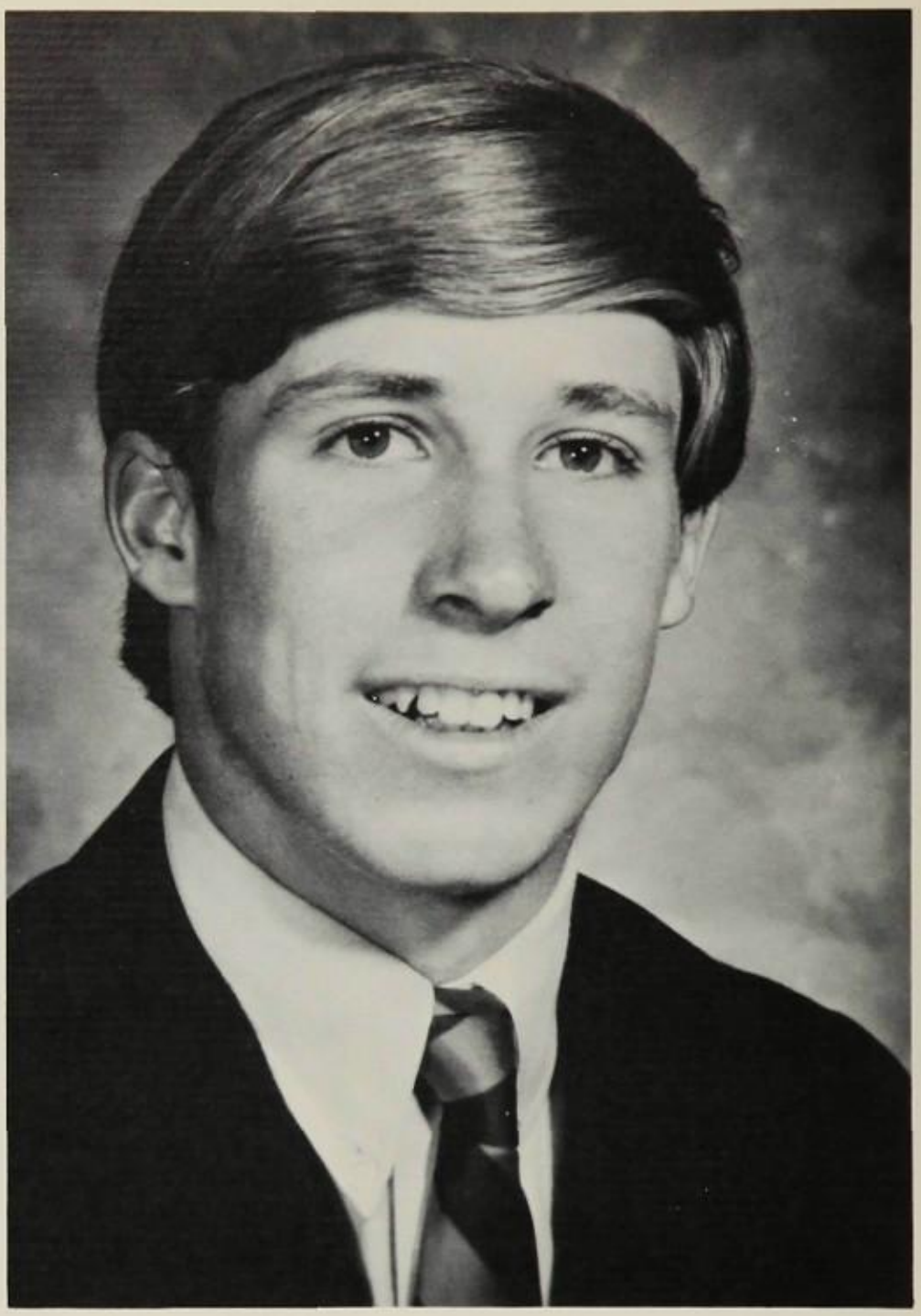


Entered '64; White
Class V.P. 12
Senior Counselling Committee
Rally Committee 12
"C" Water Polo Capt. 11
"B" Water Polo 12
Vars. Wrestling 9, 10, 11, 12
Capt., Vars. Wrestling 12
Editorial Staff, HARVEST 12

John Barry

Known as Buzz, I leave to Andy, Mr. Hoyle and crew, the Los Angeles River, five-road trespassing, zebras, and zoo regulations, Disneyland, Akron, and the loving-in at Griffith Park, which finally became MONDO LOUSY. To Jay, six years of scenic *morning drives. To Matt, Chuck, Joe, Brent, Mr. Martinez, and* the rest of that Spanish IV class, novels both from the school store and the L.A. Public Library, and one happy Cinco de Mayo. To Dave, a great Easter week at Mammoth. To Charlie, one Groman Mortuary bench, Chemistry along with the first period cross-country course study halls it necessitated, and many good times. To Woody and Capt. Roberts, voyages up the coast, plus a trip back from Catalina with a unique tiller arrangement. To Bob B., his Shelby daydream come true. To C.Z., Coach Bache and Randy. To Steve S., the grape vine, guillotine, a cauliflower ear, and "Dona stop!" To Dick, best of future luck in everything. And to all my teachers, especially Father Gill, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Stewart, and everyone in the class, sincere gratitude for six fun and worthwhile years.

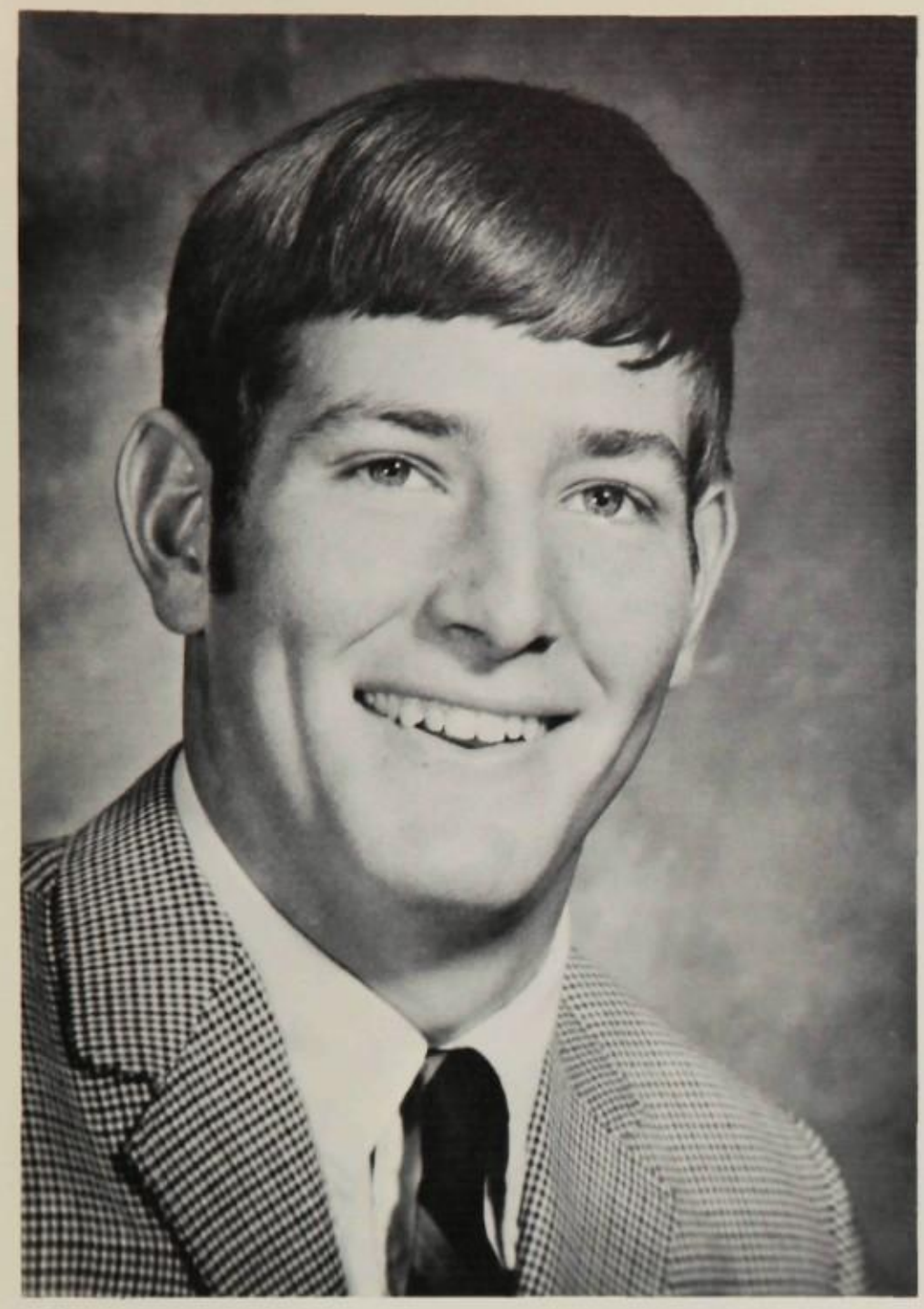
WILLIAM DOLPH BECK



Entered '64; Green
Varsity Football 11, 12
Varsity Baseball 9, 10, 11, 12
All-League Infielder 11
J.V. Basketball 10, 11
"C" Basketball 9

William D. Beck

Upon completion of my sixth year at Harvard, I, William Dolph Beck, feel obligated to leave the following to the following for varying reasons: To Hooty, Swirles, and Bingram, my sister; to Mark H., another try at Ann (realizing that three times' the charm); to Don Juan, bang, bang, and a book entitled, SCHOOL CAN BE INTERESTING; to Brad, the immortal 'Stang, "Games", homework, and a "scene happening" with his political rival; to Martha, a "later scene"; to Swirles, the idea that non-reality is still where it's at no matter what the Irishman says; to Randy, a grand time at the Junior Ball; to Cin, my Senior ring (for one day); to Coach Ryave, the meat-grinder; to Eke, the idea that when you're number one, there's no place to go except down; to Coach Carlson, a map on how to get out of a MacDonald's parking lot; to Eke and Coach Carlson, our kind of place; to Mr. Woods, Martha and the ever-progressing Rally Committee; to Lewis, a beer and the cure for "feeling woozt" (a hot bath and a good night's sleep); to Mike, you're reading it; to Rick, smooching (on the lips no less), all seriousness aside; to Coach Carlson, Mr. Stewart, Father Gill, Mr. Miller, Dr. Conconi, and finally to Coach McFadden, thank you and . . . . . later.

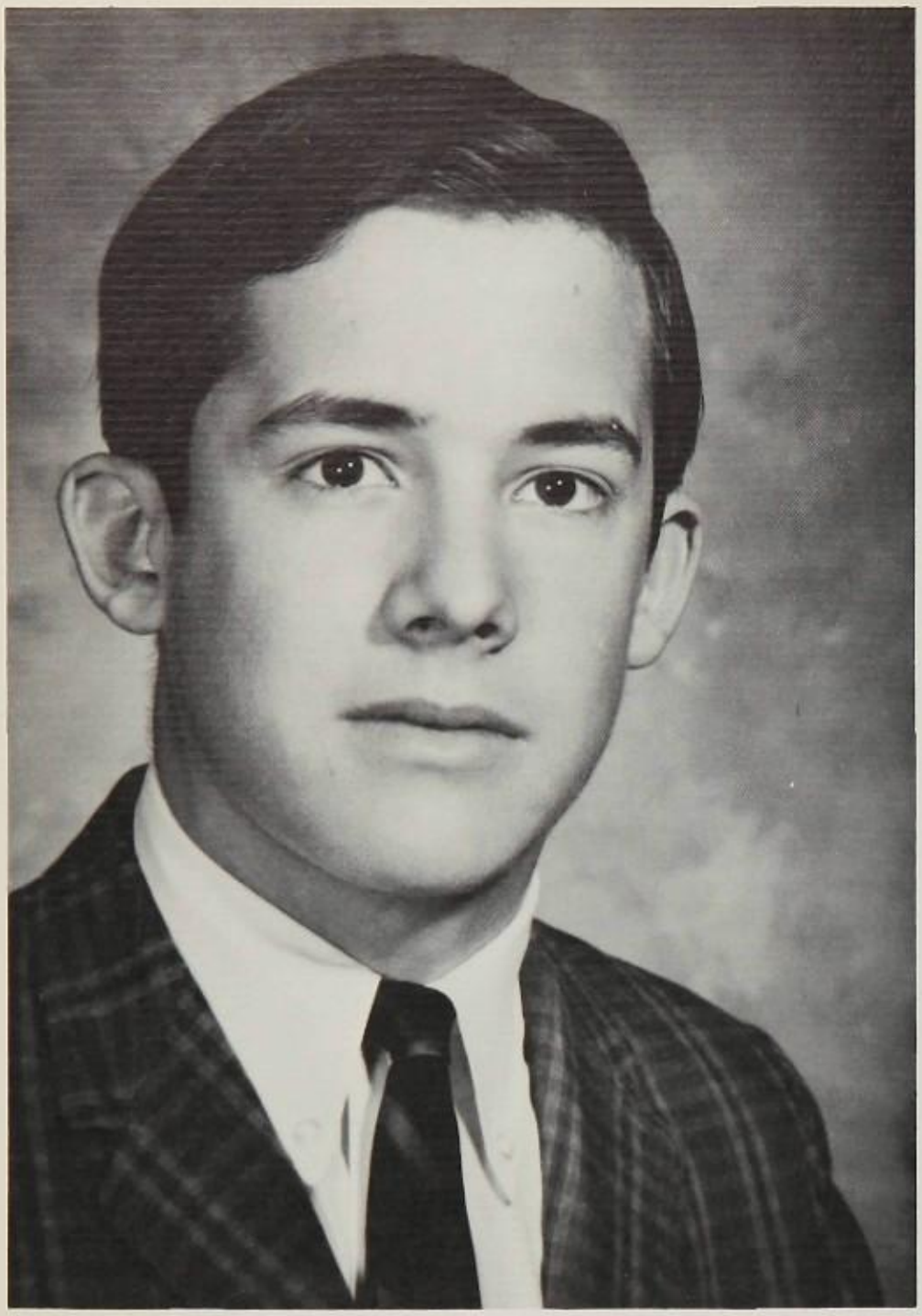


BARRY NORRIS BOOTH

Entered '64; Blue
Head Trainer 10, 11, 12
Varsity Football 12
Basketball Mgr. 9, 10, 11
Manager of the year 11
Baseball Trainer 10, 11
J.V. Football 9, 10
J.V. Baseball 9, 10

I, the Bear, being of fur covered body and brain do leave the following to the following: To Irv, Smokey, Aretha, Mrs. Robinson, tape and a lasting friendship; To Chip, football and girls; To Bingo, Roberto, college football, and growing pills; To Marko, Laguna, fish, all the dogs he wants, his red football helmet, his black book, all the girls he wants, and a great friendship; To all my victims, my training ability; To C. Russell, a BOSS '57 Chevy; To Laird Wilson, a zip gun and the Mafia; To DZW, what DZW wants; To Randy, college sports, luck, girls, and a good shoulder; To Wick, his small size, Linda, and Big Red; To Hamilton, Read and Ken—good luck; To the Europa gang, that fun summer; To Bryan, Sam; To Bateman, a touchdown; To Buck, UCLA; To M. Smith, sight; To the athletic dept., me; To the next "Trainer-player-manager-handy-man", my U30 key; To S. Barnes, his mouth and his BOSS Ford. Finally I would like to thank the faculty and especially: Mr. Clustka, Mr. Carlson, Fr. Chalmers, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Bowler, Fr. Gill, and my parents for helping me find myself . . . Now I go.

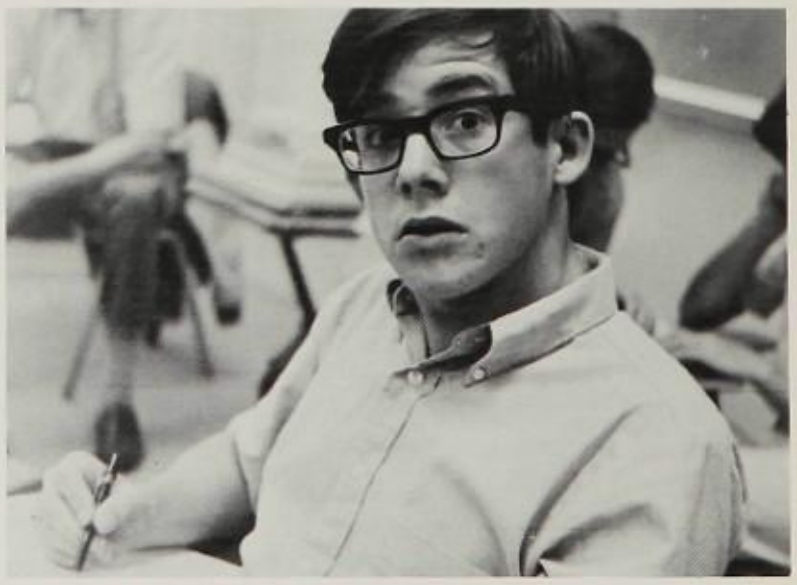
Bear Booth



DAVID B. BORTHWICK

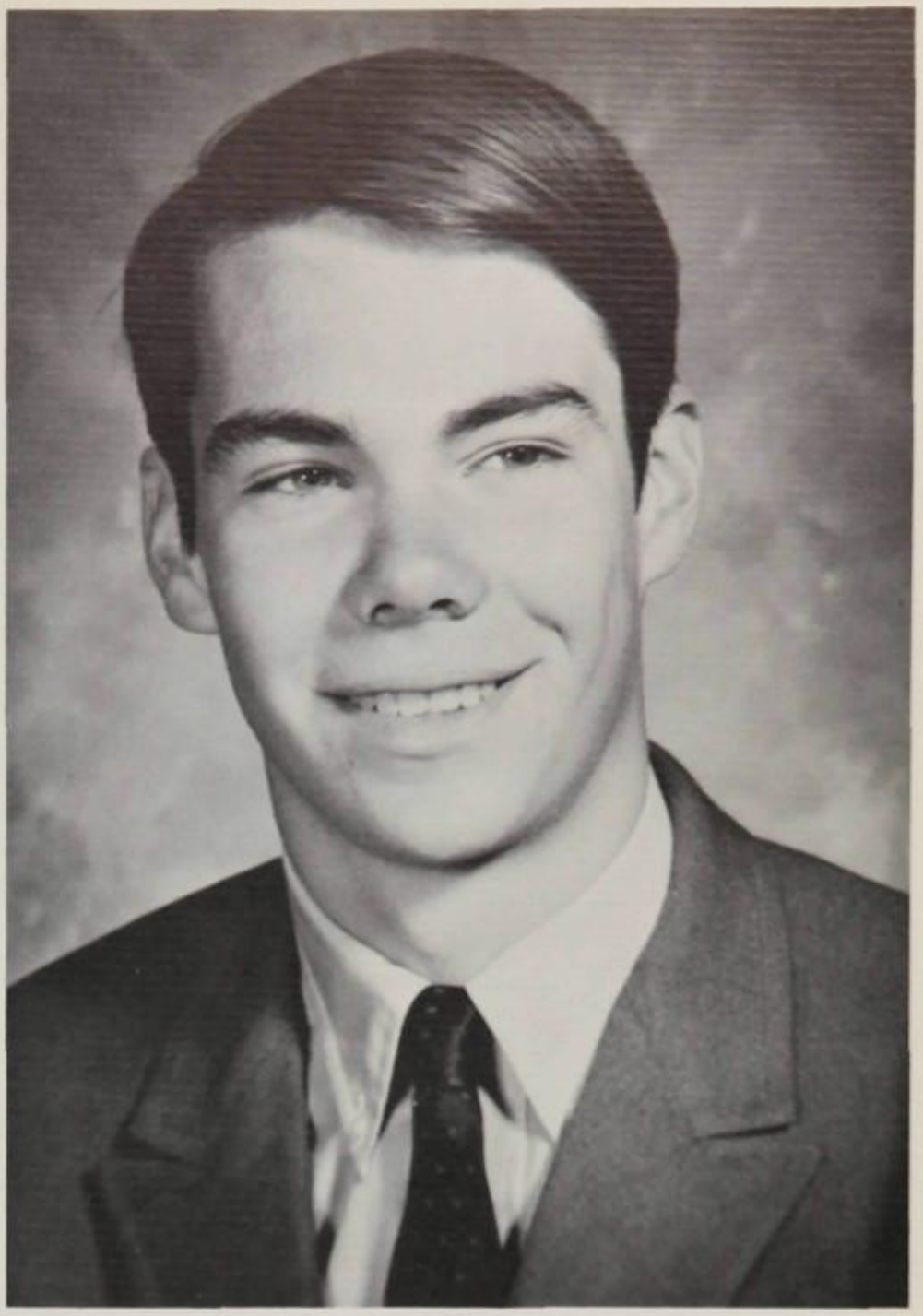
Entered '65; White
Re-entered '68; Blue
Spanish Tutor 9
Wrestling 12

I, Dave Borthwick, being of whatever mind and body, leave to Mr. Berrisford and the new "Establishment" a good future and to Harvard, thanks for four out of five good years.



David Borthwick

JAMES ROBERT BOSLER



Entered '64
Photographer,
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
J.V. Football 9
Camera Club 8, 9
Rifle Team 10, 11

James R. Bosler

I, Boz, leave the following people the following things:

To Larry: Midnight surveillance, a suspicious look, an endless summer, and memories of the good times.

To Gibby: An automatic transmission, a good John Wayne impersonation, and a lasting version of the "Great White Wonder" disappearing in a cloud of smoke.

To Pete: Gym class instructed by a right-wing radical with a 30 I.Q.

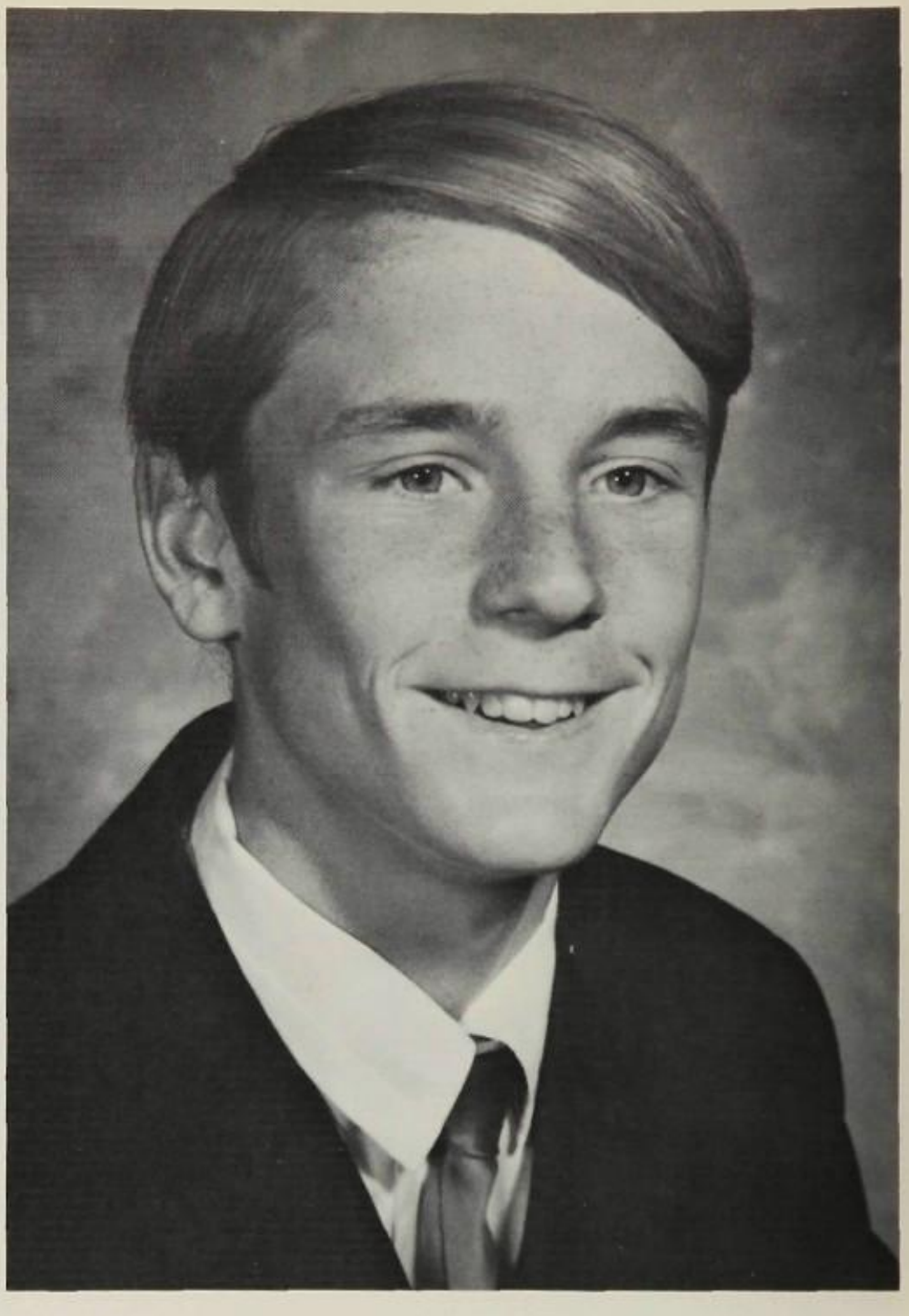
To Bill: Math, Science, and a 24-hr. hook-up to an I.B.M. 360.

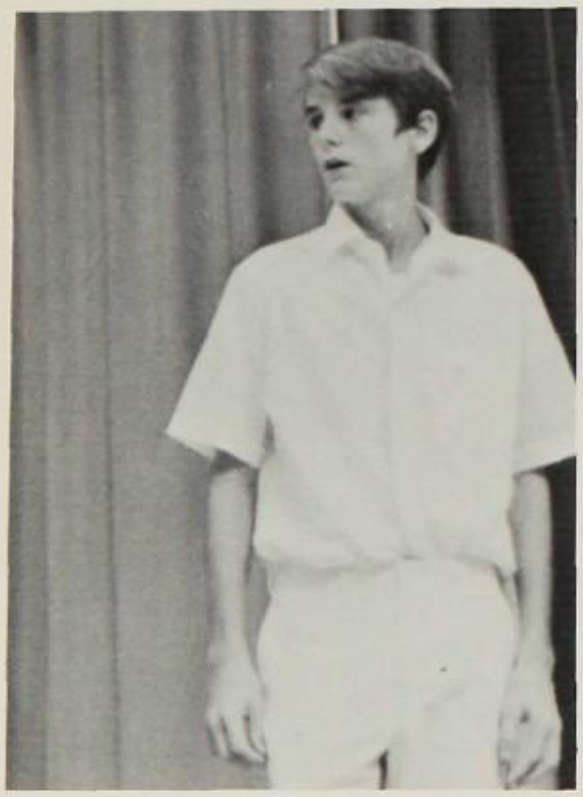
To Chris: An Uncle Sam Missile, long hair and a deal, a parrot which repeats "Blow your doors off", "Check", and "Wanna fight, buddy?", personal jokes such as these, and an enjoyable friendship.

To J.P.C.: My appreciation for a great learning experience and memories of all the fun we ever had.

BRADLEY WALTER BRANCH

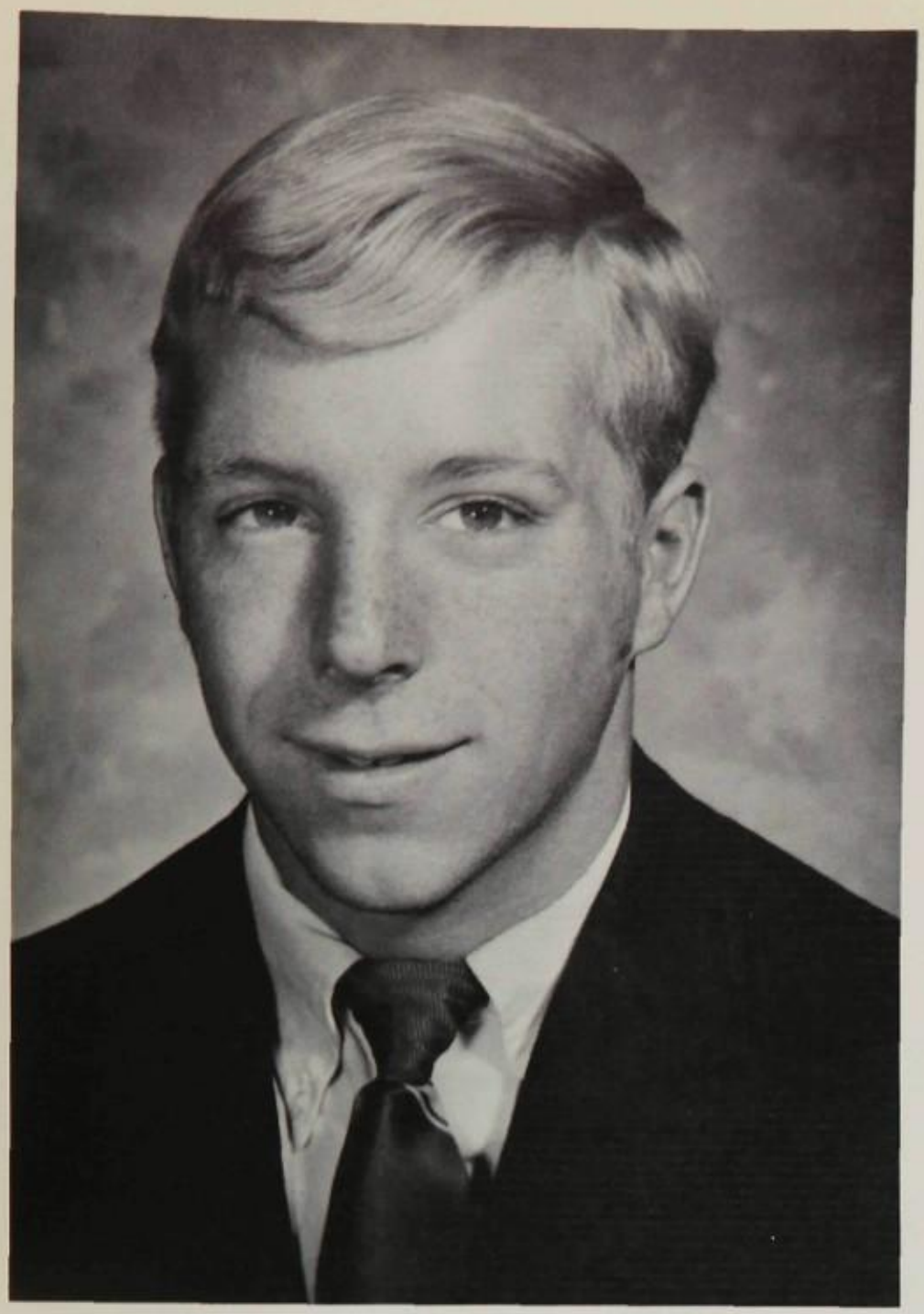
Entered '64; Green
Head Yell Leader 12
Rally Committee 12
Watts Tutoring Program 11
J.V. Football 9
J.V. Wrestling 9
Varsity Golf 9, 10, 11, 12
Honor Guard 10
Drill Team 11





Brad Branch

I, Bard, Twig, Limb, or just Branch, have come to the realization that six years of mixed emotions are over. There are certain people responsible for my present state of confusion: To Hardy, I leave a steak sandwich and a nickel. To Joey, a gavel and a judge. To L.D., an "F" and a lab slip. To the "come on kid", a date wtih Bassit. To Buddy Huddy, the lyrics to "Claire de Lune" and a rendezvous between Seana and Clare. I leave Dave Weber, a dirty joke. To Beck, a signed statement by Grace and the "Games". To D.T., a refrigerator full of beer. To T. Woods, a Hell's Angels speech. To Ingram, I leave "Bruce". For Mr. Read, I leave an "Iota" that he doesn't give. To Chip, I leave "Your Hand". To Ingle, a dingle. To Gilmore, "two sharps and a flat". Finally, to Harmon and the Rally Committee, a decent skit. P.S. to Val and Scott, remember this: "You'll always be a Gregson".

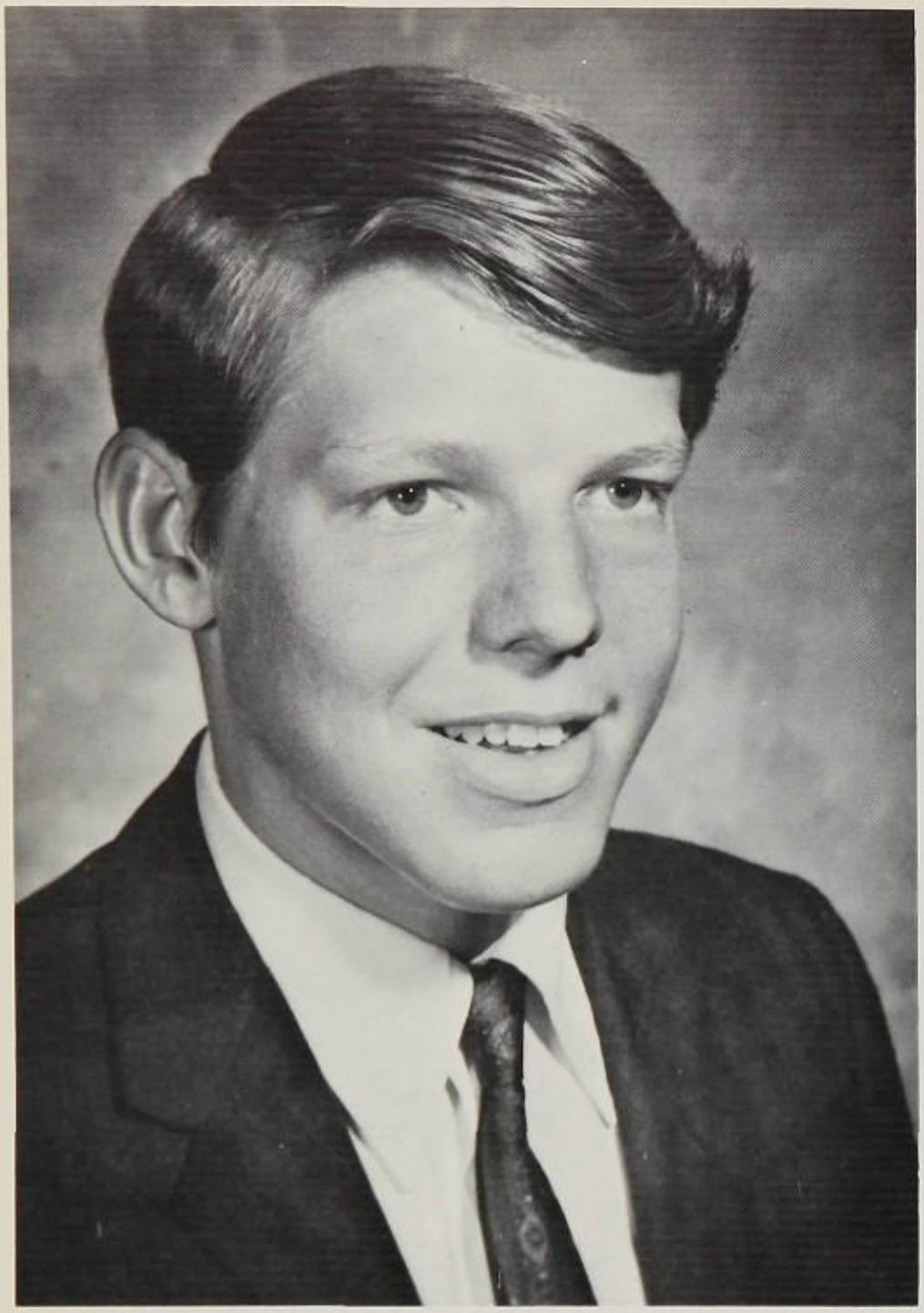


ANDREW LELAND BREECH

Entered '64; White
Senior Counselling Committee
Business Manager, HARVEST 12
Bus. Mgr., PALANTIR 11
"C" Basketball 9,10
J.V. Baseball 9,10
***Varsity Baseball* 11,12**
"B" Water Polo 11
Varsity Water Polo 12
Band 7,8,9,10,11,12

I, Andrew Breech, do bequeath (or dump) the following items on the following people, or sometimes the reverse: To Matteo, I leave a ten-year supply of carbonated salad dressing, and the A & M label. To Roger, I leave a blizzard, and a cold chalet. To Bob and Jay, I leave a red T-bird and a pole that wasn't there. To Chuck, I leave a green hippy and a stereo tape. To Bob, I leave a night in Las Vegas and a full supply of plastic bottles. To Jeff, I leave a foggy window, and a motorcycle. To Keith, I leave Pat and Halloween. To Phil, I leave a complete list of publishers and data. To Jim, I leave the contents of Bob's plastic bottles and a bucket of ice; and finally to Mr. Stewart, Mr. Clark, Mr. Clustka, Mr. Berrisford, and all the faculty at Harvard, I leave my eternal gratitude for all they have done to educate me over the past years.

Andy Breech



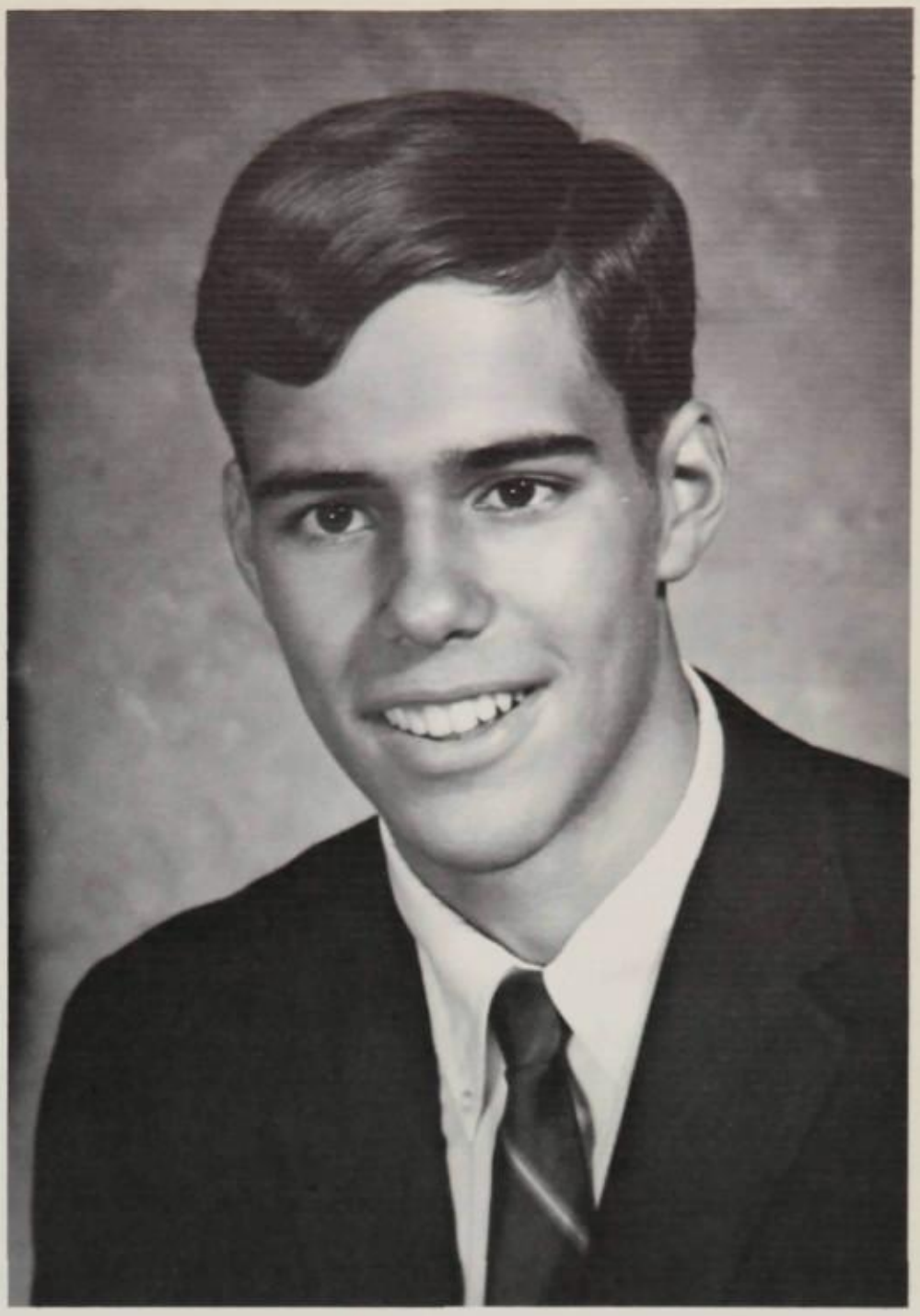
NATHAN HALE BREWER

Entered '66; Green
Swim Team 9, 10, 11, 12
Golf Team 9, 10, 11. 12
Water Polo 11, 12
J.V. Football 10
Capt., Vars. Swimming 12
Server 9, 10, 11, 12
Camera Club 10
Honor Guard 10
Color Guard 11
Senior Counselling Committee 12

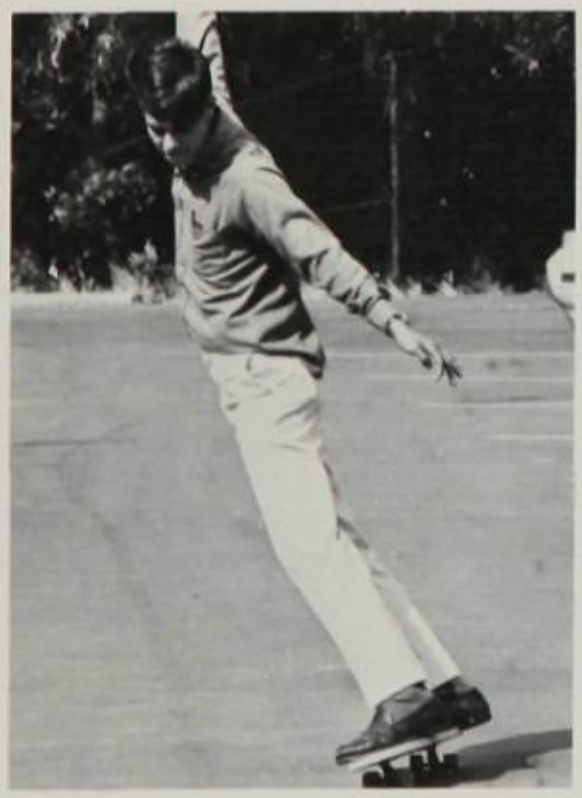
I, Nate Brewer, also known as Nato, Neut, etc. leave. Regretfully I must bequeath the "FF": to Josh, two cases of Brewer's Best and many more Harvard Day celebrations; to Beatty, a new old hat, or is it an old new hat, and a detailed map to the teaming metropolis of Boron, California; to Scott, I leave the guts to try for the "A" 400 freestyle record; to Laird, a blind date, and to Marty a harder shoe and a lifetime membership in the S.S.L.A. Finally, to Mr. McCleery, Mr. Stewart and to Harvard School, thanks for your help and interest through four very important years in my life.

Nathan Brewer

ROBERT JORDAN BROOKES, JR.



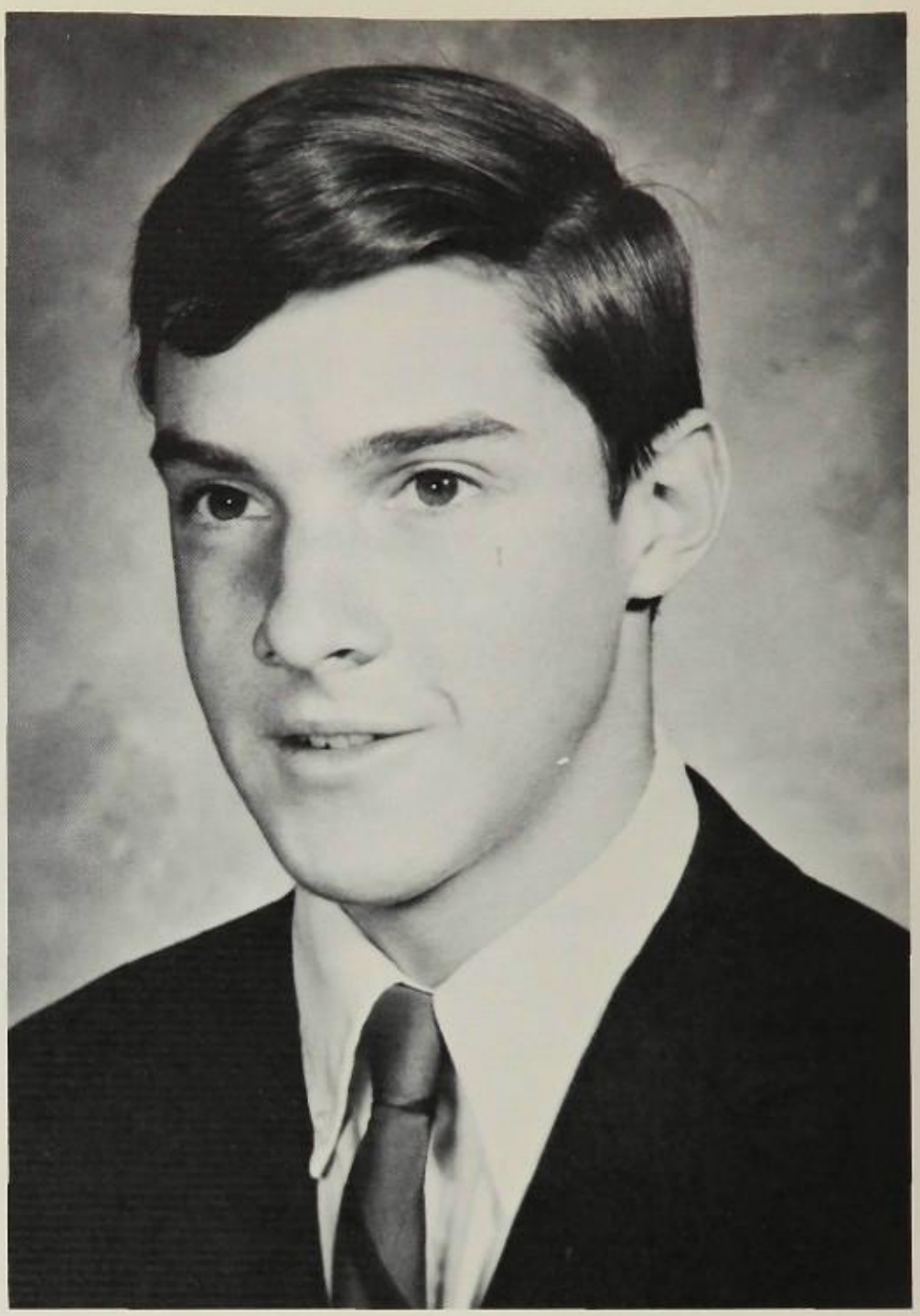
Entered '64; Blue
Skate Board Team 12
Rally Committee 12
Varsity Track 11, 12
Honor Guard 10
J.V. Football 10
J.V. Rugby 10, 11
Varsity Rugby 12
J.V. Track 10
"C" Basketball 9
Lower School Swim Team 8



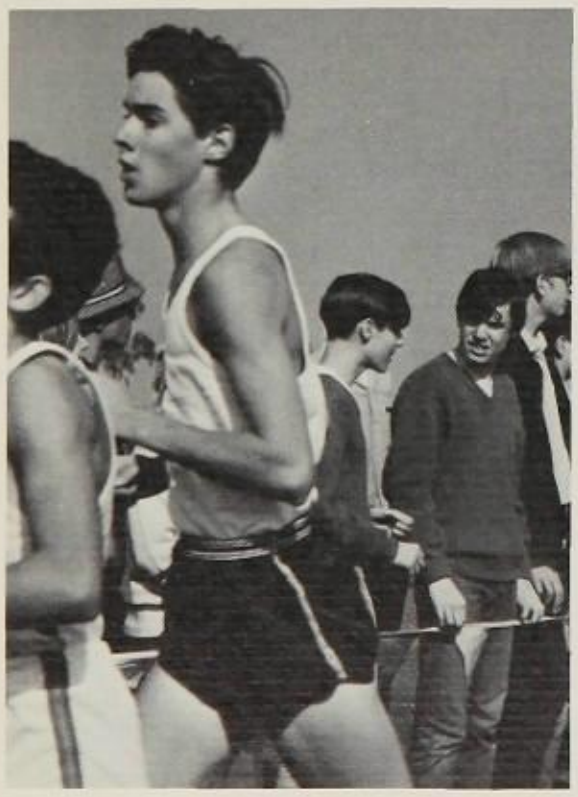
Robert J Brookes

I, Bob Brooks, better known as as "Trickling Springs" and "Captain Bob Big Wheels", being of now-drained mind, do hereby relinquish the following useful articles: to George, the well-known fact that Marty really isn't, and a lifetime guarantee on all services rendered to your VW; to Andy, two girls, a thunderbird, a pole equating $150, a Shelby, Kim, and a useable chalet; to Mat, a special sandwich and Canadian beer; to Chuck, Saturday football, and a box of matches; to Jay, Scoop and the beach; to Larry, a custom no-restriction Air Cleaner, a ball-bearing, and Perilous. To Gib, another ball-bearing and a "different" party; to Jim, 360 backfires and Spanish; to Roger, weekends in Balboa; to Mike, an XKE and a can of oil; to Kevin, a quick shower; to Howard, Chemistry; and to Jim, the beach, mufflers, and my little car. To the Skateboard Team, I leave bigger and better hills. To Fr. Chalmers, Mr. Berrisford and the faculty, my deepest appreciation for their help in getting me through Harvard; and especially to my parents, I leave my sincerest thanks for their guidance and deep understanding of the jast six years and also for making such a great experience possible.

JAY CHARLES CARROLL

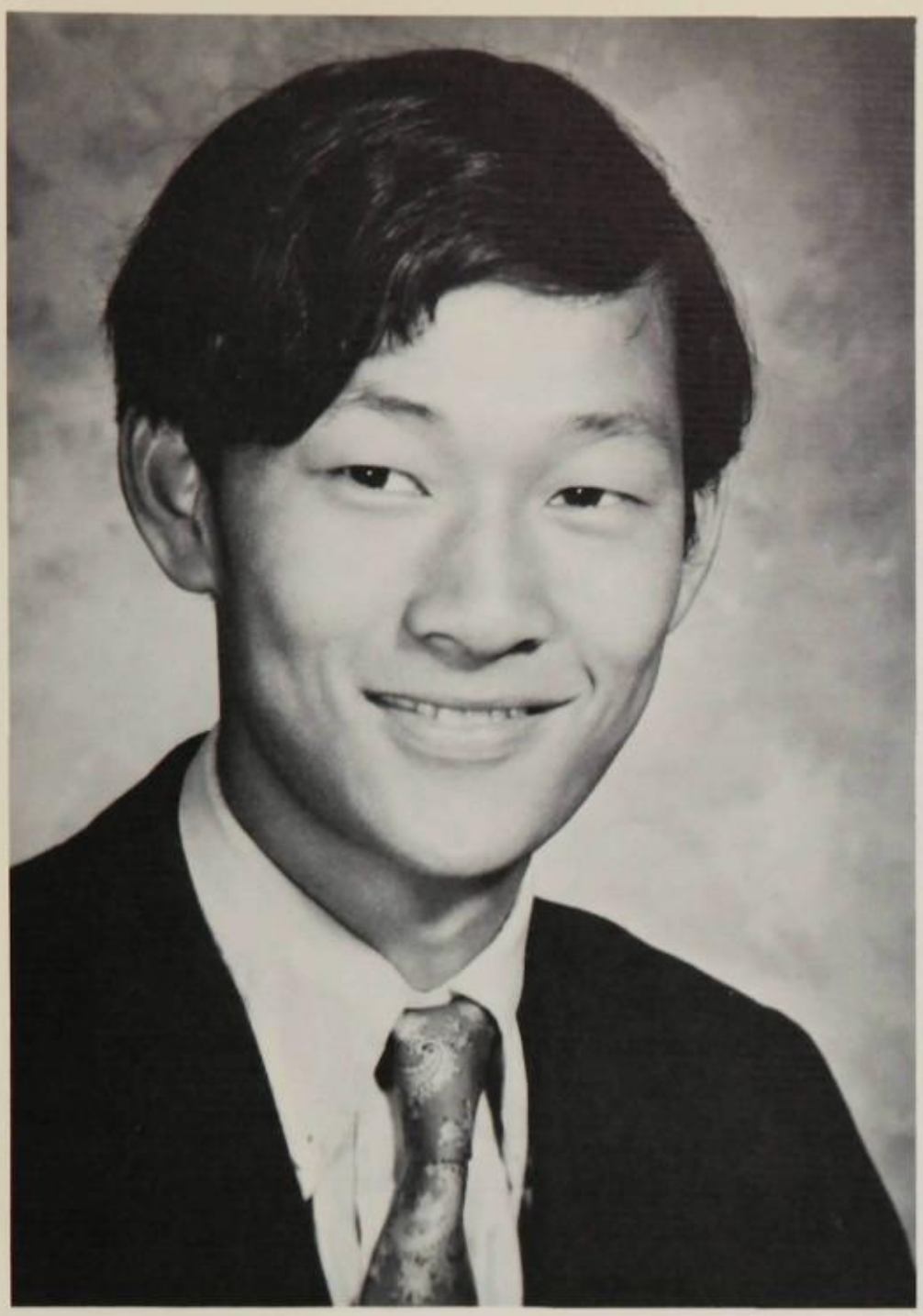


Entered '64
Rally Committee 12
Skate Board Team 12
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
Varsity Track 10, 11, 12
Captain, Track 12
C.I.F. Quarterfinals,
"B" Track 1320 11
Cross-country 9, 10, 11, 12
Capt. Cross-country 12
"B" Track 9



Jay Carroll

I, Jay Carroll, here dispensing wit and sincerity (not necessarily in that order) and knowing that thoughts are as many-colored and swift-changing as the sunset, willingly give the following to some friends: To Mr. McCleery, Mr. Read and Mr. Stewart, sincere thanks for truly knowing me and helping me during the last six years; To the Cross Country Team, continued success and Orange Julius beyond their wildest dreams; To Buzz, thanks for bringing me to and taking me from, and others; To Charlie, elusive notes of Mr. Howard and fun with make-believe; to Matt and Andy, co-owners of A&M Suds, the fact that it's definitely not the water; To Bob, just plain Muck; To Chuck, lunch with everything on it; To Jim, fun and games at the circus; To Jim, a round trip ticket to any city under the "friendly skies"; To Jim, "But I uh . . . but he . . ." or an intelligent conversation. To the faculty, my friends, and whom it may concern, I leave thanks and good luck. Stop.

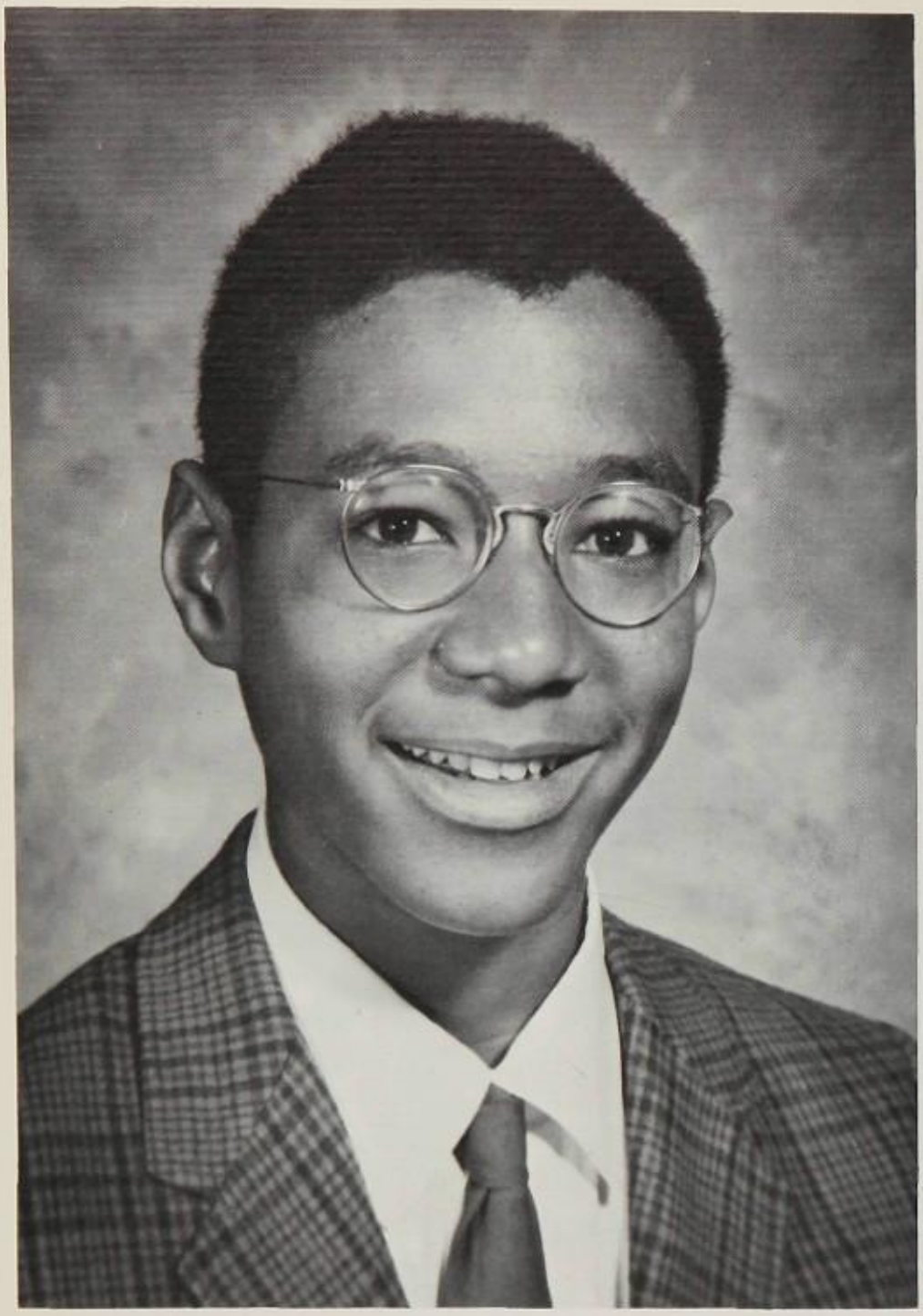


JAE KOOK CHANG

Entered '67; Green
"C" Basketball 10
J.V. Cross-country 11
Golf 11
Varsity Cross-country 12

I, Jae Chang, sometimes known as "Kook", do hereby bequeath the following: I leave my deep thanks to my many classmates for their wonderful friendship and to many faculty members, especially Mr. Carlson, Mr. Clark, Mr. Archer, and Fr. Gill thanks for helping me to have a fine education; and finally, to Fr. Chalmers for his patience and understanding in guiding me during my three years at Harvard.

Jae Kook Chang



RONALD ELDRIDGE CLAIBORNE

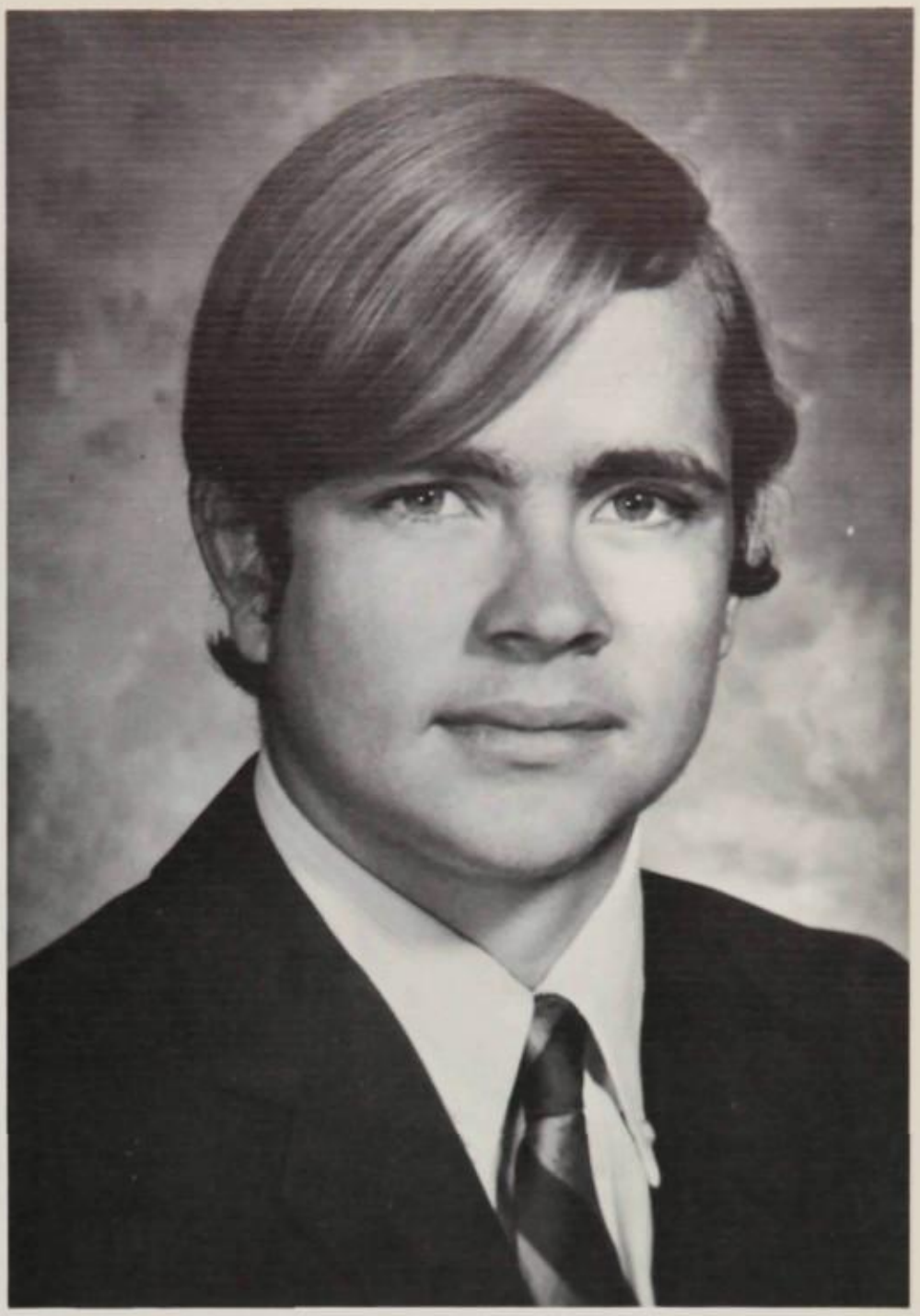
PALANTIR 10, 11
Tutoring Program 11, 12
Drama Club 11, 12

Upon my departure I bequeath the following: A four-day scholarship to the College of New Rochelle for Tory Smith. To Davison, a $100 check covering all unpaid bets which he dreams up in the future. To Swaebe a copy of CONSCIENCE OF A CONSERVATIVE. A glass of hemlock and a plate of Cliff's gastronomical mutations to Wagner. A Kodak instamatic for Bob Johnston. The memories of my flag-football career to the inimitable Blue team. To Dennis Keene, a play-by-number organ (for practice). To Mr. Hoeland, a set of the complete works of Mr. Roberts' MATHEMATICS FOR TEACHERS. To Mr. Holmes, a blue devil. And my sincere gratitude to the faculty, Headmaster, and Mike Meyer for his help in my adjustment period.

Ron Claiborne

CARTER WHEELER CORDNER

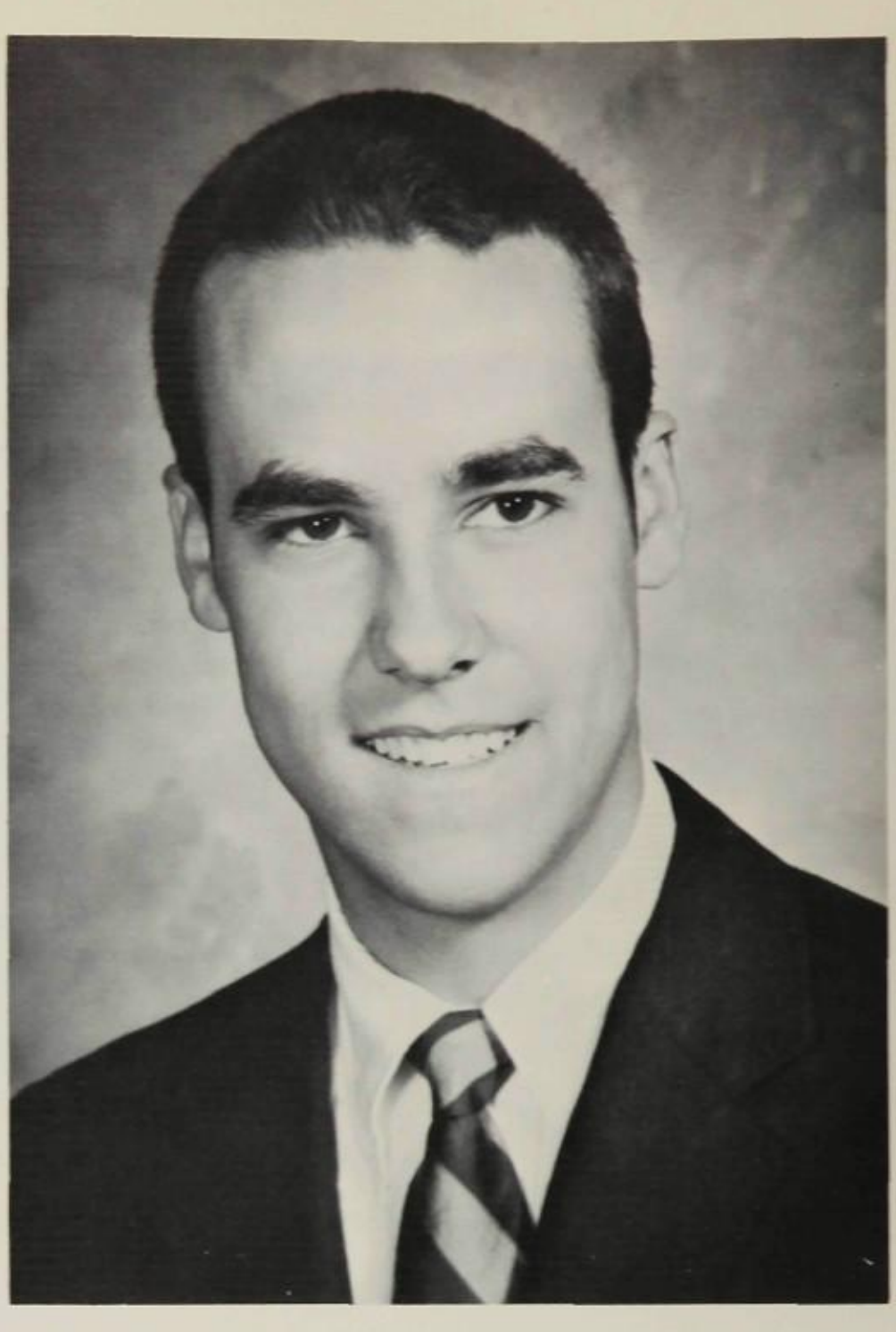
Entered '64; White
B Track 11
B Water Polo 11
JV Football 9, 10
JV Wrestling 9, 10



Carter Cordner

As I finish my sixth and final year and prepare to depart from this institution, I find it increasingly difficult to ignore a certain permeating sadness arising from my misgivings that it's all over and that I unfortunately passed by most of the opportunities Harvard offered me. Too late, I now can see that behind the stagnant pools of classroom formalities and the growing impersonalization of the administration's attitudes and concerns for the student, the many limitless chances to learn and grow. In light of this I leave three things to the people who will be associated with Harvard in the future. First, I leave future students the hope that this institution will rise above encroaching stagnancy and impersonalization. Second, I leave the students the insight and perseverance to take advantage of all that Harvard has to offer. Finally, I leave to the faculty in general; Mr. Solon, Mr. Clark, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Hoyle, and Mr. Archer specifically and especially Father Chalmers and Mr. Berrisford, my deepest and most sincere gratitude for what I have been helped to accomplish.

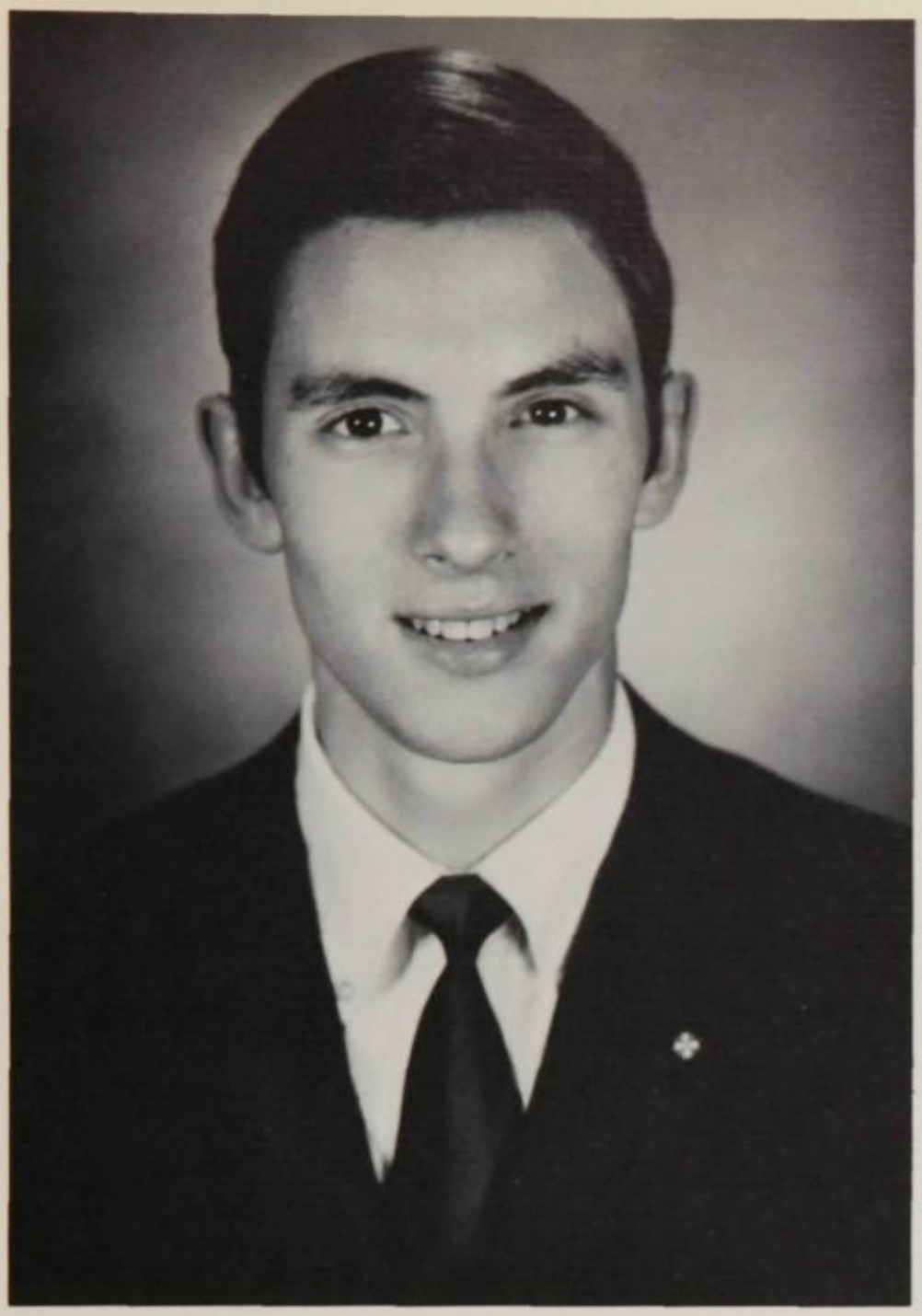
BRENT ROGER COVEY



Entered '64; Red
Var Baseball 12
JV Baseball 9, 10, Co-Capt 11
JV Football 9, 10, 11
Water Polo, Student Coach 12
Honor Guard 10
ROTC Honor Award 11
Debate 11

Brent Covey

I, Brent Covey, more commonly known as Cov, J.P.C. (Just Plain Cov), Okie, and among great athletes as Coach Cov, am basically conservative, and therefore, will keep most of my Harvard possessions. But to avoid being called greedy, I will leave a few of my less valuable trinkets: To Charlie, Dave, Boogy, and Buzzy, a choice between summer school or a long nap, four hours a day, five days a week, for six weeks; to the water polo team, one oversized, bronze whistle; to Hardy, a tape of famous Buckley stutterings and a pair of baseball pants that fit; to Lips and the rest of the slugging summer baseball team, fifty-six consecutive scoreless innings; to Chuck, one supper club (Oh, on second thought, you can have them all); to Roger, a new pair of hands that can catch interceptions; to Brother Joe, an Arab operated A.B.M. system; to Mike, one dump called a snack bar, and with it, all of the burned hamburgers he can eat; to Laird, an autographed book entitled "How to Play and Win at Table Football"; to Larry, 25c for some better gum. Finally, to the faculty of Harvard, I leave a sincere thanks for a fine education and a special thanks to Father Gill, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Woods.

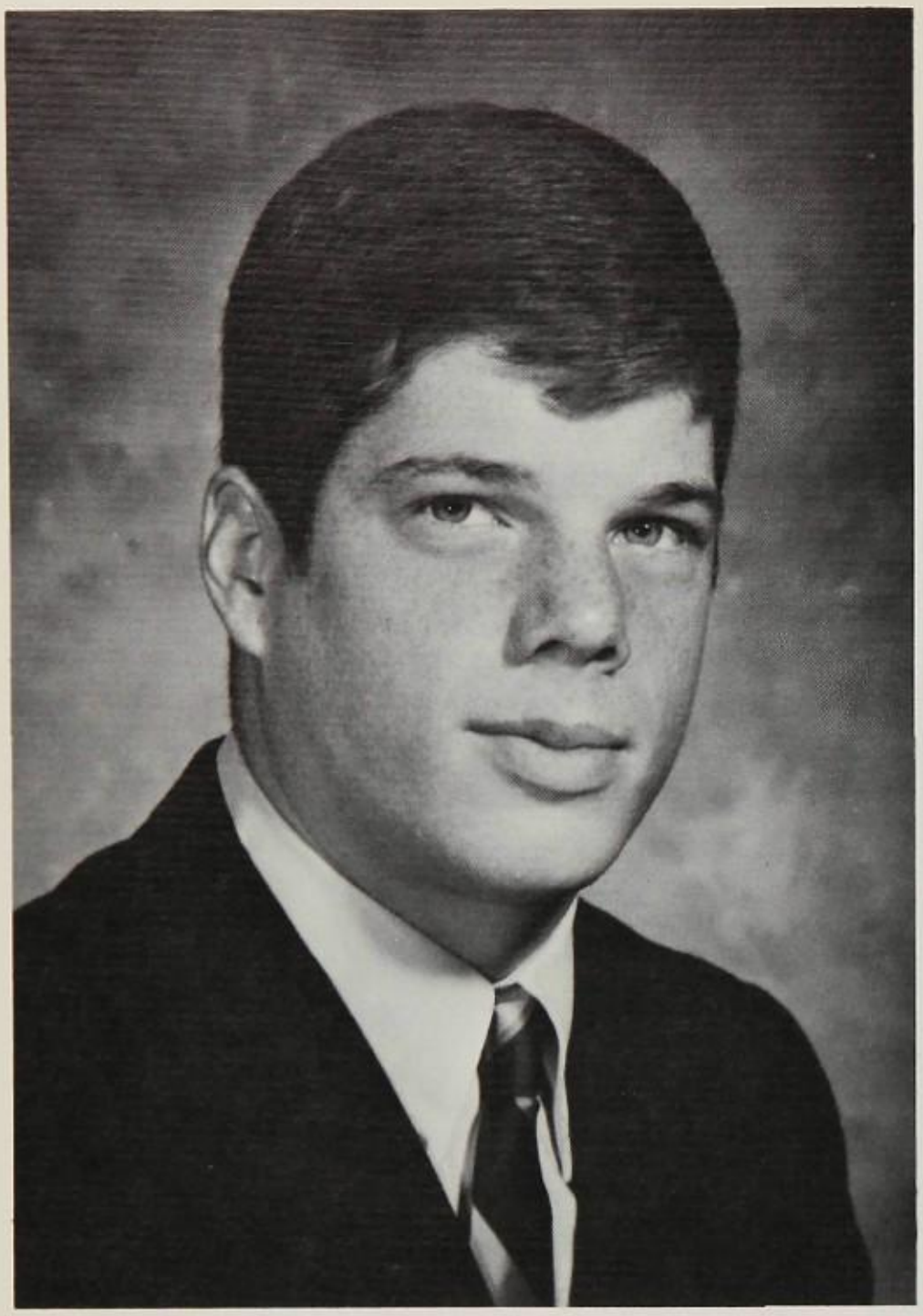


DRURY MARC SYLVESTER-CRAIG

Varsity Cross-Country 9, 10, 11, 12
Track 9, 10, 11, 12
Athletic Honor Society 9
General Honor Society 10
Military Honor Society 9, 10, 11
Band 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12

I, Drury Craig, being of humble mind and modest body, do hereby consign the following items to their deserving recipients: To Dennis, one thousand clams toward his new organ; to Doug H., *a pitchfork; to Chan, a book entitled "1001 WITTY SNIDE RE*-MARKS". To John Gilmore, the roar of the crowd; to the drama class, "Ragbligkmet"; to David B., eight girls, a dark blue beret, and Mme, Marissael; to Shaw, my copy of the COMMUNIST MANIFESTO. To all the boarders, one minute of silence in memoriam to boarding. To the band, Mr. Schmidt. To Mr. Schmidt, good luck! and a one-way ticket to an unknown destination far away. To Mr. Howard, a life supply of ice and Tang. To Mrs. Ryan, a tape of my mother on the phone. To Mrs. Hays, six birthday cakes and eighty-one candles; To Sgt. McPherson, 365 forged "Superior" room inspection sheets; to all the boarding masters my gratitude for all they have done to make my life at Harvard an enjoyable and valuable experience. To Father Chalmers, an unrepayable debt for his patience, understanding, and help when it was needed most. And finally to Mr. Cummins, Mr. Clark, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Hays, Mme. Marissael, Mr. Hoyle and the rest of the faculty, the assurance that they have placed a spark of understanding in me for which words cannot be found to truly express my appreciation.

Drury Marc Sylvester-Craig



CHARLES LANHAM CROUCH, III

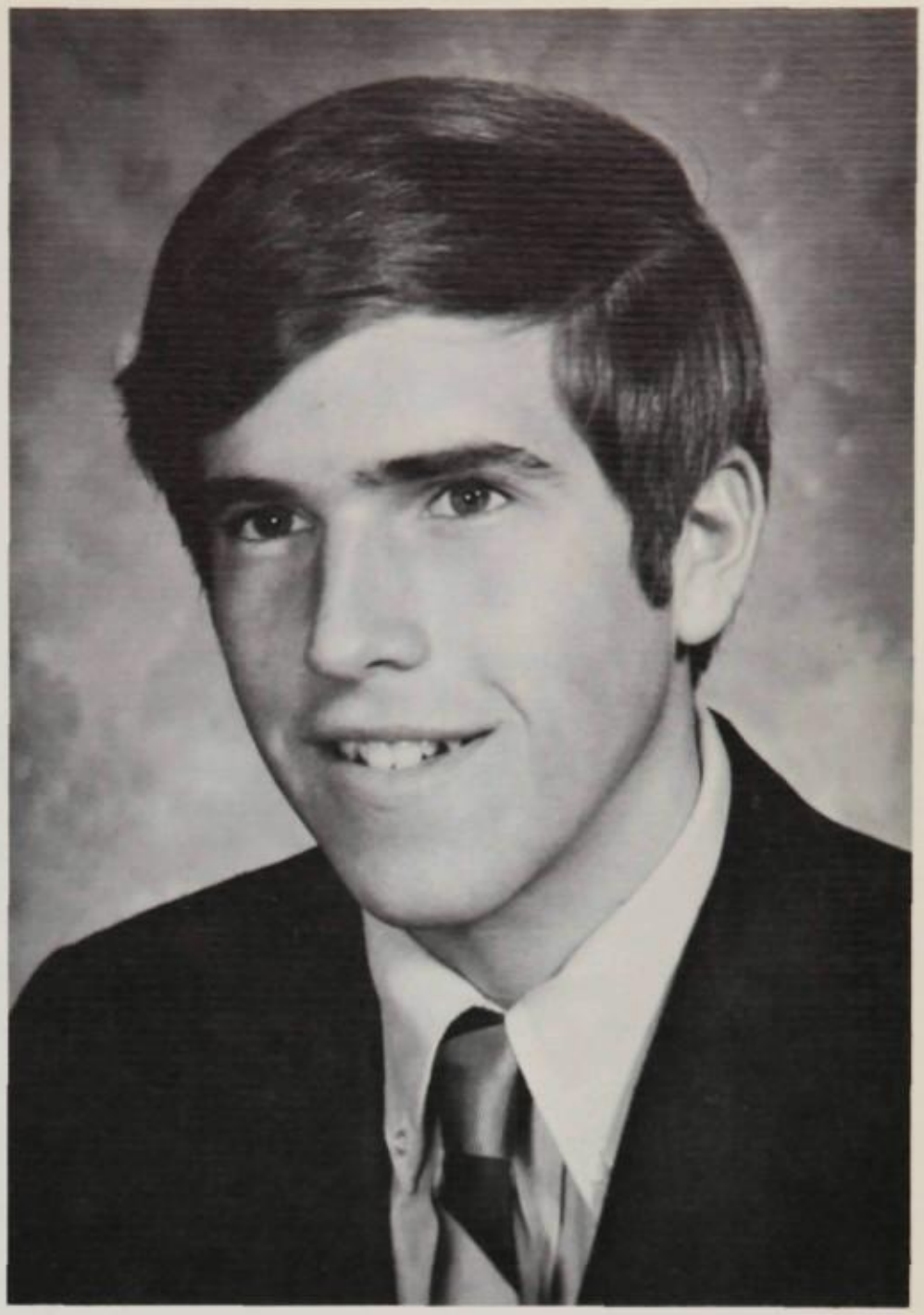
Entered '64; Blue
Var Football 11, 12
JV Football 9, 10
Var Swimming 9, 10, 11, 12.
Rugby 10, 11

I, Chuck Crouch, being of astounding intellect and magnificent body, do bequeath to the following worthy recipients these prizes: to Matt, a big yellow fire hydrant; to Roger, the hopes that some day my mother will give him a break, all those skiing trips we went on, and that mystery girl down at the beach; to Andy, a backyard brewery and 67 bottles of vinegar; to Parnelli Brookes, a "C" in Spanish and 1,000 Ford catalogues; to Brent, Mr. Miller and salt down the thistle tube; to Charlie, Buzz, and Jay, my first period seminars in the boarders' quarters; to the football team, the memory of Croucho, Zippo, and Harpo, and finally to Mr. Stewart, Mr. Woods, Mr. Holmes, Coaches Carlson and McFadden, and the rest of the faculty, my sincerest appreciation for helping me through my years at Harvard.

Chuck Crouch

LAWRENCE HENRY DAMM

Entered '67; Green
Track (J.V.) 9, 10
Track (Vars.) 11, 12
J.V. Cross-country 10
Skateboard Team 12

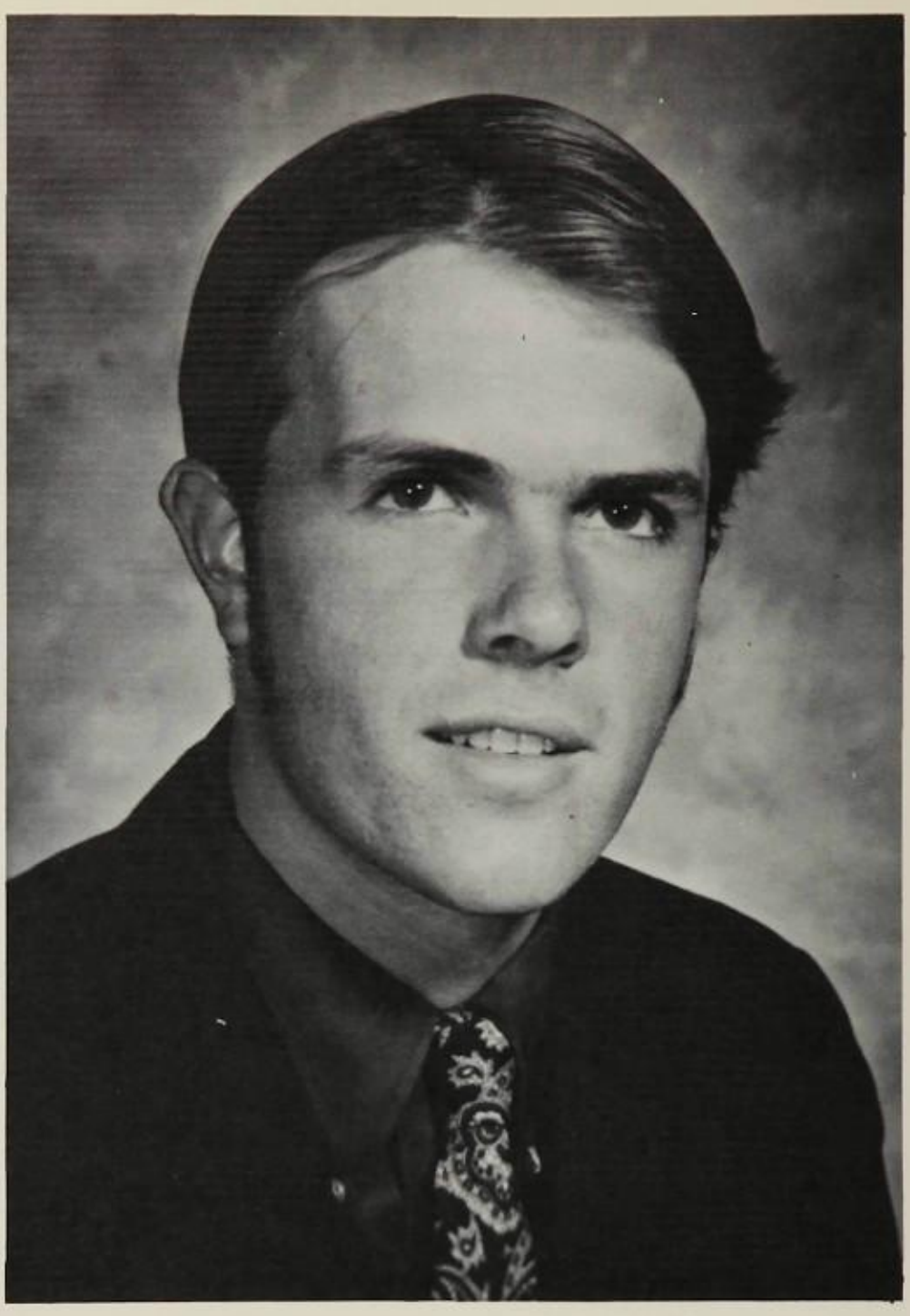


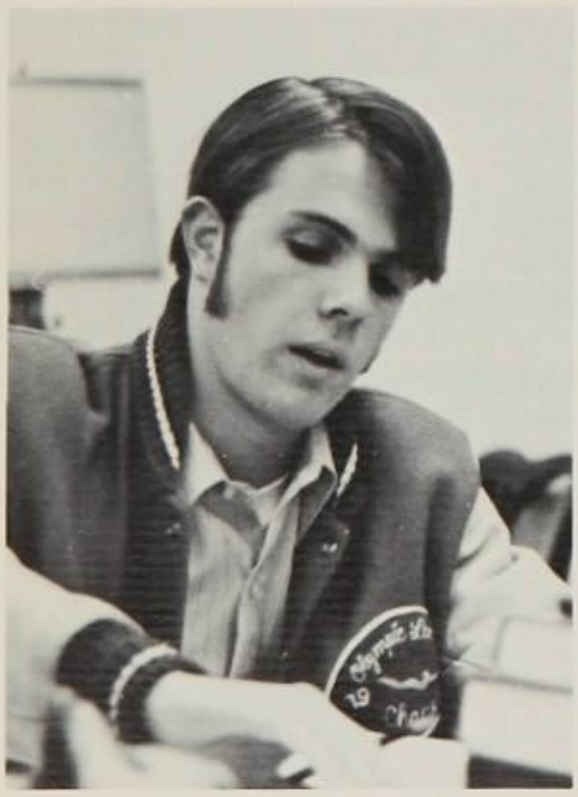
Larry Damm

I, Larry Damm, being known by no other specific name other than "Lahrry", will to the following, mentionable trivia: to Gib, a fully automatic transmission with a clutch; to Brad, a multi-colored pen for "leniency corner"; and to Tory and the rest of French's back rows, Slurpees, and passing grades. To Bob "Big Wheel", a ball-bearing for the board, a slang dictionary, and Hiss, Pe . . . For Big Big P, titanium soles, to Jim, J. S., rubber dust, and a radar-clocked speeding ticket; to Brent, a full head of hair; to Mike W., just "one" car; to Coach McCosker, a half-decent excuse for "missing" track practice. To Bill H., I leave a notebook filled with scattered "Carolina Quotes" and a final "good for you". To the school as a whole, I leave an automatic bell system and an attached unemployment check. To Roger, a lifetime Fortnightly membership; and finally, to Mike M., this will. My thanks go to all the faculty of a great school for expanding my ability to think and reason, more so than for the facts they taught me. Especially, I thank Mr. Woods, Mr. Read, Mr. Clark, and Mrs. A. Thompson for interesting years of learning. A final farewell to 3 years of an inspiring education.

PHILIP McILREE DAVIS

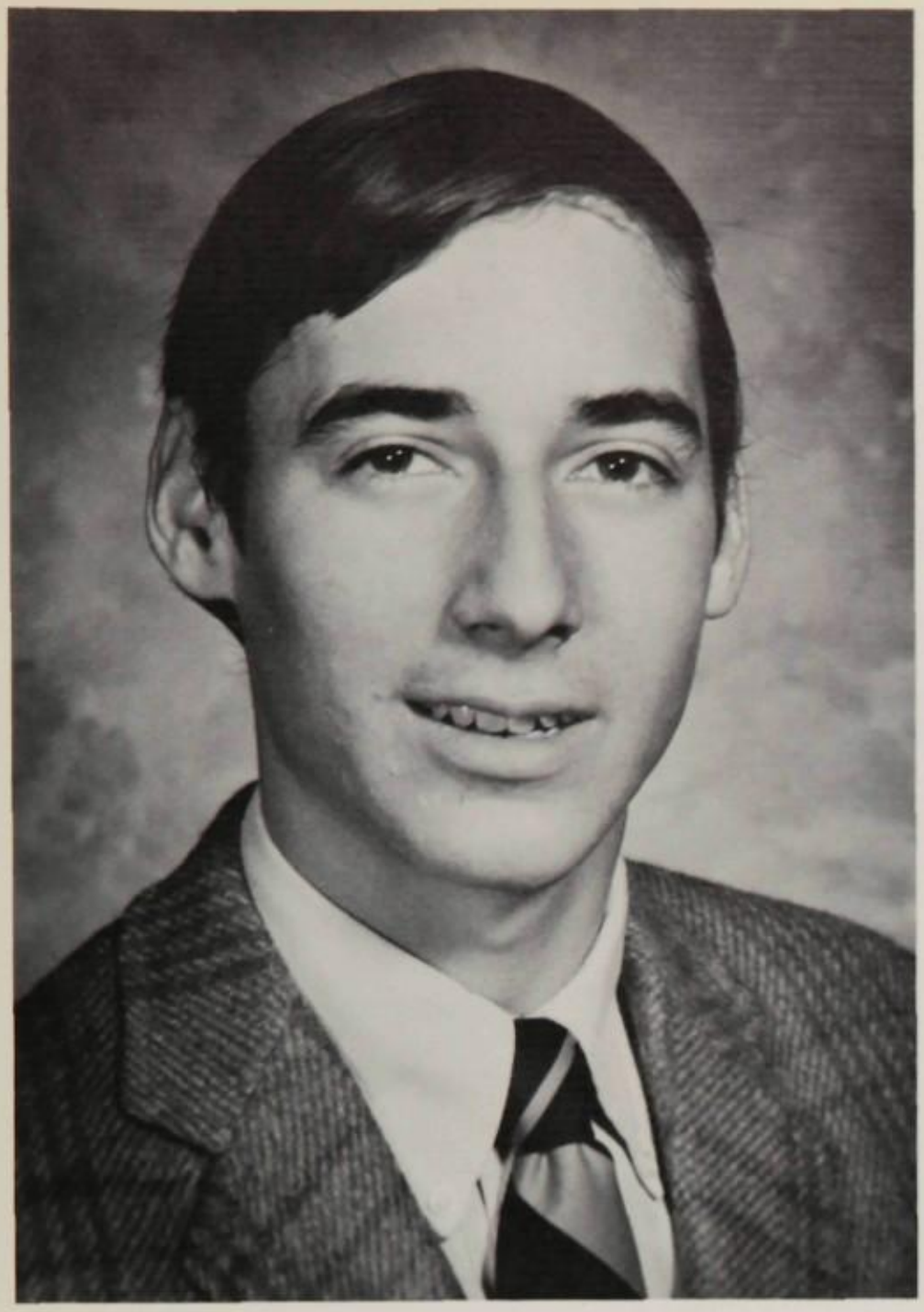
Student Council 11, 12
Brown University Alumni
English Award 11
Student Committee 11, 12
Editor, HARVEST 12
Editor, PALANTIR 10, 11
Sports Columnist, BULLETIN 12
Chapel Committee 11, 12
Water Polo Capt. 12
B Water Polo Capt. 11
Var Swimming 9, 10, 11, 12
JV Cross Country 9, 10
Curriculum Committee 12





Phil Davis

I leave with many regrets and some disillusionment. I would like to thank some persons who gave my years at Harvard some meaning and value: Father Gill, Mr. Clark, Mr. Stewart, Sean Smith, Geoff Koziol, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Berrisford, and most of all, Mr. Archer. So goes the Great Cynic (and I don't mean Steve Hoch) off towards the ever-rising sun of the Enlightened East. But, before I go, I will two things: to Father Gill, a status-bound copy of Whistler's THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES; and to the Gang, the last surviving remnants of my Olde Conservatism.

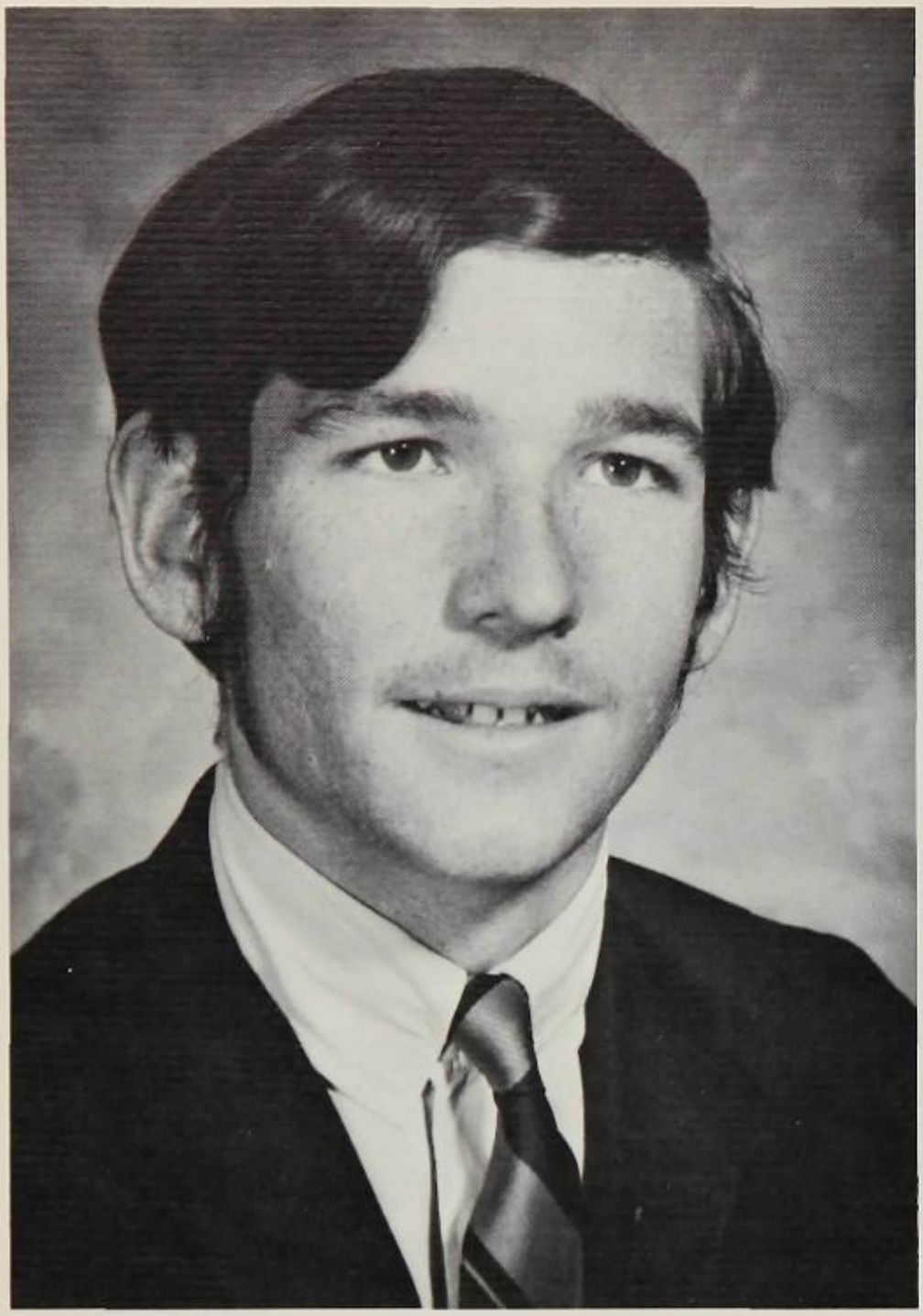


THOMAS BATTLE DAVIS

Entered '67; Blue
"C" Basketball 10
"C" Track M.V.P. 10
J.V. Basketball Capt. 11
J.V. Football (Most Useless) 11
Varsity Basketball 12
Rally Committee Food
Concession Chairman 12
Public Speaking 11

Thank you for the brain, Dr. Harvard Frankenstein, sir.

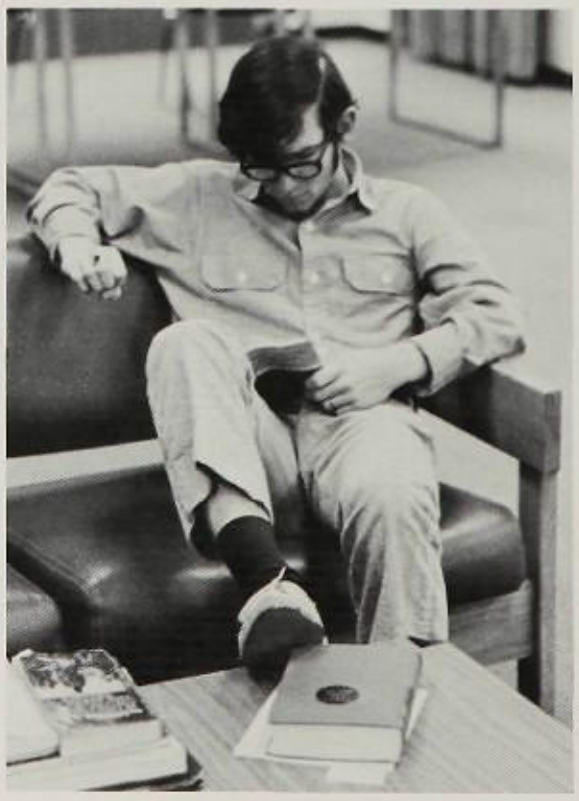
T. Battle Davis



JOHN JEFFREY DAVISON

Entered '69

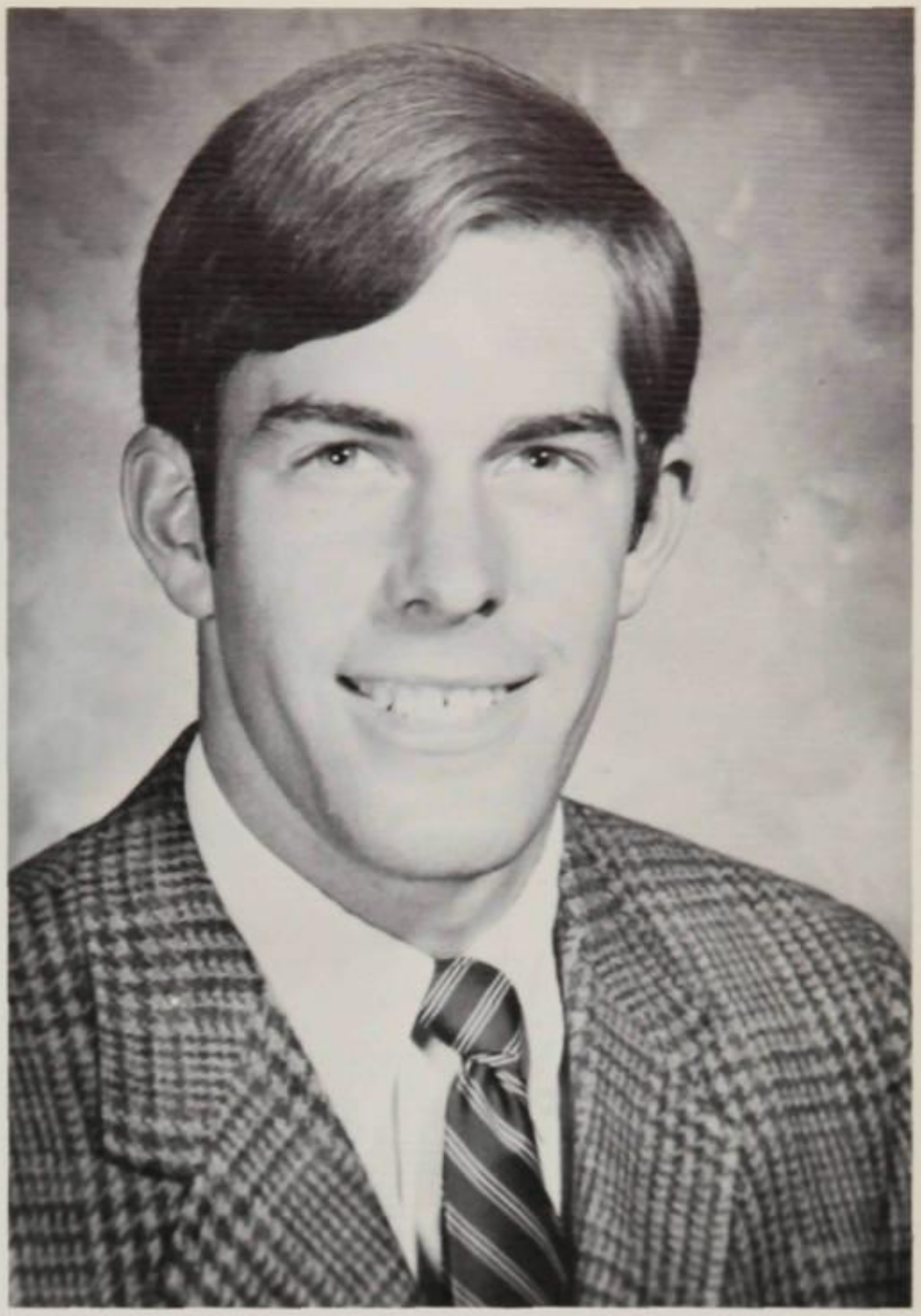
I, Jeff Davison, wish to thank Mr. John Kennedy, Mr. Don Humphreys, Fr. Gill, and Mr. Holmes for their patience and help during my educational career. My deepest appreciation goes to Hollis Clanton and his dordins, Martine (whom I will never forget and always love), John Denney (my closest friend), the Cokers (what more can I say), and my parents. Miscellaneous favourites include: John Mayall, Rm. 345, Snads P.S., Kansas City, Ava and Sue (who are always trying to analyze Sherry and me), piece and love, peace and love; special thanks to Lee. I leave my white shoes to Tory Smith, my eight cats to the Kotler family, and my autographed picture of Shelly Fabares to Dave Weber and his Deltones who have entertained me for hours on end with their musical improvisations of "Johnny Angel." Mr. Holmes can have all my dangling participles and incongruent modifiers. Phil Perkins gets my used French text and John Gilmore receives my remembrances of my unforgettable encounter with Pamela Tiffin. I bequeath whatever necessary to repay my bet with Hollis. And finally, I donate my bones to Dr. K. but my spirit will remain in the hearts of those who I have mentioned, especially my parents to whom I owe much.

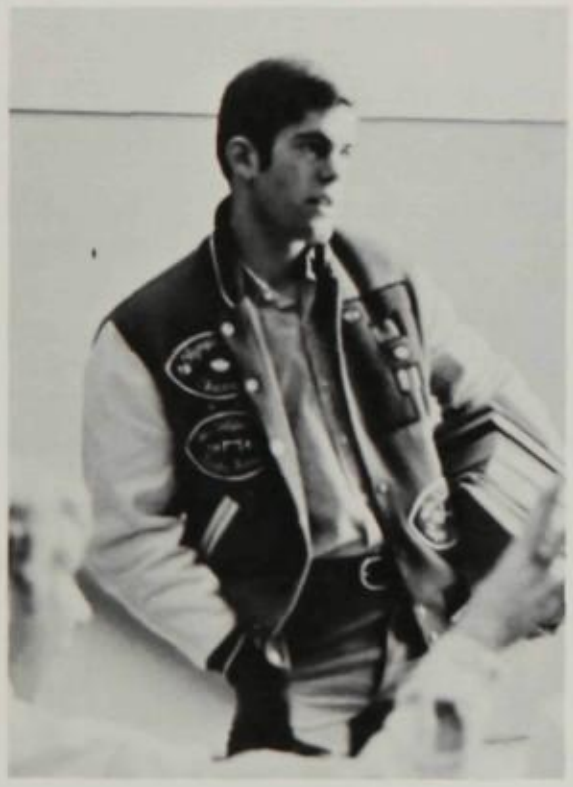


Jeff Davison

ROGER ADAM DeYOUNG

Varsity Rugby 9, 10, 11, 12
Varsity Track 9, 10, 11, 12
Varsity Football 10, 11, 12
J.V. Football 9
Class Secretary-Treasurer 10



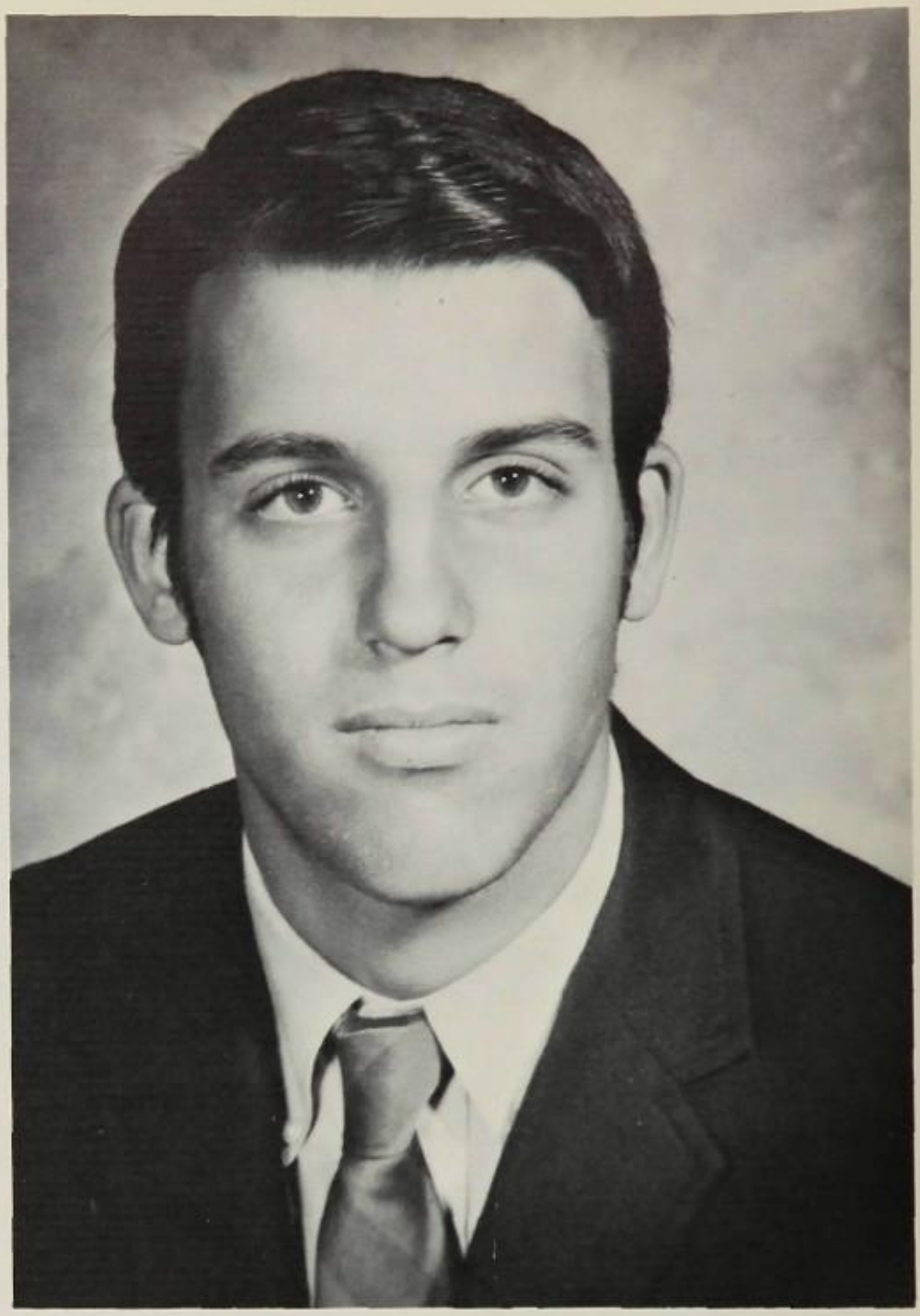


Roger De Young

I, Roger De Young, alias Zippo, De Old, Dung, or whatever funny you find suitable, must relinquish a certain amount of trash to my friends and fellow classmates. To Chuck, whom I never beat in anything, a free carwash ticket; to Matt, a cure for Spendalous Thesis and a bottle of Doan's Pills; to Chas. and Boob, the model "T" they never got; to the "Greek", a kick in the pants for smoochin' with a girl; to Andy, a recipe for fried chicken; to "Water Sprite", a memorable party in Canada; to the "Nanna King", his own plantation; to Chipper, 8c for the donut of his size; to Damm, the face at Baldy; to Jeff, the hope that someday he will get back at Kirby; to Buzz and Jay, a normal experience; to Mr. Redundant himself, a new knee; to the football teams of '68 and '69, my utmost gratitude; to the field, some grass; and lastly, my apologies to all those whom I wiped out, destroyed, etc. as a loyal member of the Marx Brothers. My admiration goes to Coaches Carlson, McFadden, Ryave, Roberts and long-gone Smith for putting up with the greatest disappointment in their lives—me. Finally, to Mr. Stewart, Fr. Gill, Fr. Edwards, Fr. Chalmers, my deepest thanks for guiding me through the most difficult years of my life.

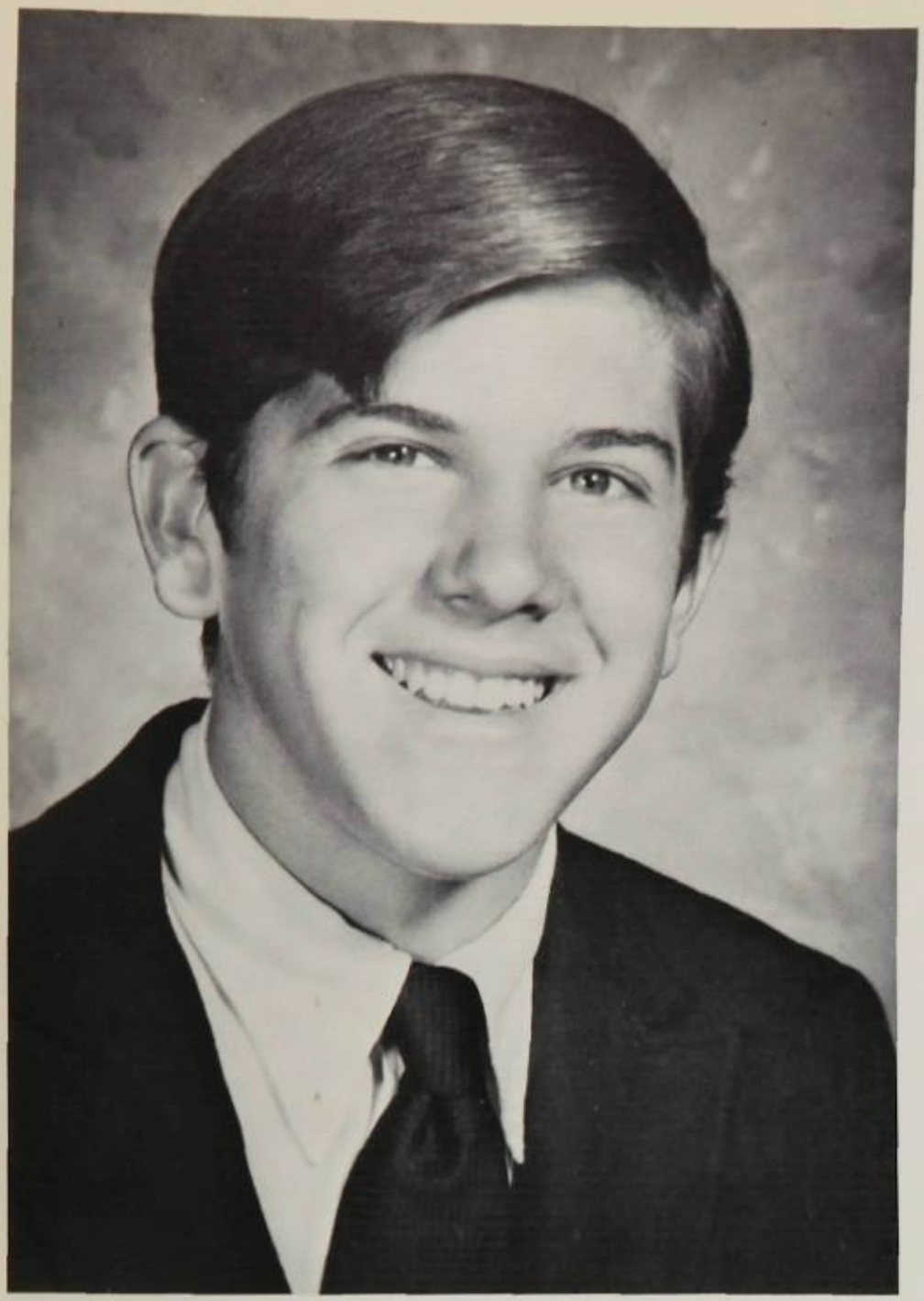
DOUGLAS ANDREW ECONN

Entered '64; Red
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
Var Rugby 12
Var Football 11, 12
Var Basketball 11, 12
JV Basketball 10 Capt.
C Basketball 9
Var Tennis 9, 10, 11, Capt. 12
C.I.F. Quarterfinals, Tennis 10, 11



Doug Econn

I, Doug Econn, more readily referred to as "Eke", the "Greek", "Streak", "Con", and many other priceless obscenities, will the following treasured treats and fond memories to some very deserving people: To Scottie, a little luck; to Bill, the noon rush with the "Big Lee" at the "Big Mac"; to Big Lew, 4 years at Ojai and a total of four games; to Boog, "BALLOONS" and a sky full of cushions; to Bobby, 3 years of playing ball with the hopes that the fourth will be the best of all; to Bannin', one last chorus of "you dirty rat"; to Bry, my world's record of 13 bombers; to Buck, Sugar Bear; to Rick, practices of "just not wanting to get it on"; to Kirby, Coach McFadden; to Mark, Newport, Bob L.; to the Tennis team, the last of the great player-coaches; to Irv, friendship; to Chipper, a garbanzo bean; to Kat, the bush, the statue, the steps, $1.19, and a feeling that I often dreamed of but never really anticipated; to my sister, a Marlborough Girl reputation and appreciation for a lot of understanding; and finally, my sincere thanks to Fr. Gill, Mr. Read, Mr. Aiken, Coaches McFadden and Carlson, D. Thompson, and Fr. Chalmers, and especially to my parents for providing six years of opportunities, fulfillments, and memories; but especially for guiding me through my wonder years.

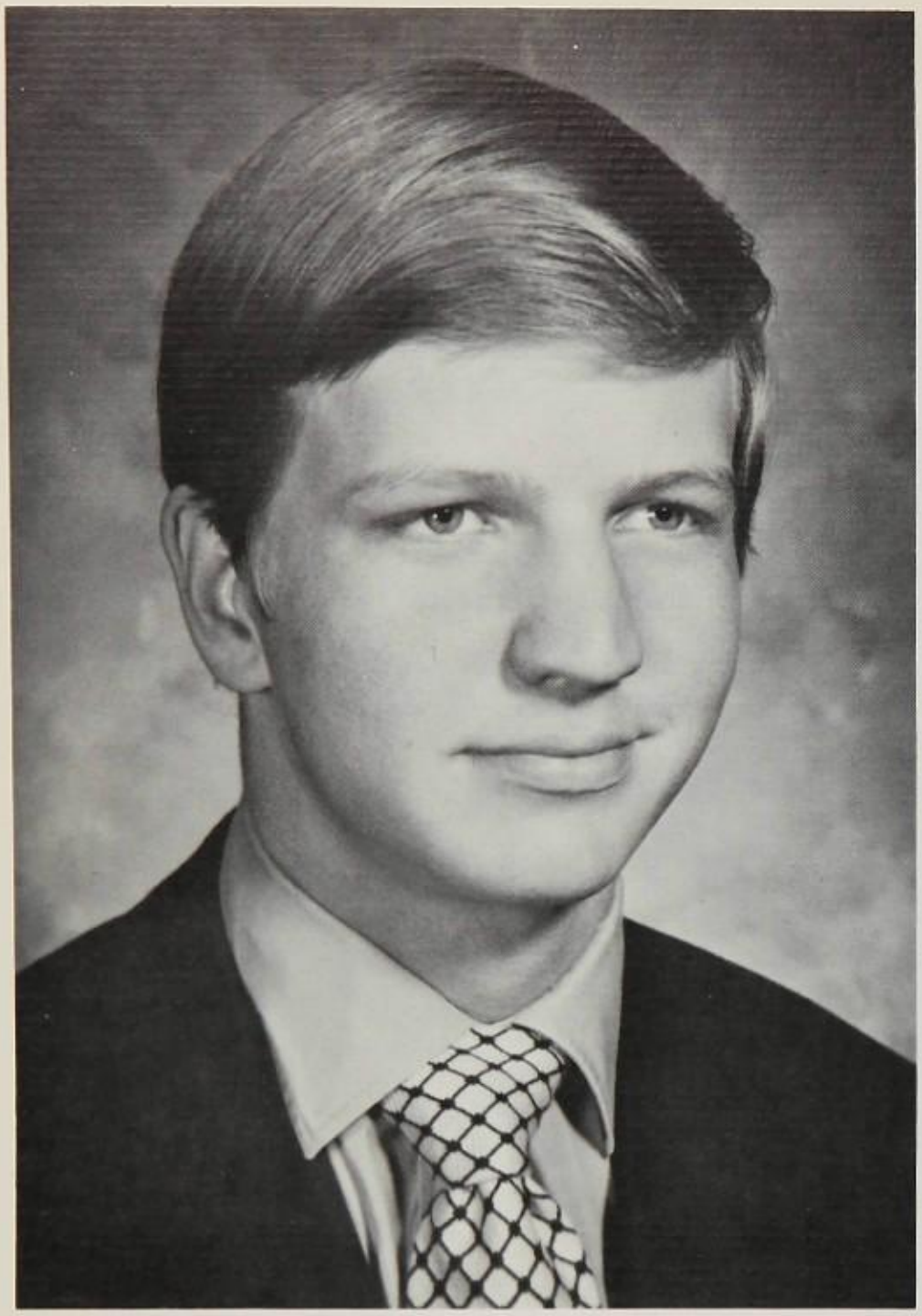


HENRY JOSEPH ESCHER, III

Rally Committee 12
Improvisational Theatre 12
Debate 11
Academic Honor Society 8, 9, 10, 11
J.V. Football 9, 10, 11
Varsity Golf 9, 10, 11, 12

I, Joe Escher, known variously as Jumpin' Joe, Jo-Jo, Joey, Jay, "Chocolate Monkey", Esh (?), and assorted extremes and varied misnomers, hereby bequeath these articles to the following fortuitously blessed recipients: to Steve, a lifetime supply of mulligans; to Hardy, the green machine; to Scott, a point of view; to Brad, audacity, alienation, Western culture, and the driving glove; to Father Gill, I leave the thought of "Twelve mopths away from starvation." To Brent, the ABM, President Nixon, and foreign aid to Israel; to Mr. Woods, I leave socko openings and tie-ins; to Mr. Hoyle, I bequeath a case of Arrid Extra-Dry; to Mr. Burr, psychedelic knickers; to Bobby, banana fish, fat ladies, and J. D. Salinger; to Dave, an encyclopedia of dirty jokes; to Charlie, "she was gorgeous!"; and to Buzzy, "Ah feel great!" Upon disembarking from this abode of learning, I wish to ingratiate myself to the following parties: to Father Gill, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Woods, gratitude for six years of education.

Joe Escher



JOHN HARRISON GILMORE

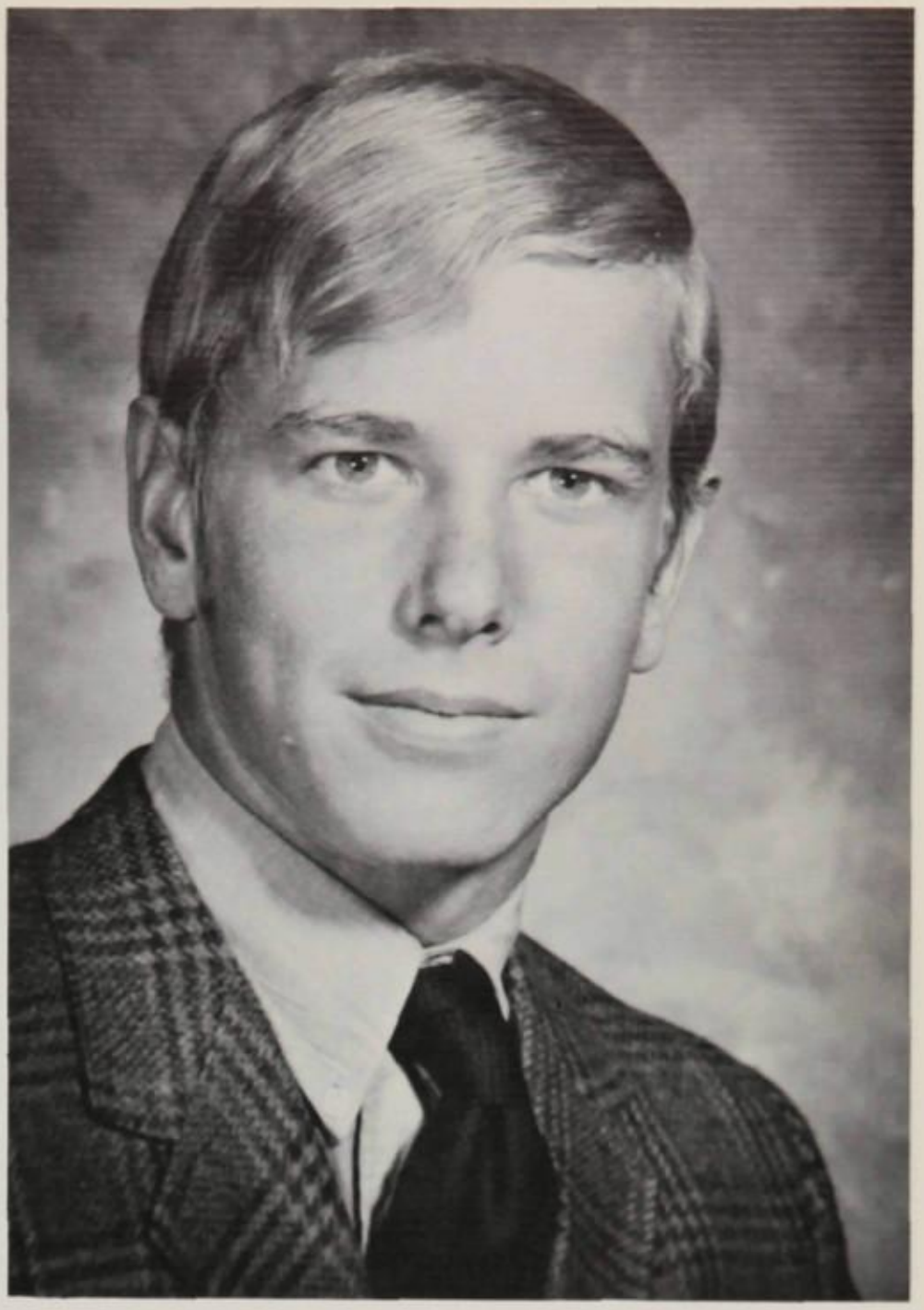
Drama 12
Improvisational Theatre 12
Chapel Committee 12
Debating 11
Film Club 12
Jazz Club 10, 11
Academic Honor Soc. 11
"C" Basketball 9
"B" Basketball 10
"B" Track 10

In trying to gather good times I've had at Harvard and elsewhere with some of my friends, I leave these people the following for them to remember and for me to cling to. Chan must receive the key to the city of Dallas and Phil the Dynamite to blow it up. Phil also receives Lew Bennett, difficult as it might be to give him up. I also leave Chan, Nieman-Marcus, God, and a Raggedy Ann doll. To Wes, I leave Shecky Greene and some way to beat "Warm Feelings" after the Wayne Newton Show. He also shall receive an invitation to Paul's funeral and the Australian climate. He is expecting four dollars for a drum head, but he can forget it. To Craig, I leave Jencie, after I've married her first, and a COUGAR of his own. I leave his library card to the city of Beverly Hills and Beverly Hills to his library card. To Don, I leave a screwdriver and a sacrilegious Easter in Vegas. John gets the first 8 bars of "Farmer" 10,000 times and white sox and black loafers. To Dan goes the Windjammer and the head of the local family holding a social security card. To Bob, the car pool and John Stewart. After leaving Mr. Woods a spear and a pair of elevator shoes, I wish to thank the entire faculty for they have all influenced my life either directly or indirectly during the most enriching years of my life. To Mom and Dad . . . appreciation.

John Gilmore

DOUGLAS WARREN HALL

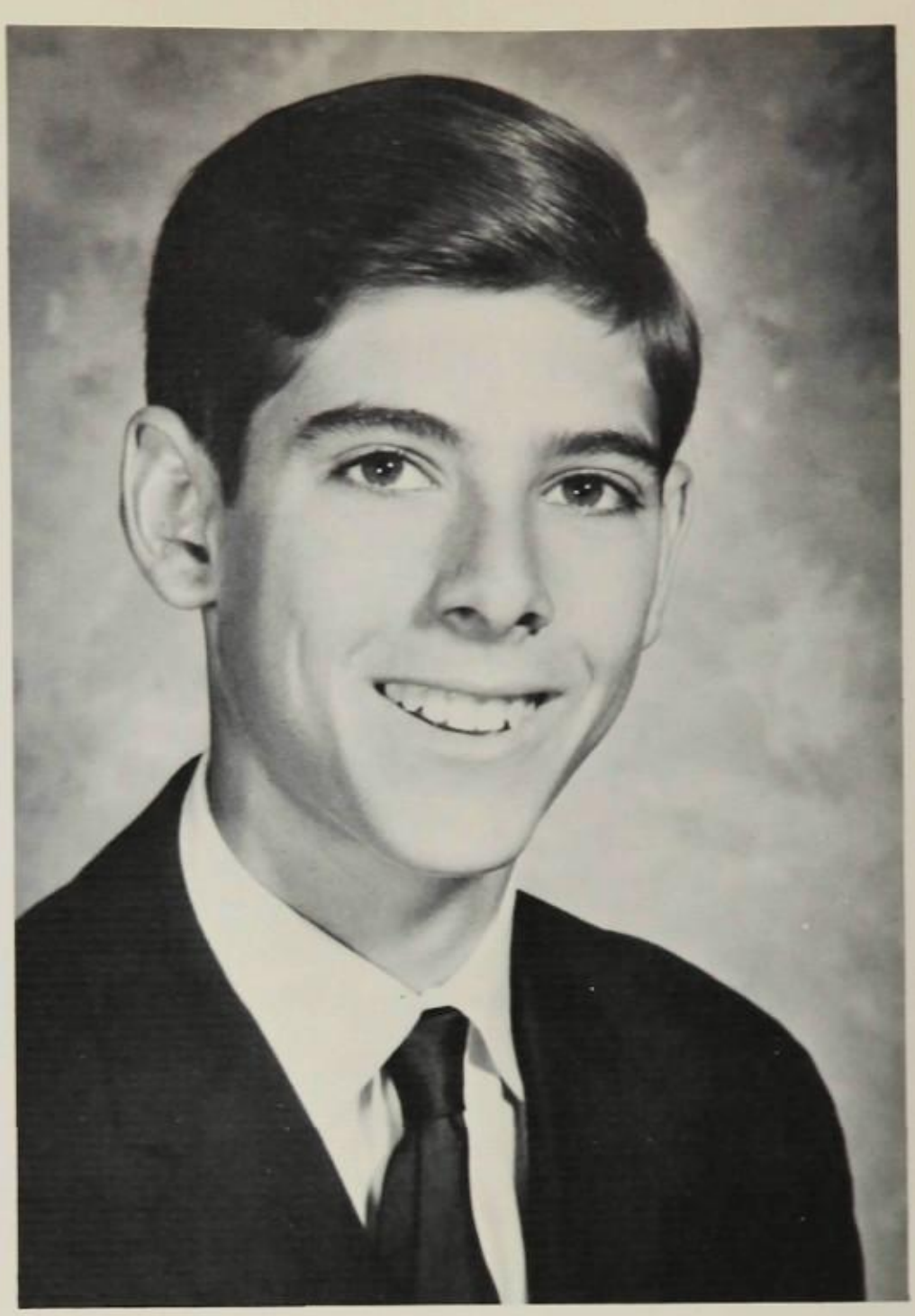
Warden Verger 12
Chapel Committee 11, 12
Var Football 12
JV Football 10, 11
JV Football 10, 11
Rugby 10, 11, 12
B Swimming 9, 10
Band 9, 10, 11
Drum Major 11
Var Swimming 11
PALANTIR 10, 11



Doug Hall

During my years at Harvard I occasionally thought of when I would write my Senior Will and how I would fill it chock full of witty remarks and inside jokes. Now when I must write it, I find that I cannot treat it totally in such a vein. I respect all the faculty and administrators at different and widely varying levels, and I desire that they all respect me. I especially care what certain people think about me and this is a measure of the respect I have towards them. These people include Mr. Stewart, for always being ready to help; Father Gill, for making me look at all sides; Don, for being able to stand me; Mr. Clark, for being an example of honesty and humanity I could never live up to; Mr. Roberts for encouragement; Mr. Ameer and Mr. Berrisford, for what they have done and will do for the school; Coach McFadden and Coach Carlson, for not letting me give up. To my close friends, I leave the following items: To Phil, I leave a common harmony and understanding that almost never failed; to Bom, Nate, Jim, Keith, and Chan, I leave an after-Music Center orgy; to Marty, I leave 2,563 fold-outs to enjoy; to our fantastic Senior Class, I just leave. And to Harvard School, I leave the hope that it will continue to improve and become even greater than it is now.

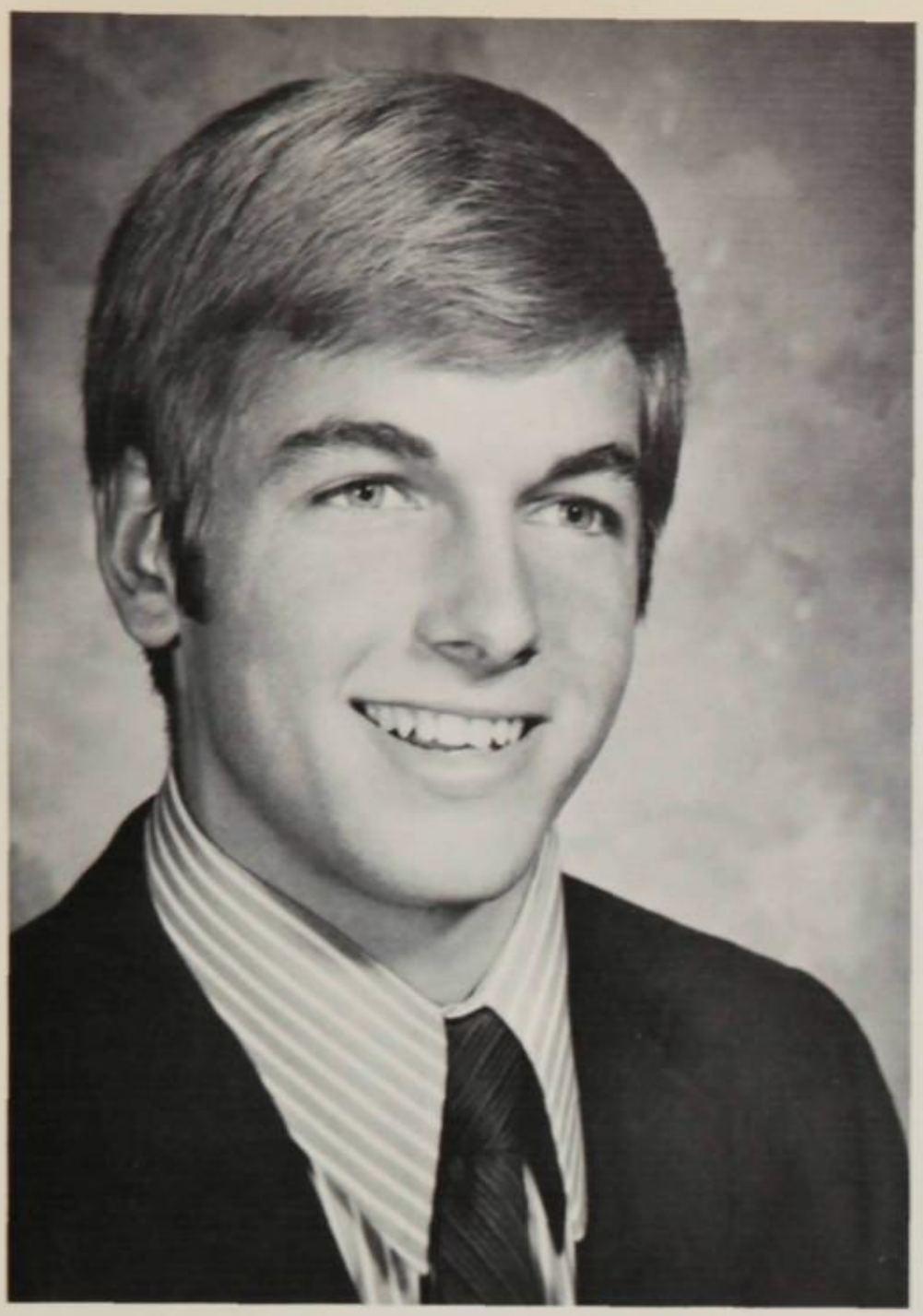
WILLIAM GARY HARDEKOPF



Entered '64
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
Rally Committee 12
Yell Leader 12
Varsity Baseball 12
Water Polo 12
J.V. Baseball 9, 10, 11
M.V.P., J.V. Baseball 11
Cross-Country 9, 10, 11

I, Bill Hardekopf, alias Hoody, Rat, Hardy, Willy, Hoodles, and to some Bill or Hardekopf, bless the following people with the following valuables. To Brad, July the Fifth, a win at Joe's, a ticket stub, and his definition of baseball terms; to "Scatback" Bill, his sister and a witty saying in my math book; to Woody, second base; to Buster, alias the "Frito Bandito", Roberto Clemente; To Irv, my French fries; to Jeff, his hair, my Mousketeers' hat and a chocolate eclair; to Randy, a no-hitter and the fourth period fox; to Joe, a game; to Battle, a coke; to Tim, I leave a dollar, his lines, and a beer; to Dave, a licentious ukulele; to Mark, the Rally Committee and a sound left elbow; to Chip, a concussion-less head; to Larry, the correct pronunciation of his last name and Mr. Read's "Quotable Quotes"; to Roger, a blocked kick; to Barry, a taped ankle; to Nate, and Laird, water polo; to Doug, Greece; to Andy & Matt, a brewery; to Brent, Datsuns and Oklahoma; to Chuck, a diving board; to Jay, the cross-country team; to C.Z., more initials; to Gregson, a blind date and a sucker; to Don, a scholar sheet; and to the yell leaders, a bomb; finally, to Mr. Woods, Mr. Stewart, and my parents, thanks for your guidance, the great education, and the best six years of my life.

Bill Hardekopf

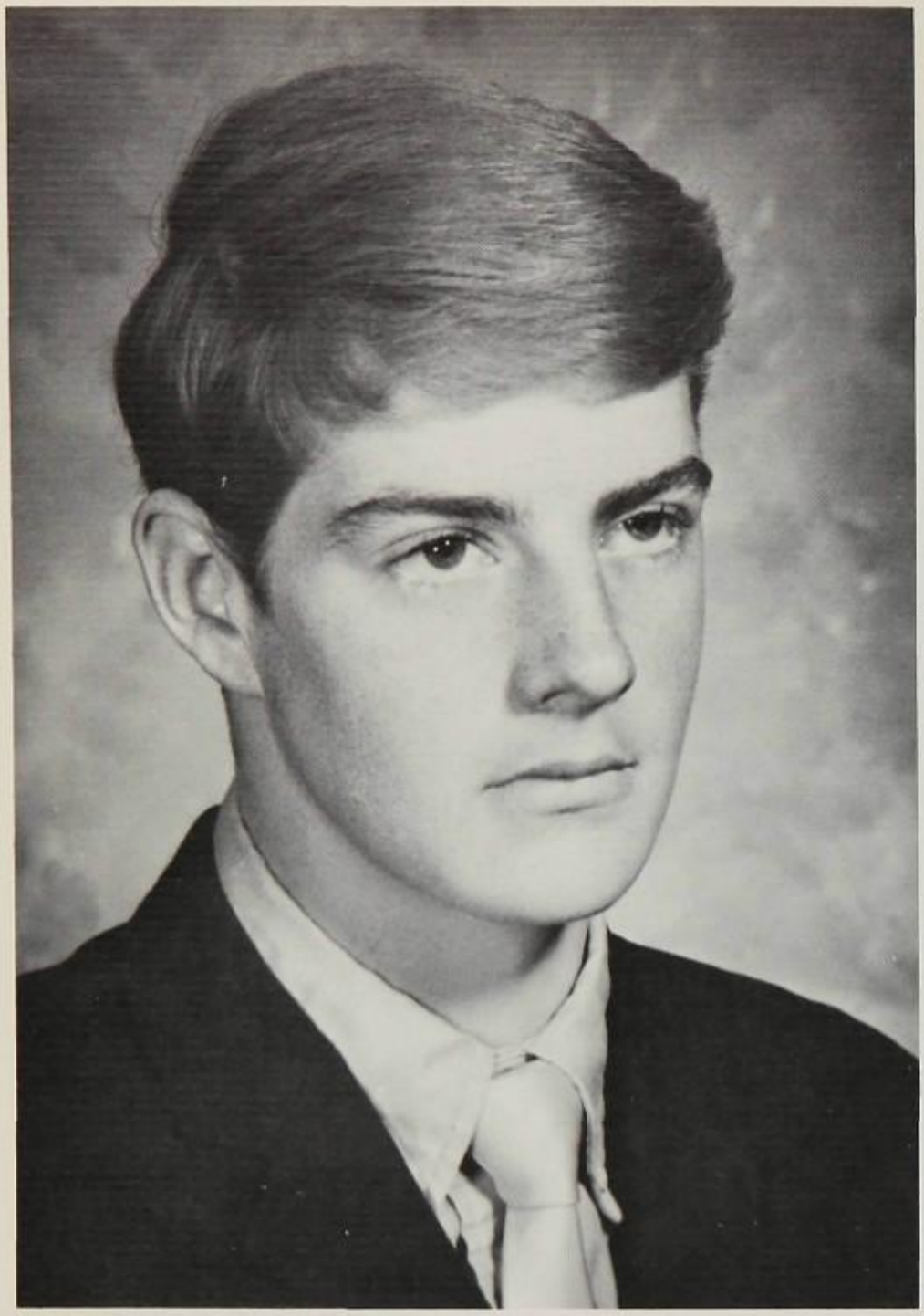


THOMAS MARK HARMON

Entered '66; Blue
3rd Prefect 12
Chairman, Rally Committee 12
Student Council 12
Var. Rugby 12
Var. Football 11
Var. Baseball 10, 11
Olympic League Player-of-the-year,. Baseball 11
All-C.I.F. Catcher 11
Varsity Football Capt. 11
Var. Baseball Capt. 10, 11
Class Sec'y. 11
J.V. Football M.V.P. 10

I, Mark Harmon, known by such valuable nicknames as Marcus, Flake, Haman, and Little Buddy, leave the following most priceless gems to my most deserving amigos: to Irv, twin crewcuts and lasting friendship; to Waddy, eight years of baseball; to Bingo, Easter '67 and a large amount of confidence; To Chas., Tourist trap and the Wicke Christe, good time hooch, Vail, and blue stars; to Rip, an extremely pliable lid; to Bear, Gatorade and its secret ingredient, and a lasting friendship with Big "Z"; to Crub, "Cluny's" with all its glory; to Boogie, the realization that he is the only one I know who can palm a basketball in his mouth; to D. Z. W., the Polak; to Holcher, "A loser is . . ."; to Mooch, "O K. Mom, just tying my shoes."; to Woo, the Blue Lagoon parking lot; to Marcus, #23; to Scotty, "Spots all over your body."; to Big Bry, a peach pie; to Marty, a plantation of 'nanas; to Preiser, the peaceful surroundings of Carmelina Avenue on Halloween; to Hardy, a time at bat in the CIF playoffs; to Bradley, "Arrest me please." To Lewie, a good blind date; to Laird, Al Capone. Thank you, Fr. Grant, Mr. McCleery, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Thompson, and Mr. Maddox for your help and understanding; Coaches Carlson, McFadden, Ryave, Willard, Erickson, Bayliss, and Allen for your constant concern and eagerness to help in any way possible. Finally, I leave my deepest appreciation to Fr. Gill, Mr. Bowler, Mr. Woods, Mr. Young, Fr. Chalmers, and especially my parents for helping me realize that the difference between being good and great in anything is only a little extra effort.

Mark Harmon



ROBERT HAROLD HAWN, JR.

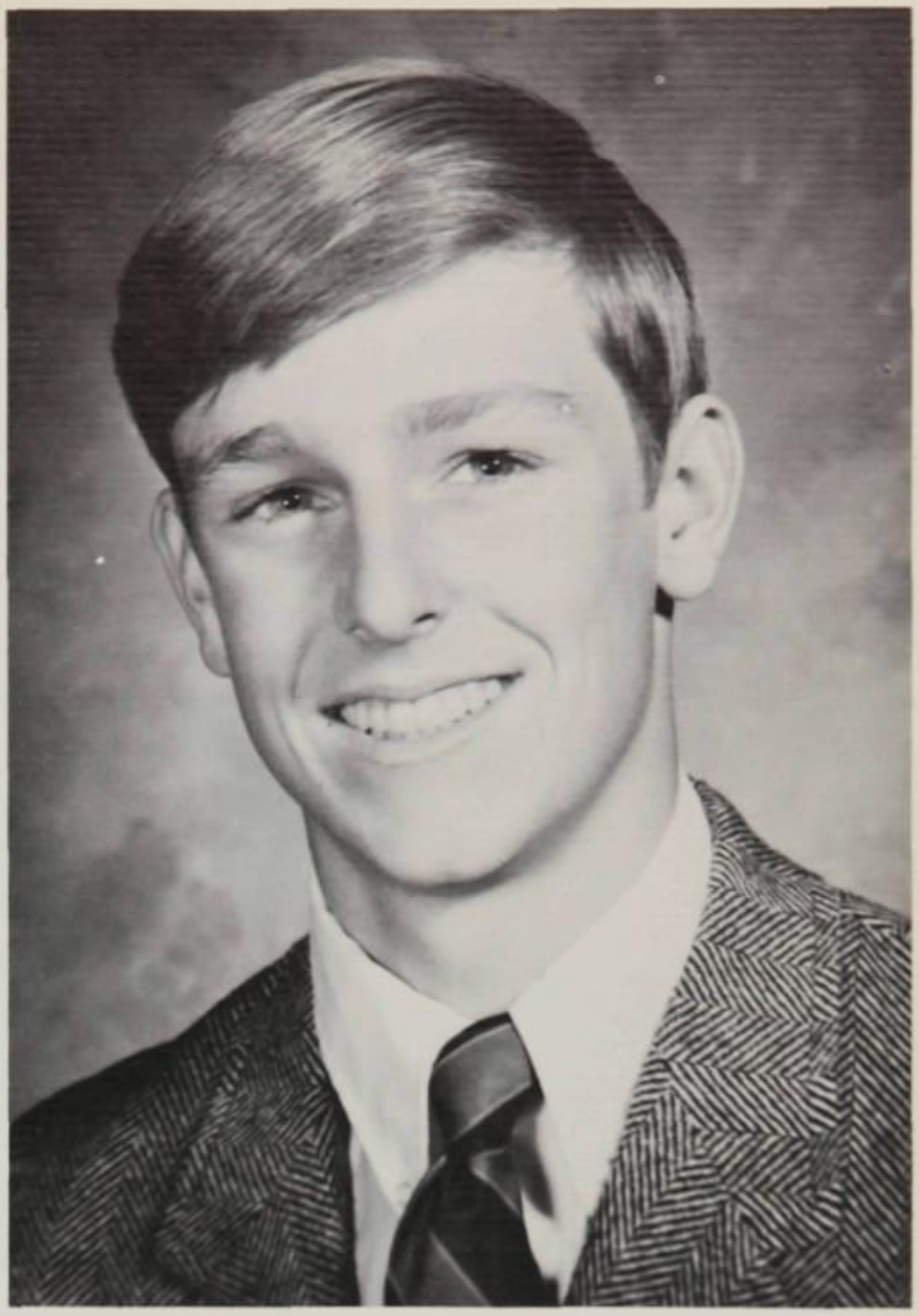
Senior Server 12
Senior Committee 12
Varsity Football 12
Varsity Baseball 12
Rugby 11, 12
J.V. Football 10, 11
J.V. Baseball 10, 11
Sports Ed., SENTINEL ANNUAL 12
Chapel Committee 12
Senior Head, Boarding 12
Prefect Nominee 11
Saint Dunstan's Guild 9
Dean of Students Award 9

To each who has known and called me friend:

May your road be always straight
and smooth,
May the wind be always at your
back,
May the sun shine warm upon your
face,
May the rains fall soft upon your
brow,
And until we meet again my friend,
May God hold you
In the palm of His hand.

Bob Hawn

STEPHEN JAMES HOCH

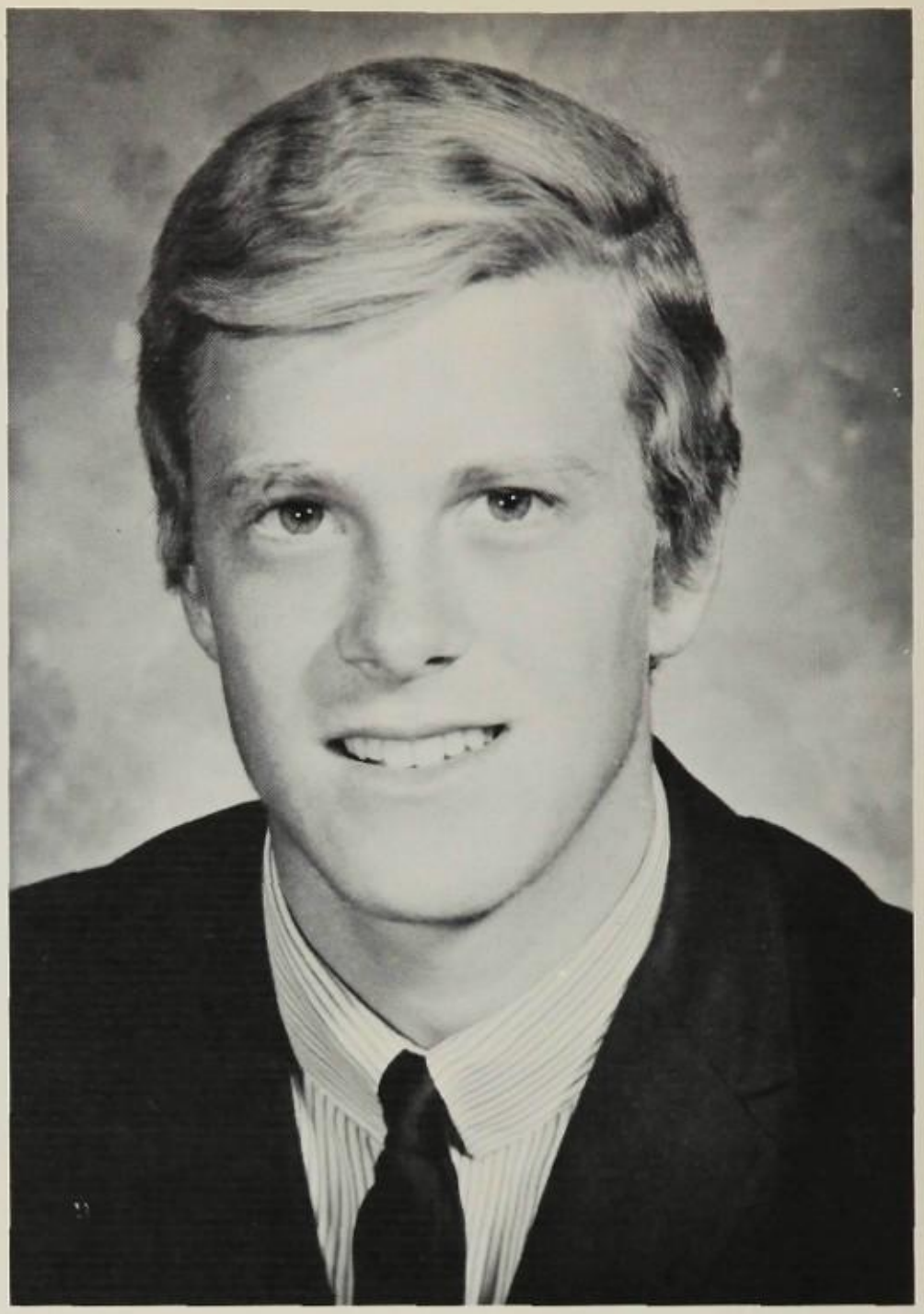


Entered '64; Red
Rally Committee 12
Varsity Football 11
J.V. Football 9, 10
J.V. Basketball 10
"C" Basketball 9
Varsity Basketball 11, 12
League High Jump Champ 10
Track 9, 10, 11, 12
Basketball M.V.P., All-League 11
Capt., J.V. Basketball 10
Perennial Guidon 9, 10, 11

Steve Hoch

I, the Hocher, being sole possessor of the Beak (a universal sex symbol) will to the following big buddies what they rightly deserve: to the New Hampshire gang, the fact that "you are for ———!"; to Irv, my U. S. Maccabiah Team tee-shirt, a fishing rod case, and a broom, and a flying mouse; to Buster, mosquitos, "bodadoes", and a case of Nutrament; to Whittey Randell, the fact that his mouth is bigger than Boogie's; to Ganz, Miller, Ullman, and Wright, my most prized possession, a mutilated potato bug; to Eke and Swirles, themselves; to Harmon, the assurance that Pete will always keep the car washed and the suits pressed; to all Harvard high-jumpers, a copy of my book entitled HOW TO INCREASE HEIGHT WITH INTENSIVE PRACTICE; to Scottie, basketball and all-league; to the Marx Brothers, the copyright to their book REALLY FUN PRACTICAL JOKES; and finally to Fr. Gill, Mr. Hays, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Read, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Woods, thanks for your friendship. (To Chip, incidentally, uncontrollable nights at the Windjammer, lustfulness, lechery, and Wolfboro women.)

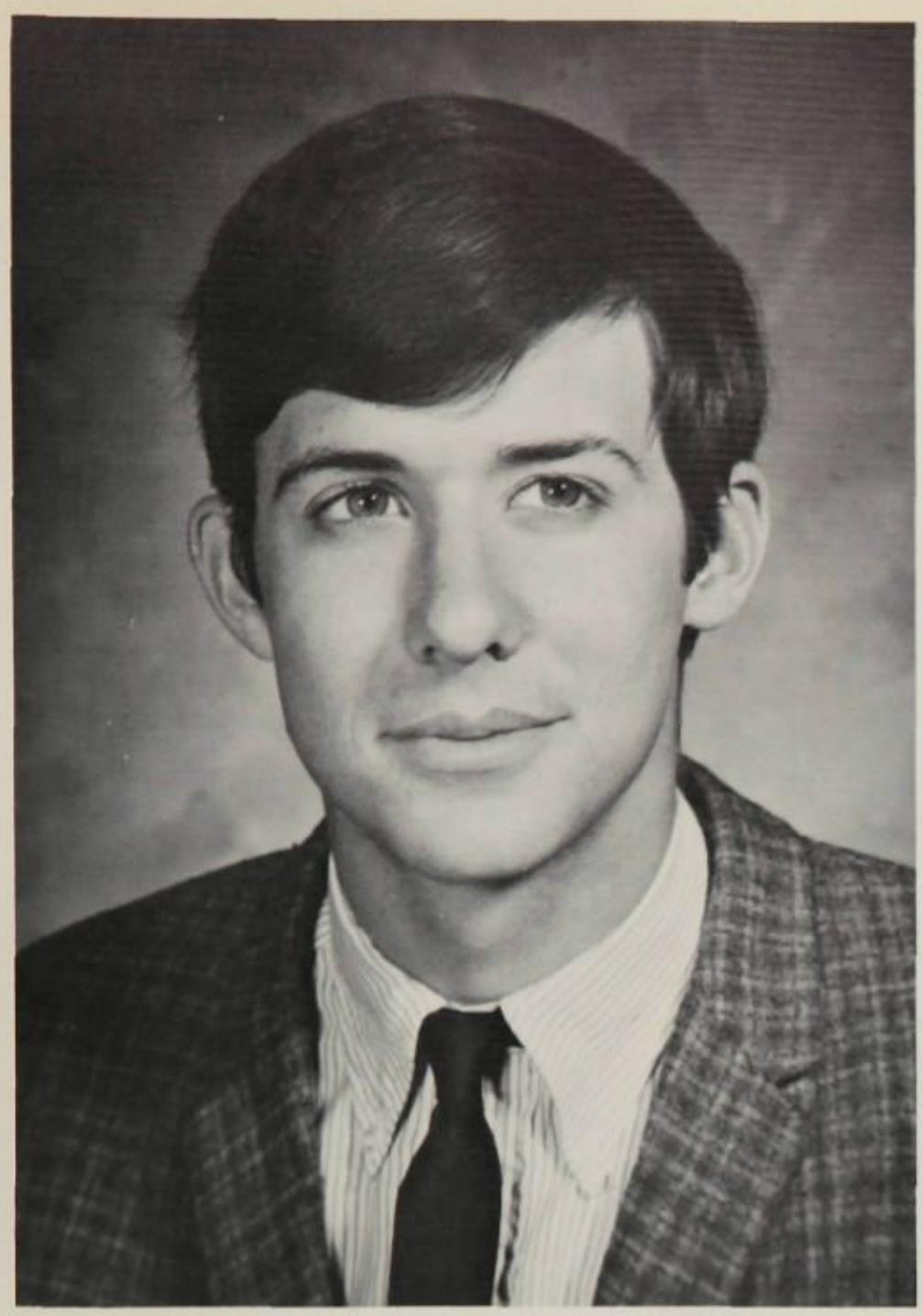
JEFFREY MARTIN HUDSON



Drama Club 11, 12
Tutoring Program 11, 12
Rally Committee 12
Yell Leader 12
Contributor, HARVEST 12
Cross-country 9, 10, 11
Track 10
Basketball 10
Capt., Whites 8
Glee Club 7, 8

Jeff Hudson

Well, it's over. Soon the hallowed halls of Harvard will no longer be filled with echoes of "Howie" and "Doc" which were so often produced by Brad and myself. To Brad, I leave Kathy, Linda, Bunny, Lynn, and Bridgette. To Timmy, alias Timbo, I leave the leading role of every skit he's ever in. To Hoodles, my cat, anacin, and a hanky. To Webby, I leave a movie and the awe of every girl at Marymount. Ingram, to you I leave the Bel-Air Bay Club B-B-Q's and an open cabana. To Big Rand, loyal co-captain of the "Peach Patrol" and other such organizations; Dingle, to you I leave the stereo that I lost. To Chip, Joe, Bill, John, and all the rest, all I can leave you is good luck, 'cause you'll need it. Mr. Read, Mr. Leslie, Fr. Gill, and Mr. Woods, all I can say is "Later", and "It took a while, didn't it".

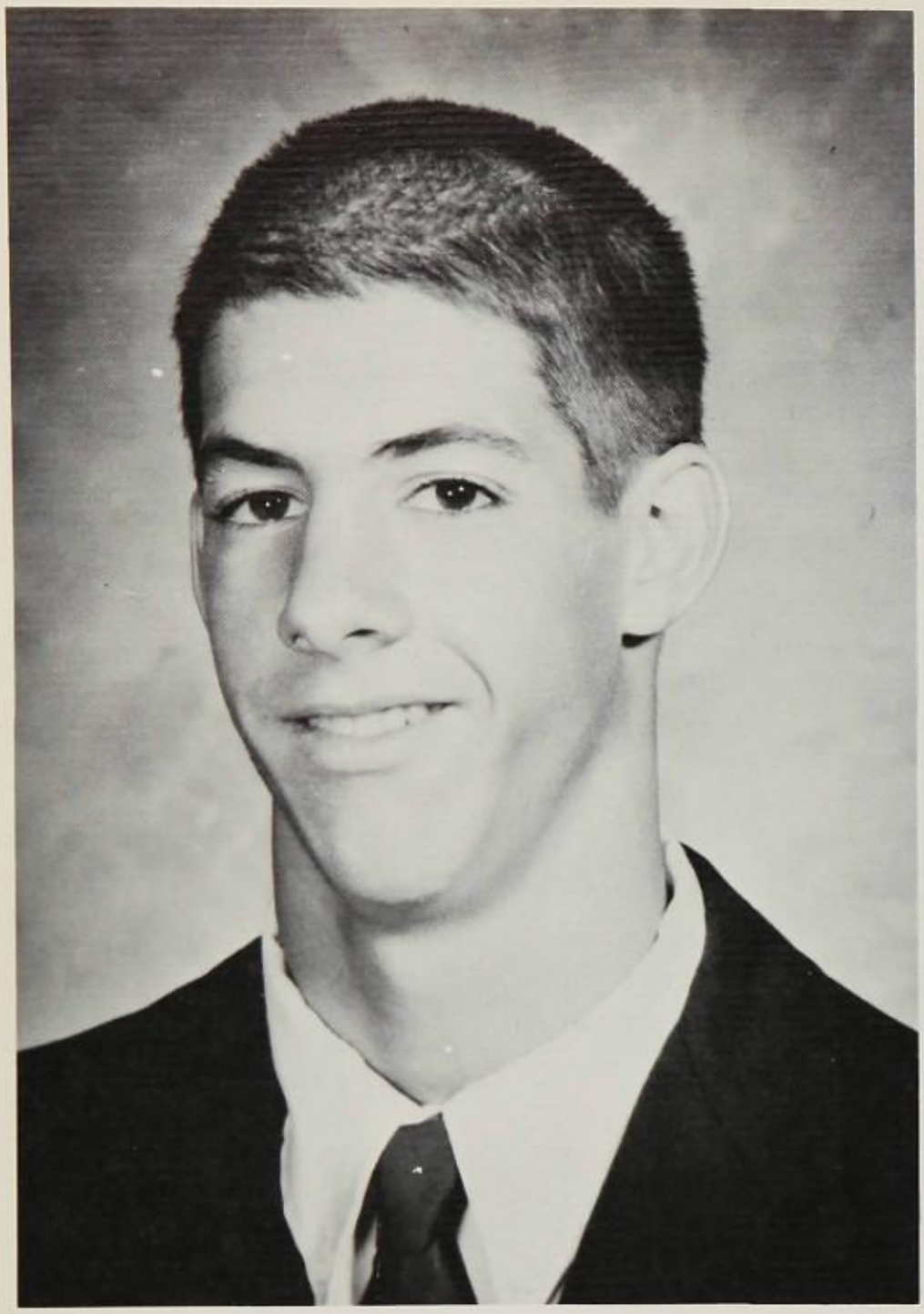


JEFFREY CONWAY INGLE

Entered '64; Blue
Var Football 10, 11, 12
Rugby 10, 11, 12
JV Baseball 9
C Basketball 9

I, Jeff Ingle affectionately hailed as Dingle, leave to all my friends, thanks and good luck; to the faculty and coaches, gratitude, for their help and trust; and to my parents, my promise to fulfill their faith in me, and thanks for the opportunity of attending a great school.

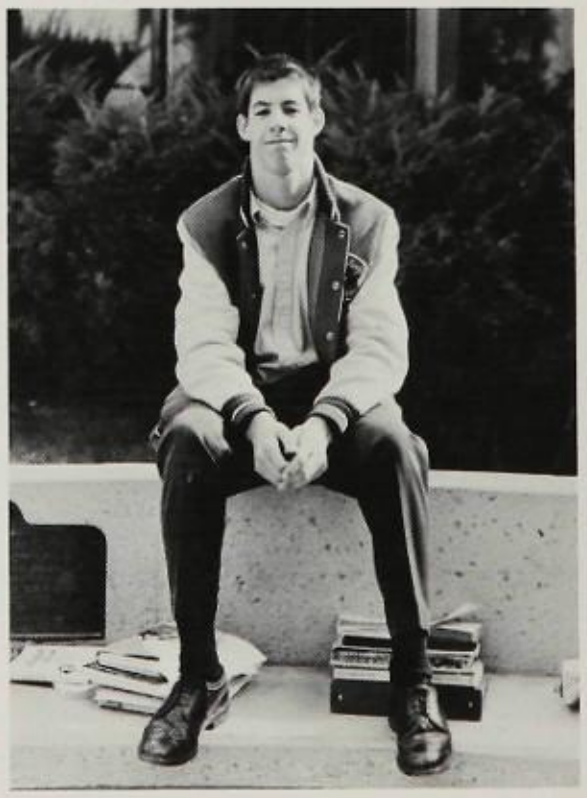
Jeff Dingle



ROBERT McCHESNEY INGRAM

Entered '64; Green
4th Prefect 12
Class VP 7, 8
Class Pres. 9
Student Council 7, 8, 9, 12
Var. Football 11, 12
Var. Baseball 11, 12
Var. Basketball 11, 12
JV Football 10
JV Baseball 9, 10
JV Basketball 10
C Basketball 9

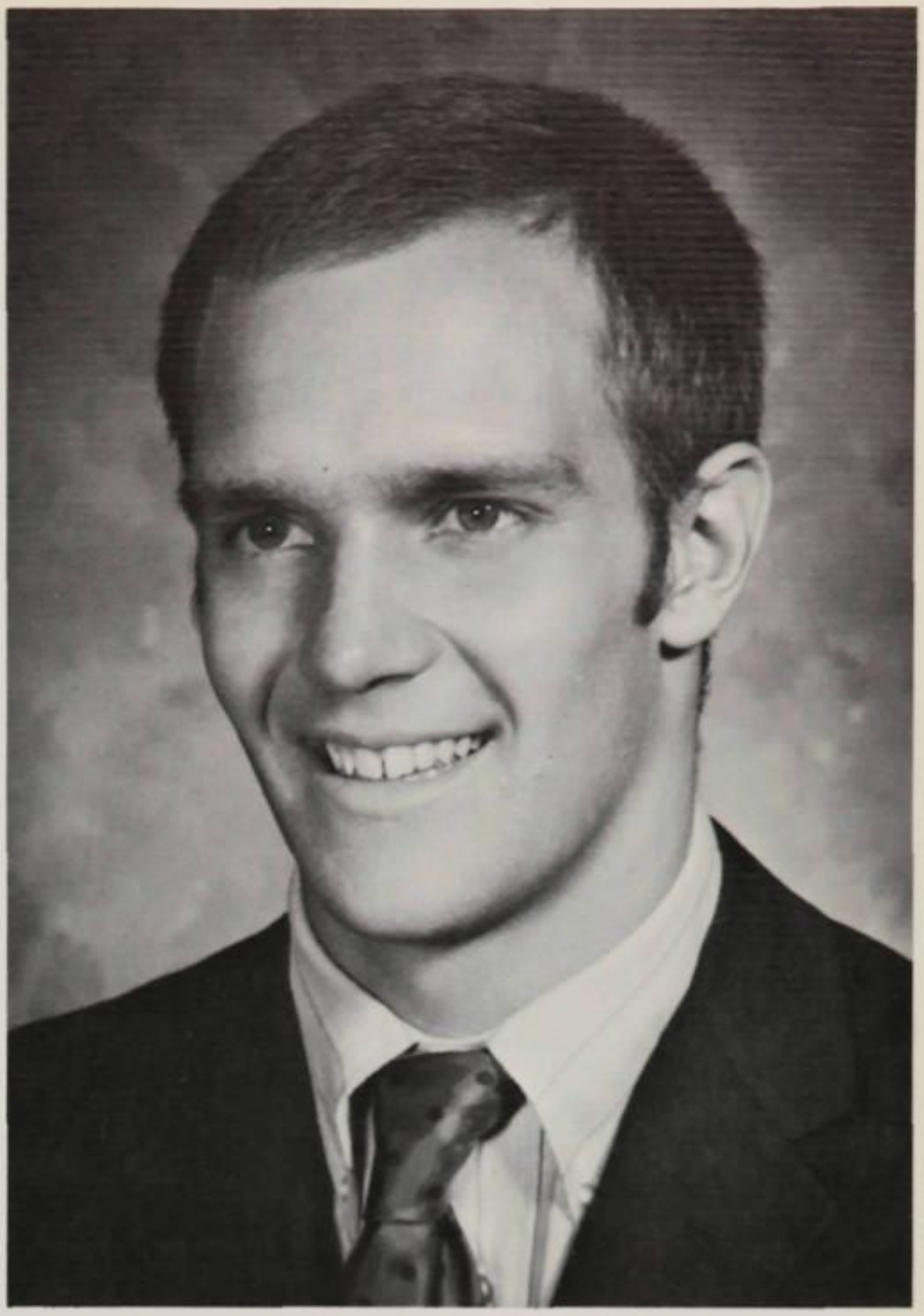
I, Bob Ingram, being of small body and even smaller mind, do hereby will the following: to Chip, I leave a head that can't have concussions, coliseum football games, and Roberto Clemente's best wishes. To Mark, ole 23, a blind date that never came off and a book on HOW TO PLAY IT COOL WITH GIRLS. To Scotty, a new knee, and a varsity touchdown. To Randy, the quickest reaction out of a car you have ever seen and the uselessness of a shoulder. To Irv, sweet rolls on Sunday morning, and all-league selection in football and basketball again. To Hocher, volleyball with the big boys. To Eke, 6 touchdown passes at Bell-Jeff and all the glory that goes with it. To Boogie, the knowledge that he can palm a basketball with his mouth. To Hud, the advantage of surfboard lockers and night watchmen. To Barry, the Head Trainer job at Arizona State. To Kirby, an 8x10 glossy of Roberto Clemente. To Lo, a confusing coke machine business. Finally, I want to thank Fr. Gill, Mr. Woods, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Hughes, Mr. McCleery, Mr. Miller, Coaches Carlson, McFadden, Bowler, and Ryave, and my parents for their needed guidance through the last six years.



Bob Ingram

JOHN ALEXANDER IRVINE

Entered '64; Blue
First Prefect 12
Class Pres. 10, 11
Student Council 10, 11, 12
Server 11, 12
Color Guard 11
Var Basketball 9, 10, 11, 12
Hon. Mention 11
Var Baseball 11, 12
JV Baseball 9, 10
Var Football 11, 12
All-League 11, 12

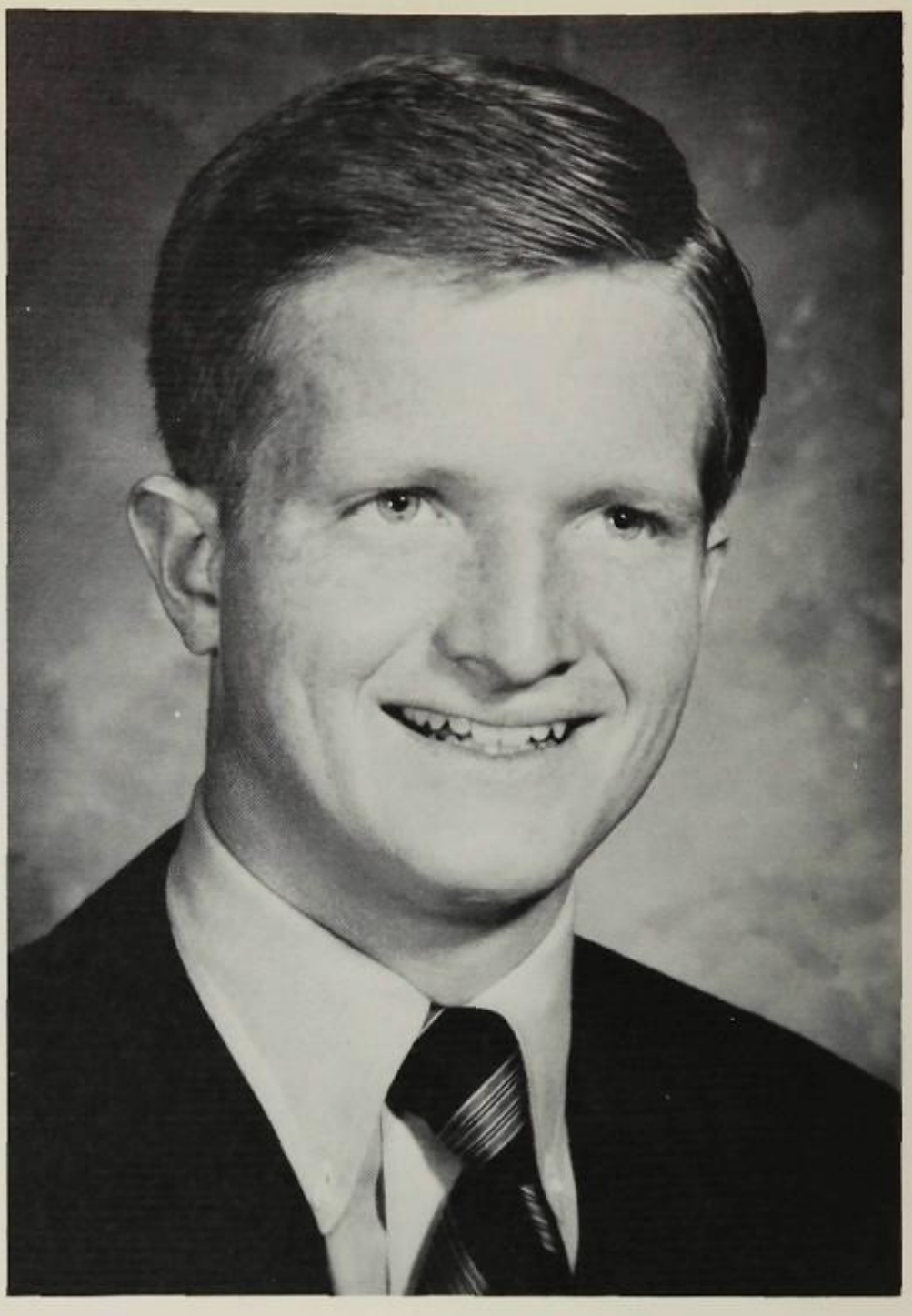


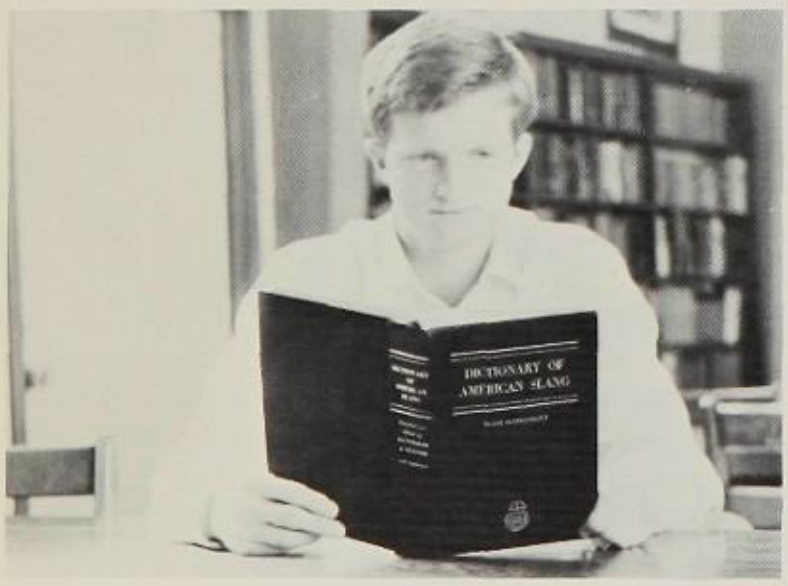
John Irvine

I, John Irvine, known to most as Irv, Tiny, or Josh, being of pigeon-toed body and distinguished by a receding hairline, and recognized by the pseudo-radical as a useless Jock, do hereby bestow the following upon their deserving recipients: To Mark, a date at the B. C. Dance; to Preiser, a dog that will destroy his slippers; to Beatty, LET'S DRIVE RIGHT and cheek-to-cheek dancing at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire; to Ran, a future double-date to the H.H. and H.H.; to Boog, a study period interrupted by a flame and five minutes of laughter; to Woo, 3, 3, and 3; to Chas., a less conspicuous coat hanger and ping-pong in the afternoon sun; to Barry, cords, astronomy, and 3½ years of training table grief; to Nate, a great evening at my house with Yodes; to Eke, grass drills; to Sky, Aretha Franklin and "35 & 35"; to Steve, Compoz, Howley's toenails, and a hat; to Phil, John, and Craig, Harper and Hawaiian Music; to Lew, a "Do Not Disturb" sign for his car at dances; to Scott, the sheer ecstacy of a game at tight end, Ingram and Meyers, and a toe in the ear; to Matt, "Honest John's Cosino"; to Little John, 55-36-JF, Screwtape's Letters, and a rare photographic expression which says, "Thank you for understanding, discipline, and faith." To Fr. Chalmers, Messrs. McCleery, Stewart, Miller, Carlson, Clustka, Woods, Bowler, and McFadden, a promise to try to be worthy of the never-ending, and, at times, undue time, understanding, and support they have given to me.

ROBERT GIBSON JOHNSON

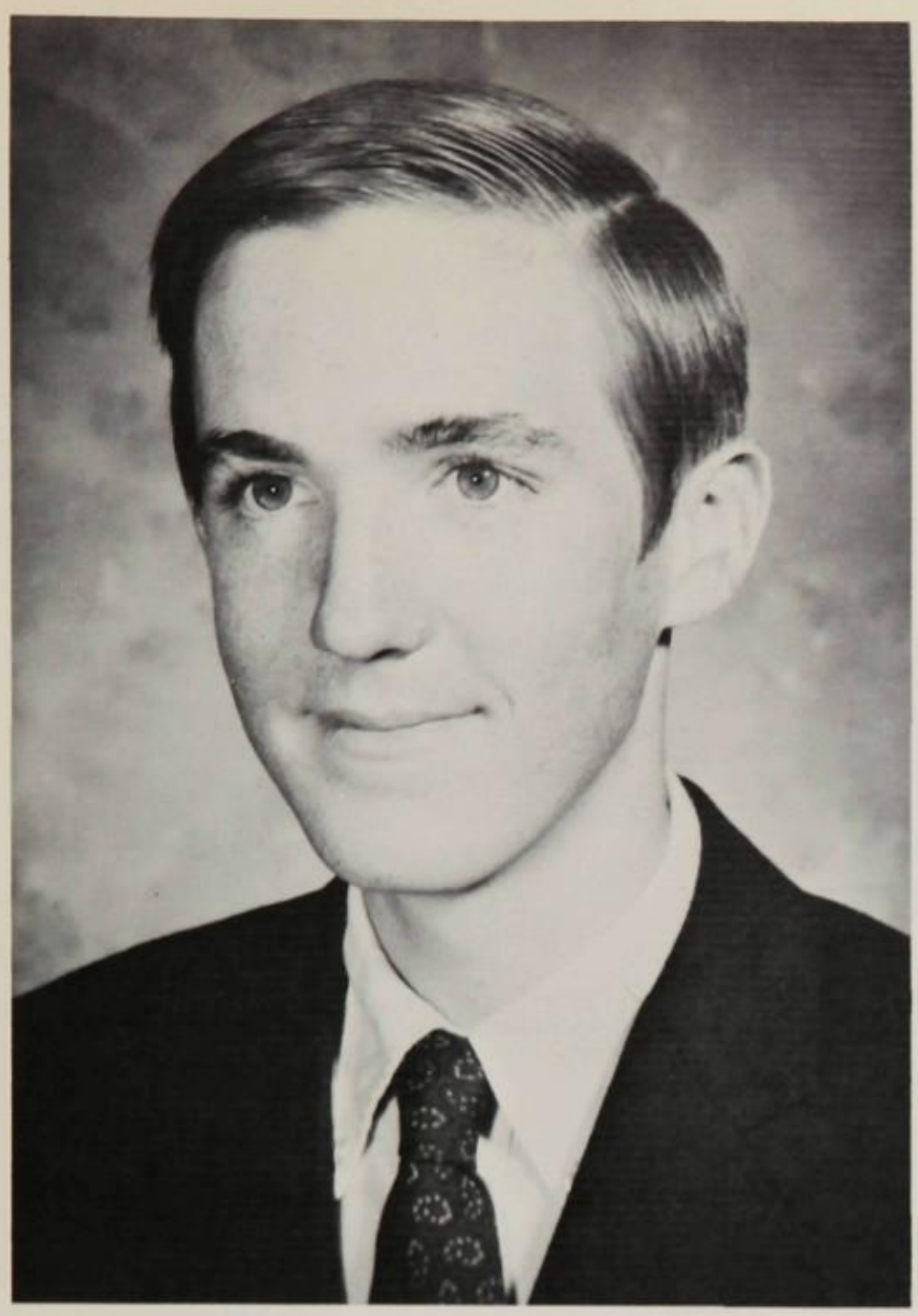
Capt. Skate Board Team 12
Improvisational Drama 12
Honor Guard 11, 12
Cross-country 9, 10, 11
Track 9, 10, 11, 12





I, Gib Johnson, Jean-Claude Killy, "Do you water-ski?", do hereby litter but at least I don't make fun of people. To Mike Wagner, I leave a dozen Roger Williams albums. To Bob Brookes, I leave Pam Hiss. To Dave Weber, a chance to meet Jim Lange. And to Fred Wasson, I leave "Hi ya!", and a condominium. To the Boz, I leave the beach. To Craig Mendell, I leave Marlborough, and to Larry I leave 10,000 more miles on his car (for a new one) and a lot of grease. Finally, to myself, I leave the J.S.-M.L. scale and better memories. I would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Fr. Edwards, Fr. Gill, Mr. McFadden, and Mr. Read for being great teachers and good friends. Thank you very much.

Gib Johnson

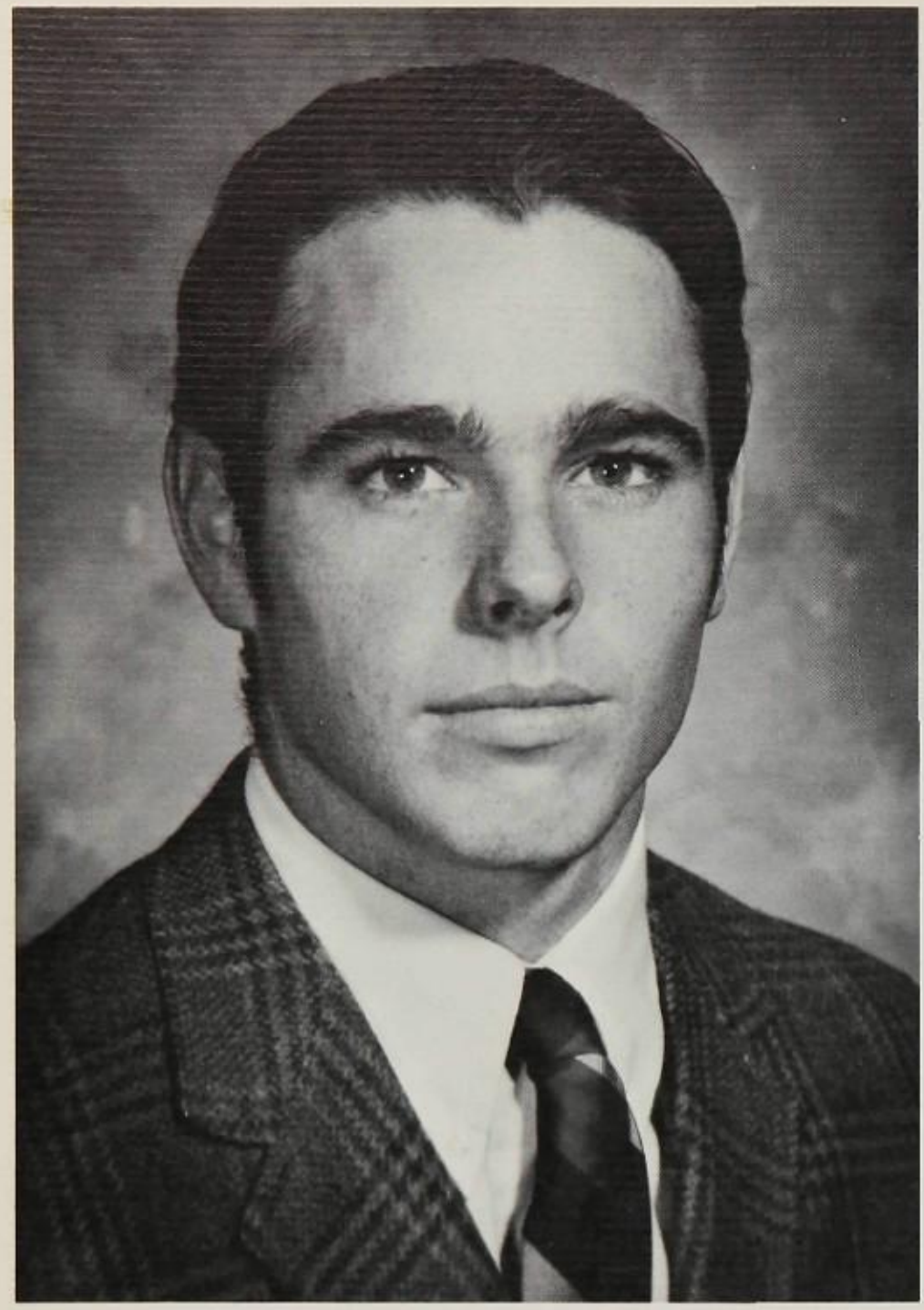


ROBERT L. JOHNSTON

Film Club President 12
Film Club 11, 12
Photographer, SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
Photographer, Alumni Office 12
J.V. Basketball 10
Varsity Golf 9, 10, 11, 12

Since I have spent six years at Harvard School, I have collected a list of people to thank. But since this list is quite long, I must limit myself to mention only a special few. To my friends: John G., two years in Fred and so many great times we had together; Phil P., all my vast stores of money to buy whatever he wants, whenever he wants it; Channing L., the Babe and a signed portrait of the Greek; Jeff S., two trips to downtown Riverside; Lindsay B., Wes; and to all my other friends, a stork. To all the teachers who have tolerated "Little Chuckie", thanks. To Mr. Miller, a good book on how to pass Chemistry and appreciation for the big push. To Mr. Hoyle, the greatest friendship and the deepest admiration I can give, for he is one of the few teachers who brings style to Harvard School. Finally, to the two Headmasters, Father Chalmers and Mr. Berrisford, a very special thank you for all the trust and guidance you have given me during my stay at Harvard School, a truly wonderful place to learn.

Bob Johnston



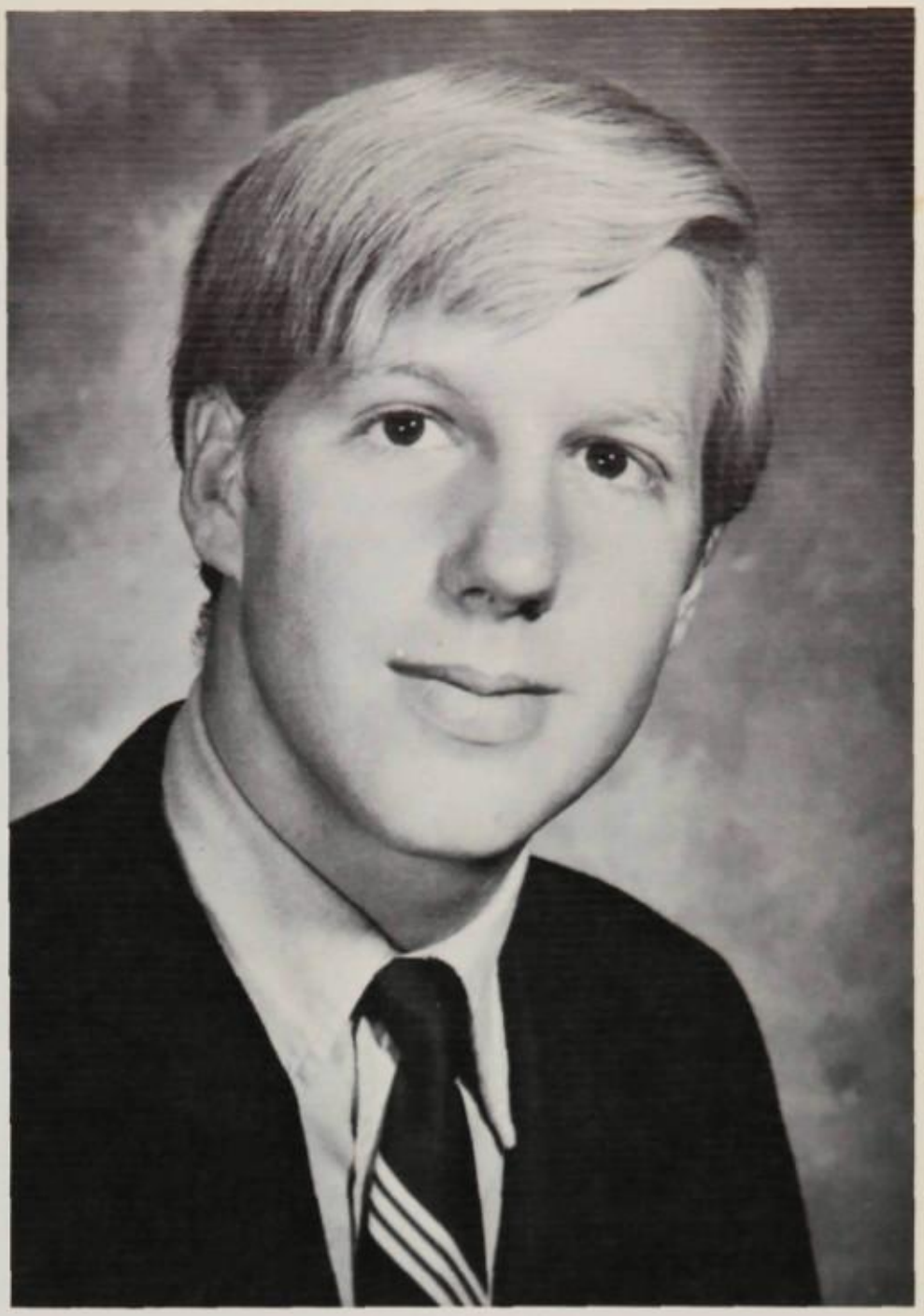
MALCOLM IRA KING

Entered '67
Varsity Basketball 10, 11, 12

I, Malcolm I. King, solemnly referred to as perhaps anything but what I want to be referred to as, herein thank Steve, Battle, Craig, and the rest of the class for their friendship. Thank you too, my teachers and the entire faculty and staff. And thank you, Mom and Dad for the opportunity.

Malcolm King

BRIAN ARTHUR KITE

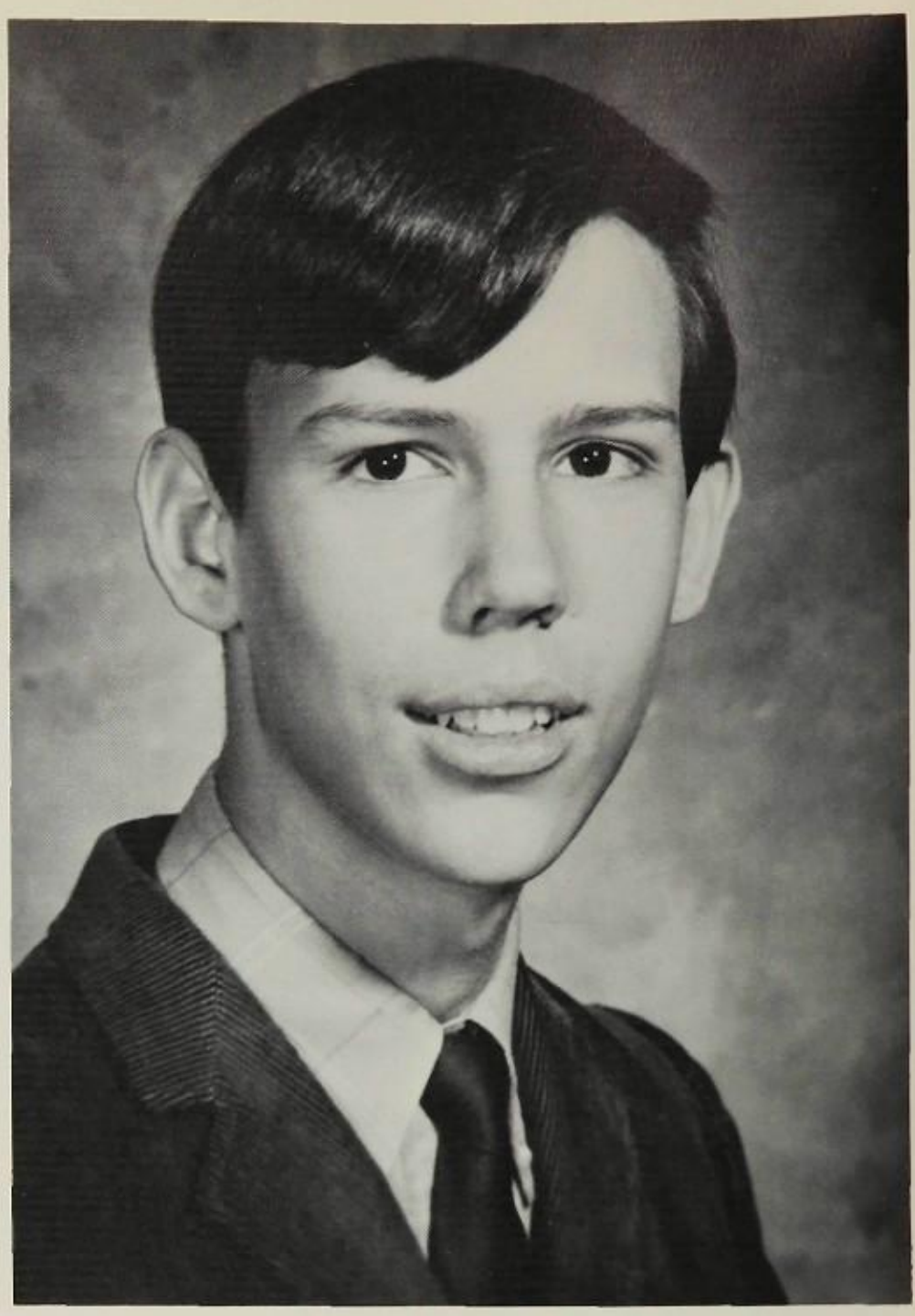


Var Track 11, 12
JV Track 10
JV Cross Country 9
Rally Committee 12
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12

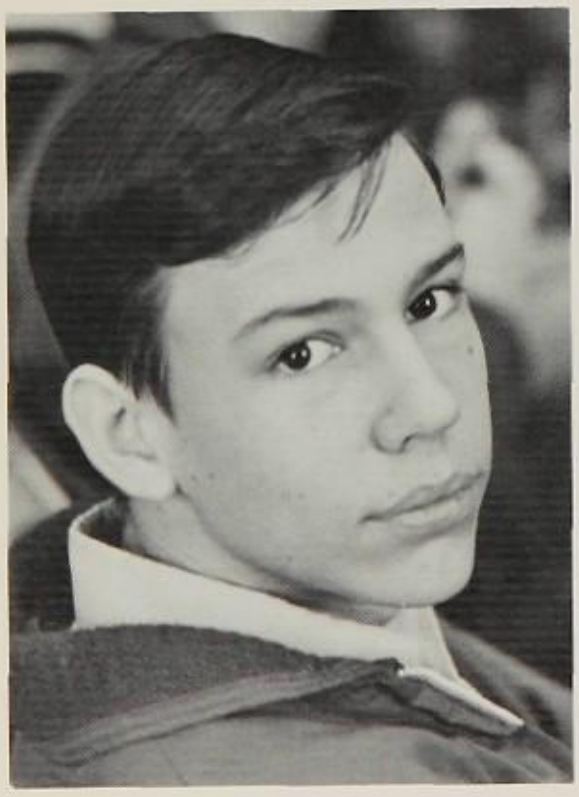
I, Brian Kite, leave Harvard after six years believing it has improved each year. In the last year, particularly, many changes have occurred, most of which, I feel, were of great benefit to the school. To the following people, I leave the following items: to Alex, that topless joint, a little dog named Pit, and two-speed automatic for the jeep; to Barry, Travis, and Rick, the back seat; to Scott and Val, the three of us at the top of a great big glacier; and to Clark, an unbreakable surfboard. I want to extend my thanks to Fr. Edwards, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Hoeland, and Mr. Humphrey. I wish also to thank my parents who provided me with encouragement and guidance, Father Chalmers who kept me in the right direction, and Mr. Berrisford whose understanding and open-mindedness made Harvard a better school.

Brian Kite

BRUCE KERR KNUDTSON

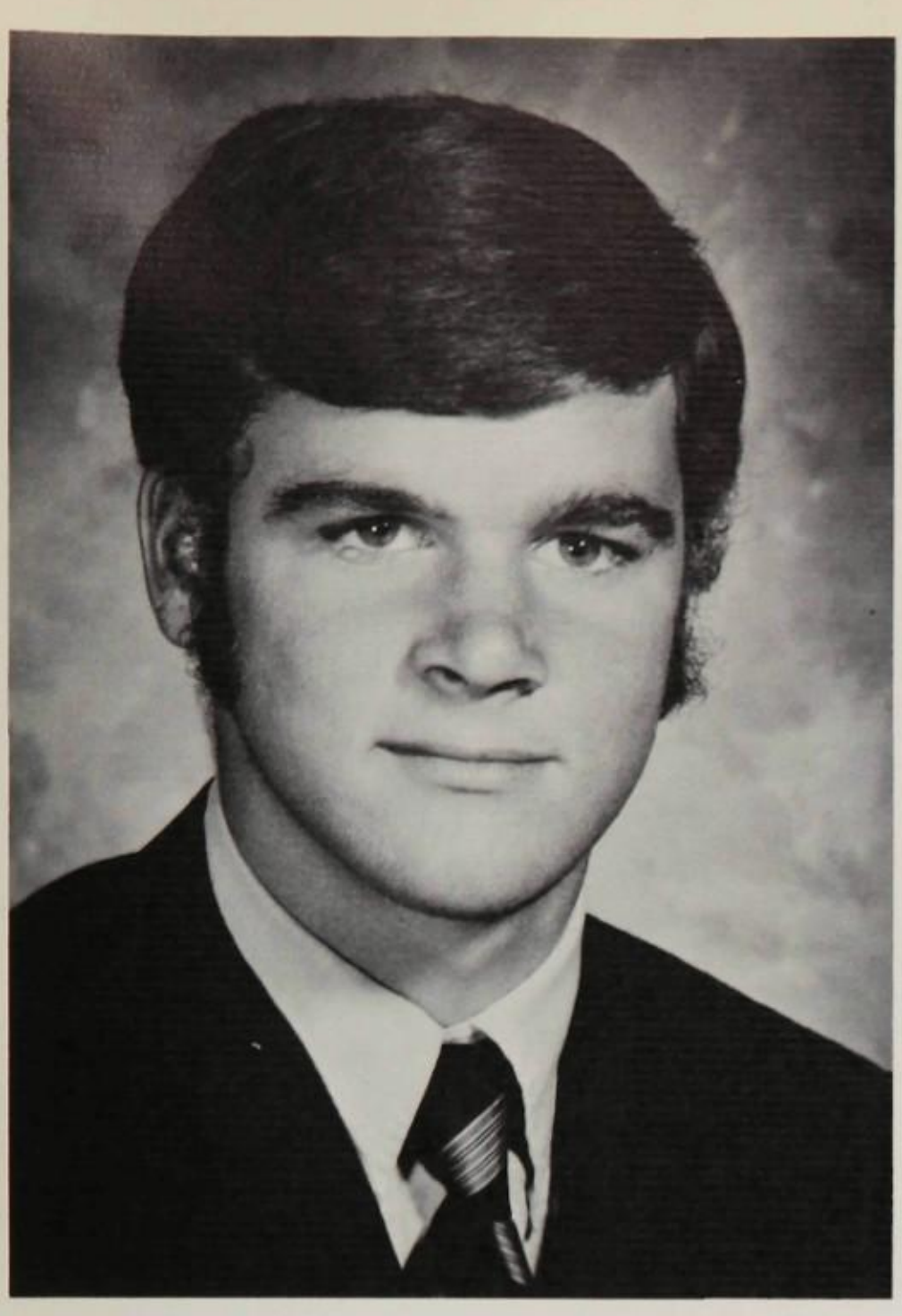


Entered '64; Green
Rifle Team 7, 8, 9



I, Bruce Knudtson, being sound in mind and body, wish to thank Father Chalmers and Harvard School for the opportunities they made available to me and for their patience.

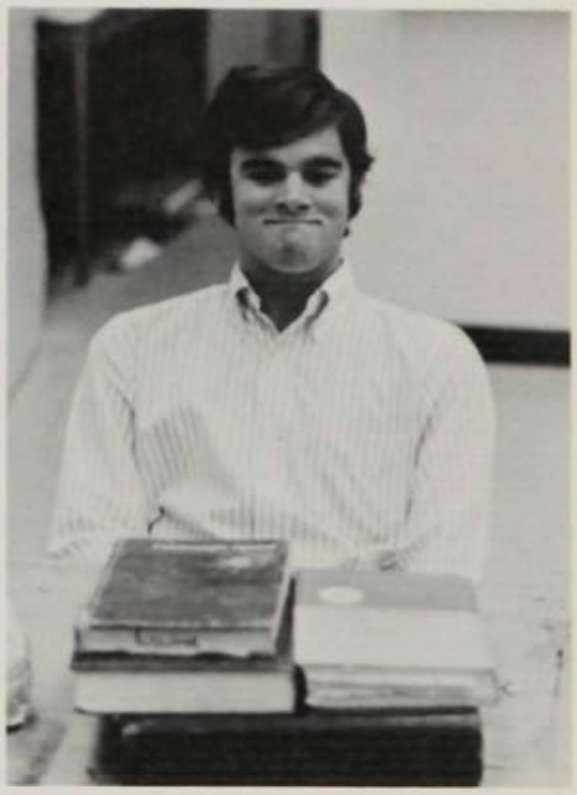
Bruce Knudtson



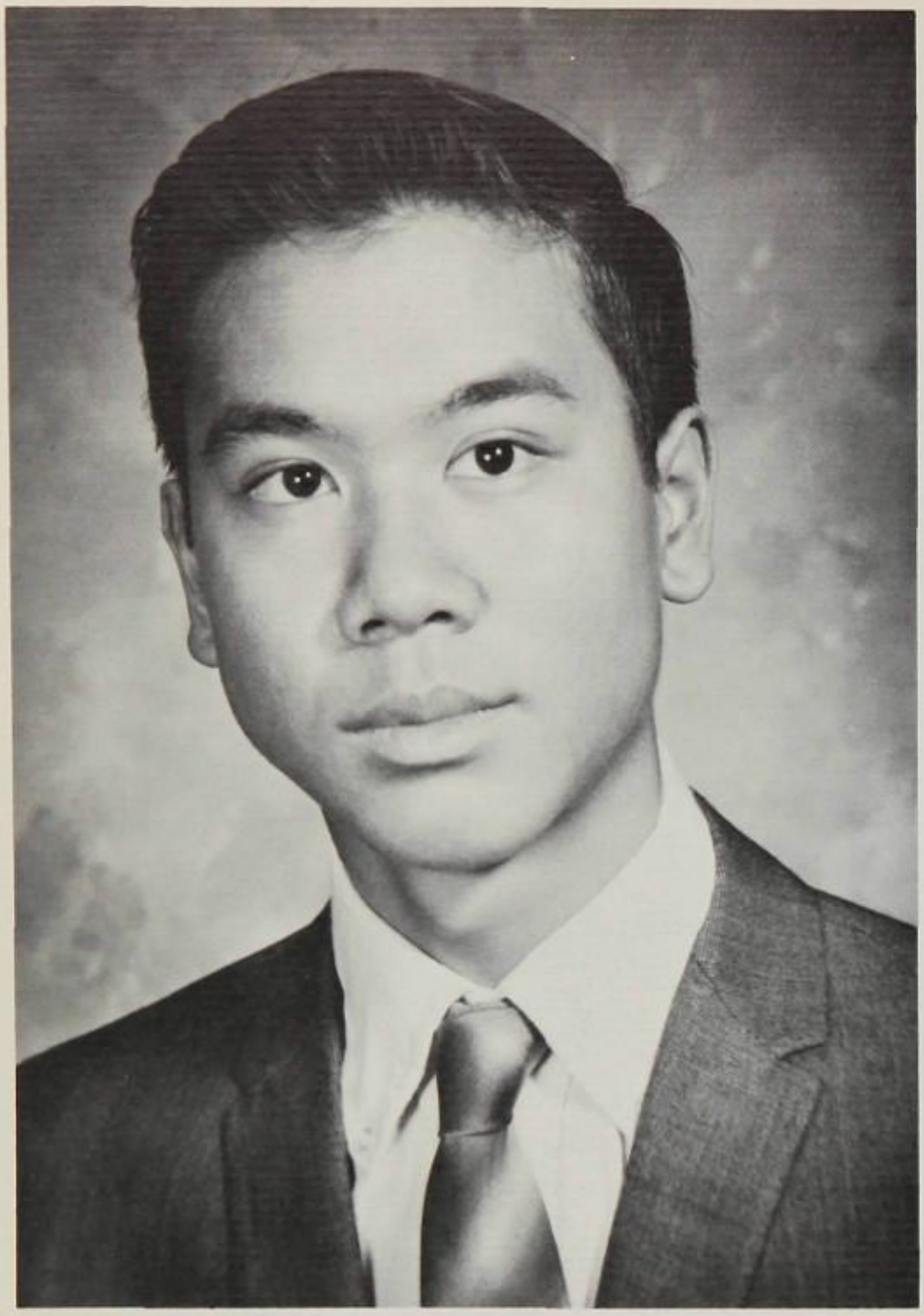
ALEXANDER CORBET LAINE

Asst. Ed. HARVEST 12
Varsity Rugby 12
J.V. Track 10
J.V. Football 9
J.V. Rugby 9, 10

I, Alex Laine, commonly known as Lay-Lay, Al, and LAINE! being of rotten mind and unsound body, do hereby will the following goodies to the following peons: To Tripp Power, a 72-hour party and Mr. McFadden; to Mike Doheny, the surf team, a new surfboard, and a decent car. To Bill Banning, a 10-ft. day at the Wedge, Disneyland, and Dave Gill. To Briiiiiian Kiiiiiiite a 1967 Porsche 911S and 2,000 miles of Mulholland, Ensenada and the bottomless mug, and the Valley. To Jeff Ingle, a new pair of glasses and a policeman. To Jeff Asher, a full length mirror, swaggering lessons, and a gold-plated football. To Bob Johnson, a pile of rocks. I give my most sincere thanks to the faculty who, through their generosity, have let me stay at Harvard. My particular thanks to Father Edwards, Father Chalmers and Mr. Berrisford for their guidance through my years at Harvard.



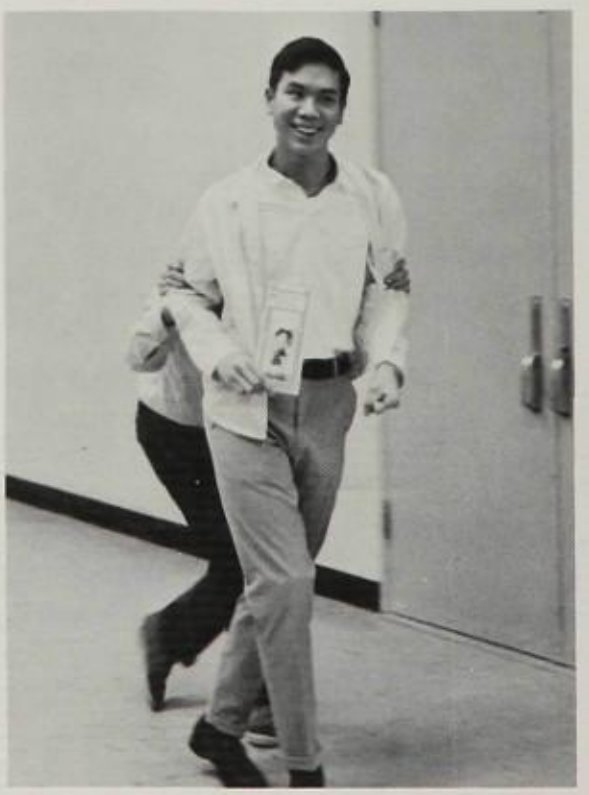
Alex Laine



EMIL OTT LAU

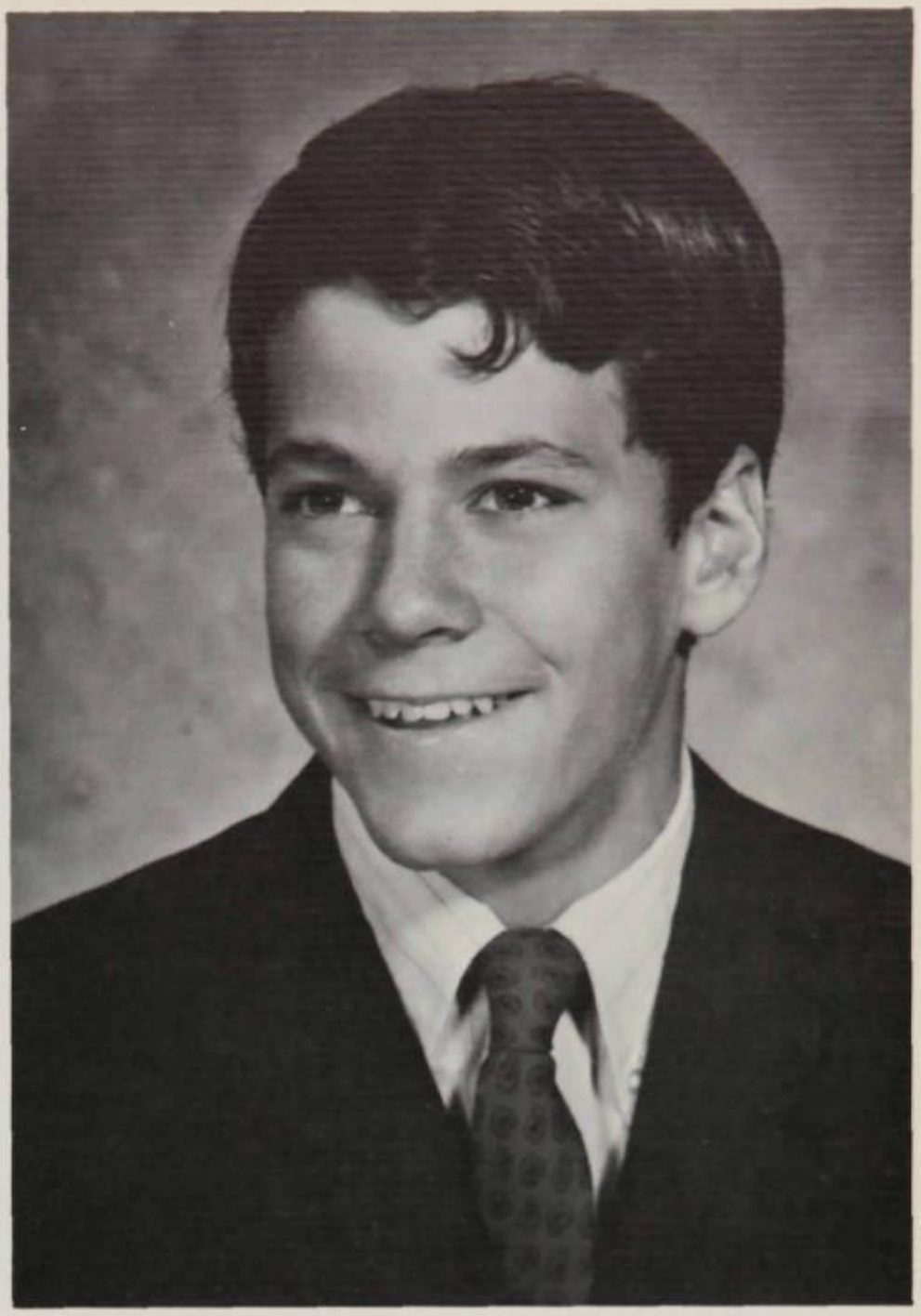
Water Polo 12
Swimming 9, 12
St. Dunstan's Guild 8

I leave thanks and sincere appreciation to the entire faculty and student body of Harvard School for four enriching years of guidance and understanding.



Emil Lau

JAY TIMOTHY LEWIS



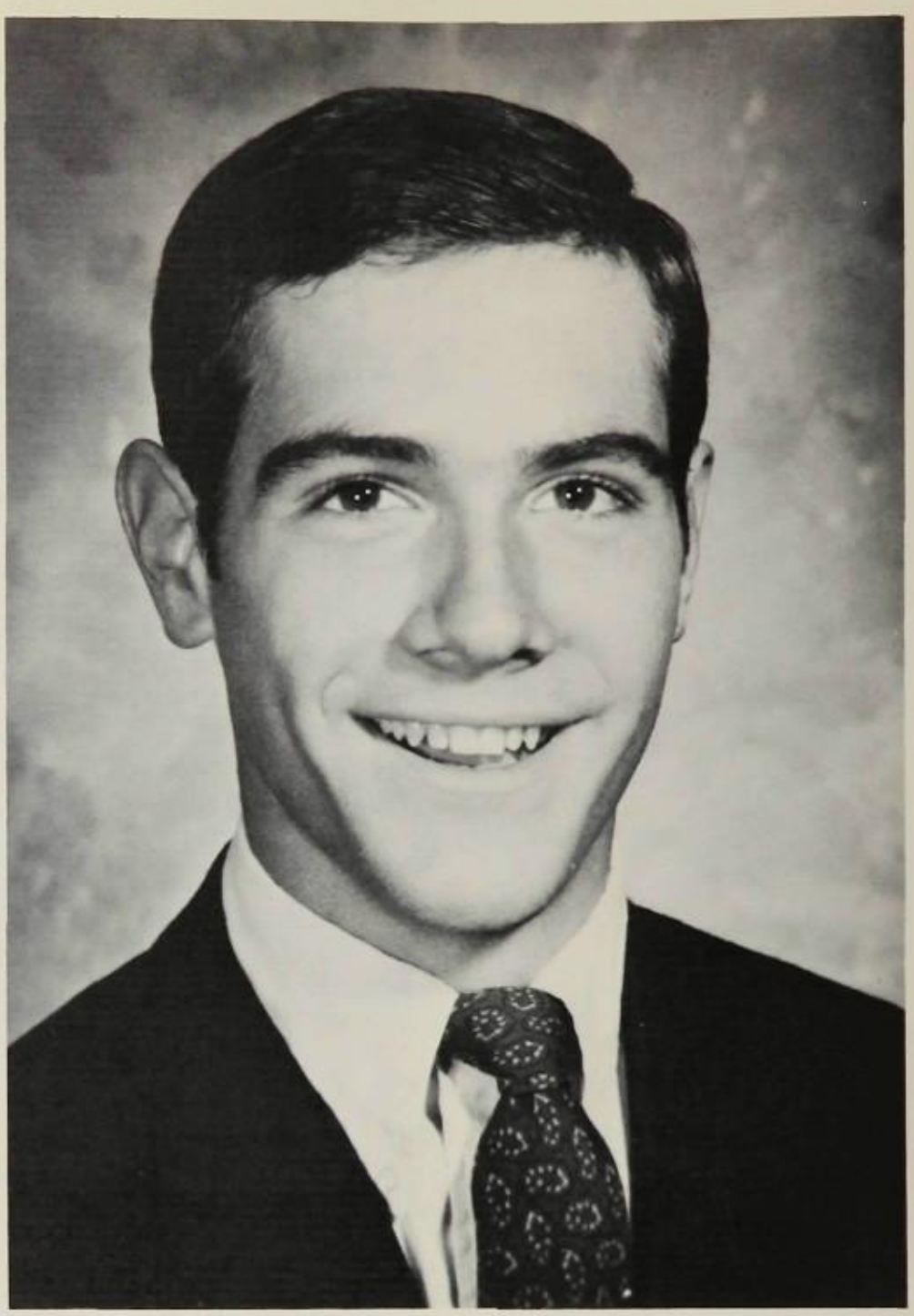
Entered '64; White
Varsity Tennis 9, 10, 11, 12
"C" Basketball 10
Tennis, C.I.F. Quarterfinals 11
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
Rally Committee 12
Yell Leader 12
Glee Club 7, 8
Ojai Tennis Tourney 8, 9, 10, 11, 12

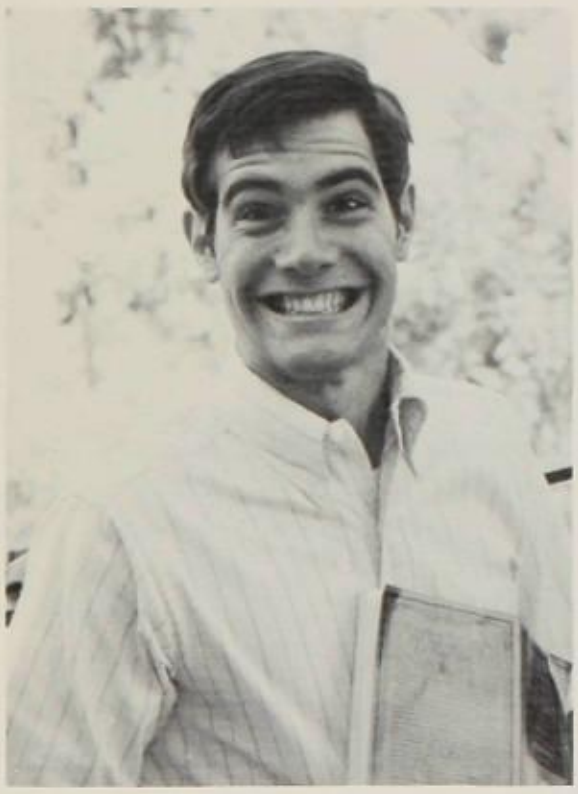
Tim Lewis

I, Tim Lewis, having reached the end of my rope must relinquish all of my precious possessions. To Brad, I leave Etta, who doesn't know what it is like to lay bricks, and some rubber tires. To Jeffrey, a ten-year old White Sun, point dume, and the other half of a beer; to Hoodie, a letter, and some beautiful works of art in his books; to Marcus, some sardines and a "C" in Spanish, a football career, and a new Chevrolet; to Waddell (the fox), 100 rolls of t.p. and 4 buttons in French class; to the Tennis Team, some hard practices at Westlake, and the red flash, who has shown substantial improvement in playing tennis, as well as in court etiquette; to Eke, a visit to a chaperone's room in Ojai; a free car wash and an egg; to Wally, a lark; and finally, to Mr. Holmes, Mr. Archer, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Stewart, and all the rest of the faculty, my sincere thanks for their help and guidance in these trying years.

WILLIAM WESTLAKE LOCKWOOD, II

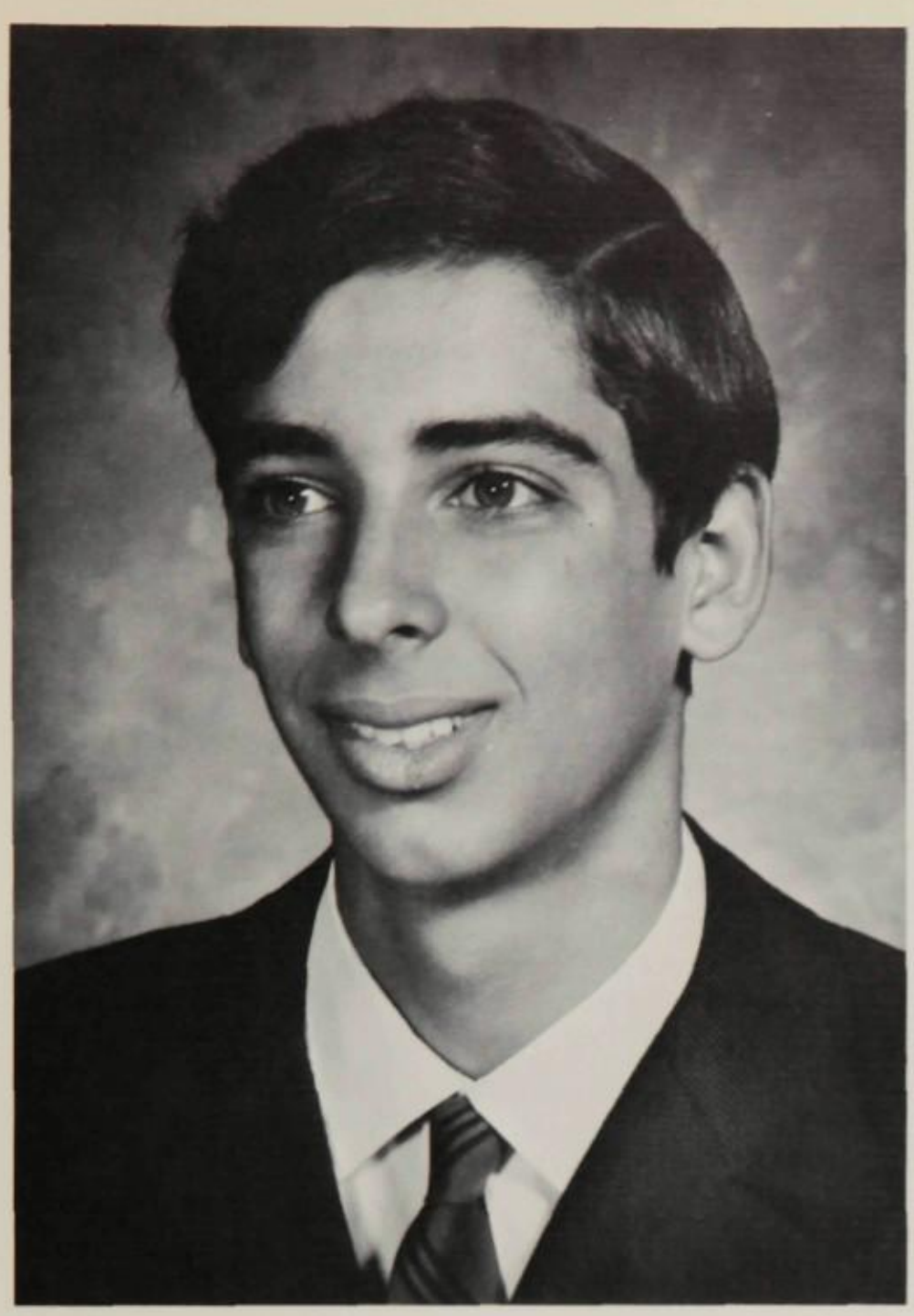
HARVEST Staff 12
SENTINEL BULLETIN Staff 12
Art Editor, PALANTIR 10, 11
Film Club 12
Swimming 10, 11, 12
Water Polo 11, 12





Though I came into Harvard by the skin of my teeth and with a lot of faith, I'm going out with a stronger hold on life. For your faith, help, and friendship, my deepest appreciation goes to you, Fr. Gill, Mr. Dillenbeck, Mr. Woods, Mme. Marissael, Mr. Read, Mr. Reale, Mr. Don Thompson, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Clark, and all of Harvard. For a never-ending friendship, and the future, I hope this: to Fr. Gill and Mr. Dillenbeck, the "Siberis" and twenty-two of us; to Bøb, Pepperidge Farm, Yale, George, J.A., and all those damn Catholics. To Chanlo, the Fox and a bit of stinkweed; to John, John Andrews, Tartaglia, and the photography girl in L.V.; to Tory, Carolyn and an end to Scientology; to Phil, that you should get back your bass and have a free life; to Craig, Jencie; to Kelly, surf and Brunson; to Fred, to be there; to Bob Hawn, for being there; for Mrs. White, that there be all home games; to Mr. Reale, Royalties; to Don Thompson, Jimmy Dorsey; to Andy, Kim; to Davis, power, and to Mike Meyer, the world. To Everyone, I leave Daddy Carl.

Bill Lockwood

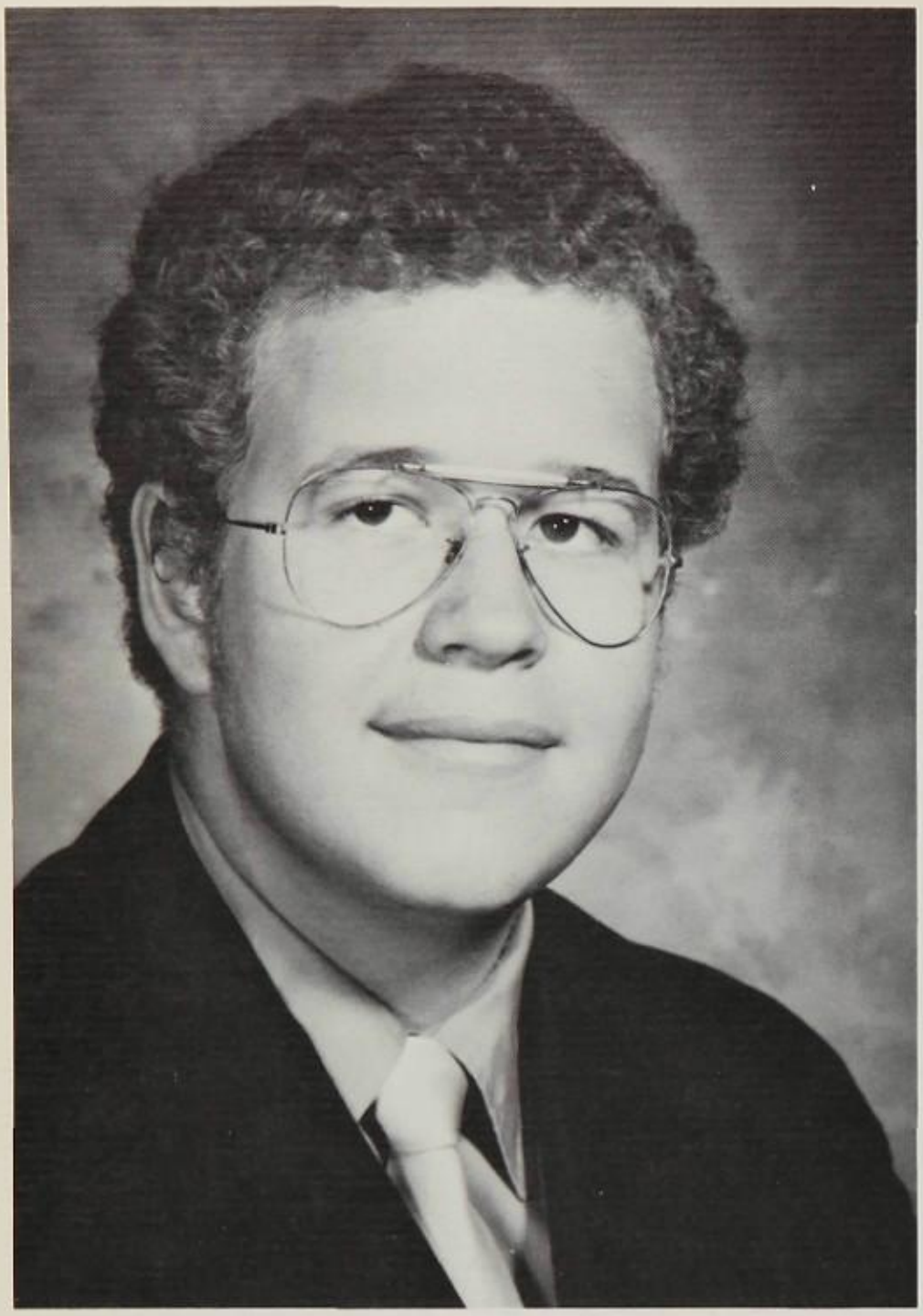


JONATHAN SEBASTIAN LoPRESTI

Entered '64; Blue
Var Basketball 12
JV Basketball 11, MVP
C Basketball 10, Capt.
Var Baseball 12
JV Baseball 9, 10, 11, Capt.
Honor Guard 10
Military Honor Society 8

I, Jon LoPresti, more commonly known as Lips, being of ——— mind and pretzel body, do bequeath to the following: to Craig, Saturday nite at Corvallis and another bowl of chile; to Scott, point of view; to Bob, Brian Trist and the efficient Coke company; to Malcolm, an empty tube of Brylcreme and a mirror; to Dub, Tom, Tom, Bill, Brent, and Rob, summer baseball?; to Jeff, lunch, Granada Hills, and advanced chemistry; to Steve, a full length mirror; to Brent, well, he can have Oklahoma and the New York Mets; to Andy, a new bottle-bat and Fouky's on Friday afternoons; to Carter, Emil; to Emil, Carter; to Jim, 50 yard seats for all the upcoming UCLA football games; to Bill, baseballs and Biology; to Scropenflopper, his real name; to Mr. Werle, Fr. Gill, Mr. Thompson and the rest of the faculty, a sincere appreciation for six of the best years of my life. Finally to my little brother Joe, well, I can't leave him anything, he says he's perfect.

Jon LoPresti



CHANNING GEORGE LOWE

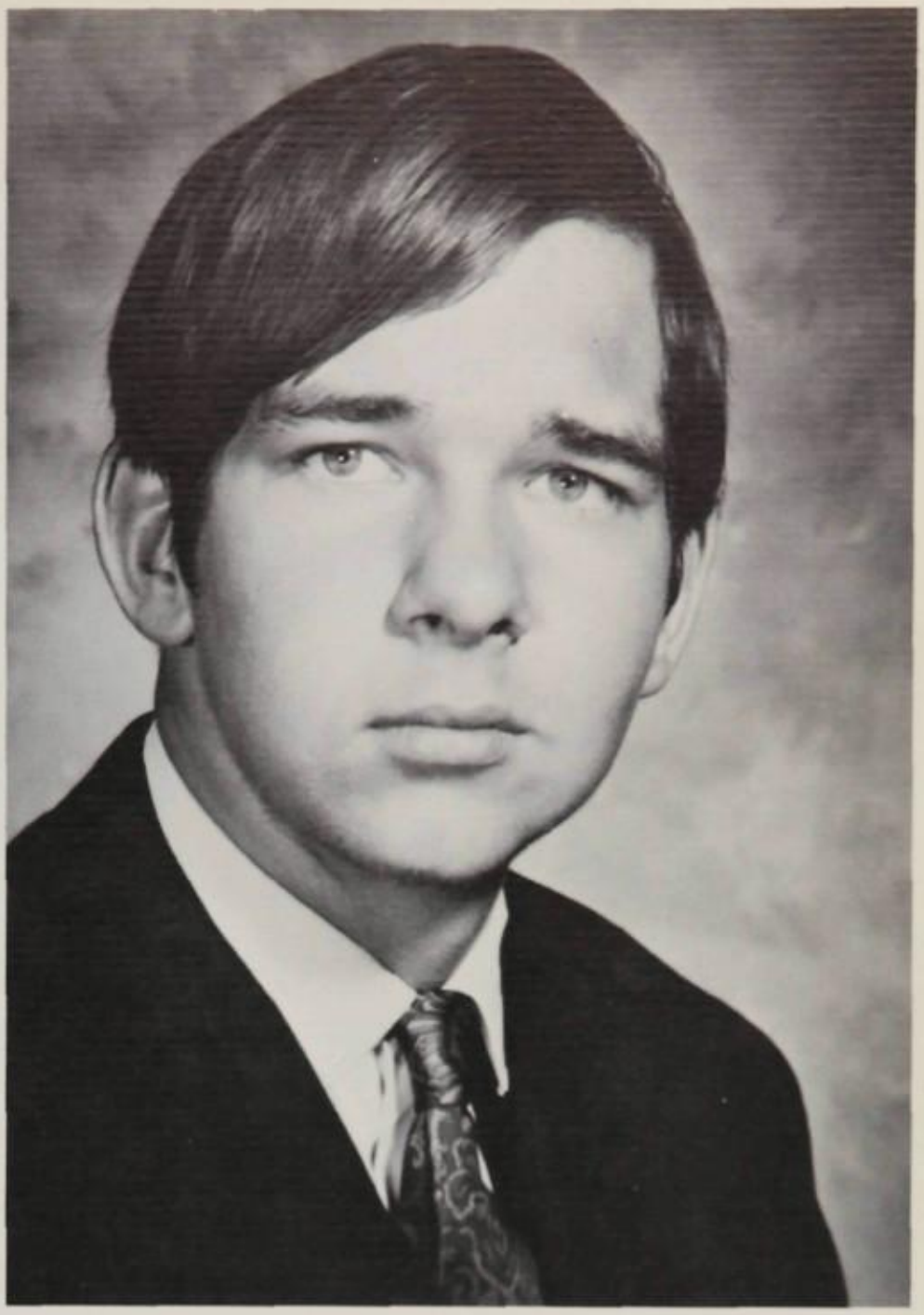
Varsity Track 10, 11, 12
Art Ed., HARVEST 12
Art Ed., PALANTIR 11
Contributor & Staff, PALANTIR 10
Glee Club 8
Band 8, 9, 10, 11, 12

I, Chan-Man, Choobyloo, Butters, Chan-Boy, am going to dump these goodies on a deserving few. To John, I leave fourteen years of the pleasure of my company; the doorless Apache, a half-full styrofoam coffee cup, a cab ride to north Dallas, white loafers, a jar of chocolate chip cookies and a ceaseless house guest. To Wessy, a refrigerator packed with lunch meats, godly perfection, depth perception, and a bagful of witty fabrications to satisfy his gullibility. To the Geek, I leave "the Babe", Hal Bacharach, the Carmen Gheek, the electric overdrive, and Stoned Back At Yale. To my buddy Phab, a "Better Camera", a jar of Compoz, night shots out the thirty-eighth floor of the Dorf, Hot Kosher Meat in Miami, a bottle of New York champagne in the sink, das Voigt, Captain Clyde Crashcloth and the Flying Erlenmeyer, and my Uncle Wally. To Phil D., pajama bottoms. To Roger, a pair of "Honest to God" Peter Fonda shades and a star spangled hog. To Sumper, a tune-up and an affectionate pound on the back. To Fud, a "Hch". To Tory, a pleasant Sunday afternoon "Conversation" on Roscomare Road and a book of diabolical recipes. To Father Gill, "Pie in the Sky" and a return of all the things I ever borrowed from him. To Mr. Miller, Mother Nature. To R.F., a ticket to Ode's funeral. To Father Chalmers, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Holmes, and all the others who kept me in line, my undying gratitude, and finally, to the Gang at the Top, my blessings.

Channing Lowe

THOMAS GRAHAM McCARTER

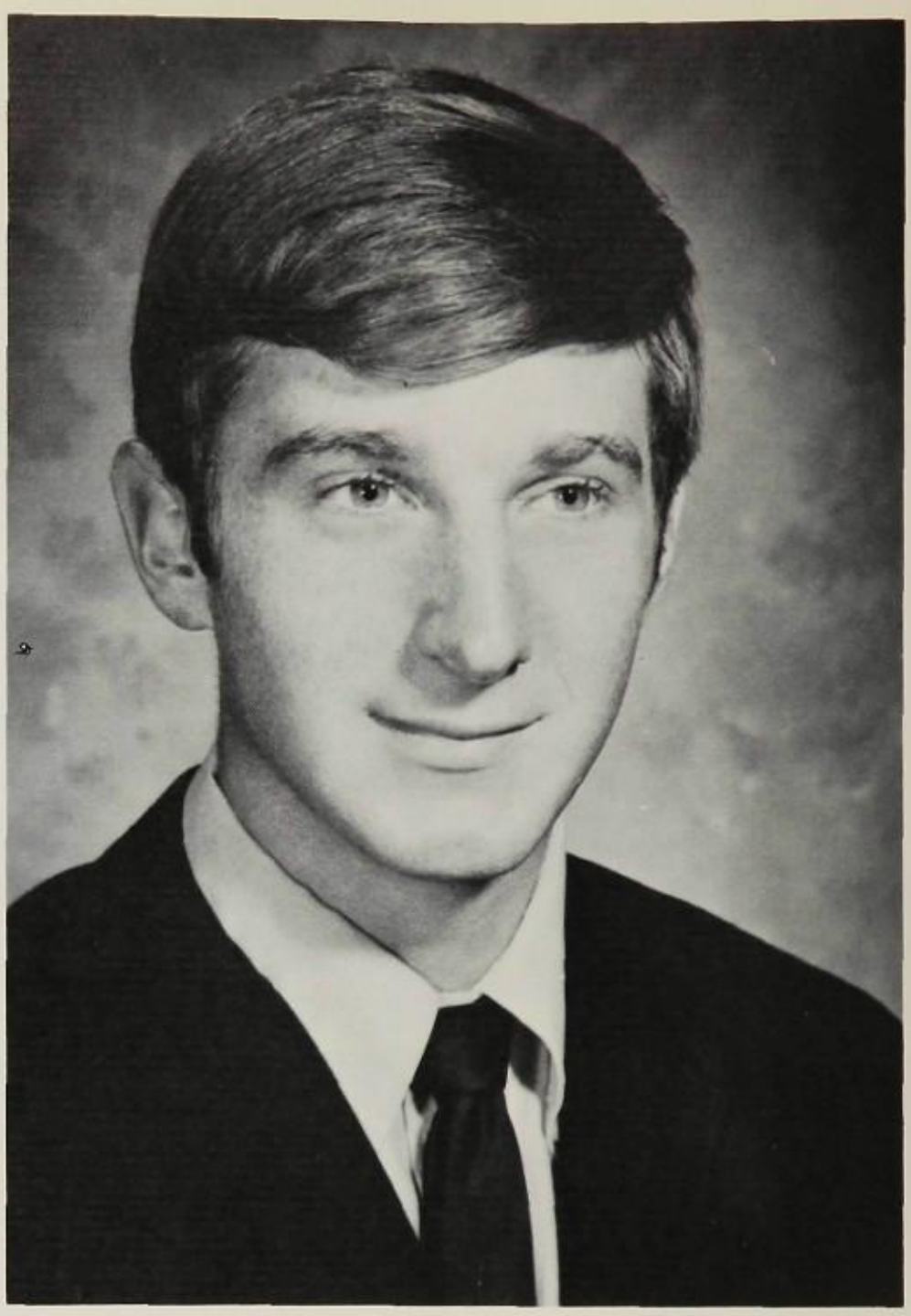
Drama Club 12
Badminton Team 11, 12
Rally Committee 11, 12
Tutoring Program 12
Mgr., Swimming 10
J.V. Football 9
J.V. Wrestling 9



High. I, Tom McCarter, do will the following items to the following people: to the gang, Bronson Park, sunshine, and the key to happiness; to Abdul, a violin case; to Crary, Pure Profit Products; to Art Thompson, reality; to Garth, thanks; to Heyes, the Harvard Varsity Badminton Team; to Dick, Flash, Gargoyle, and J. C., a PhD; to Cushing, a black glove; to Brian, Mulholland; to Peter V. S., arettes; to Don Thompson, a perfect class attendance record and B.Y.O.B.; to many other friends, "What do I get?"; to the Van Nuys Traffic Court, my license; to Harvard, my little brother who, with God's help, will grow up to be the model student I was; and finally, I say, Fuzz Cramchane, "What's got inta ya?" Bigh.

Tom McCarter.

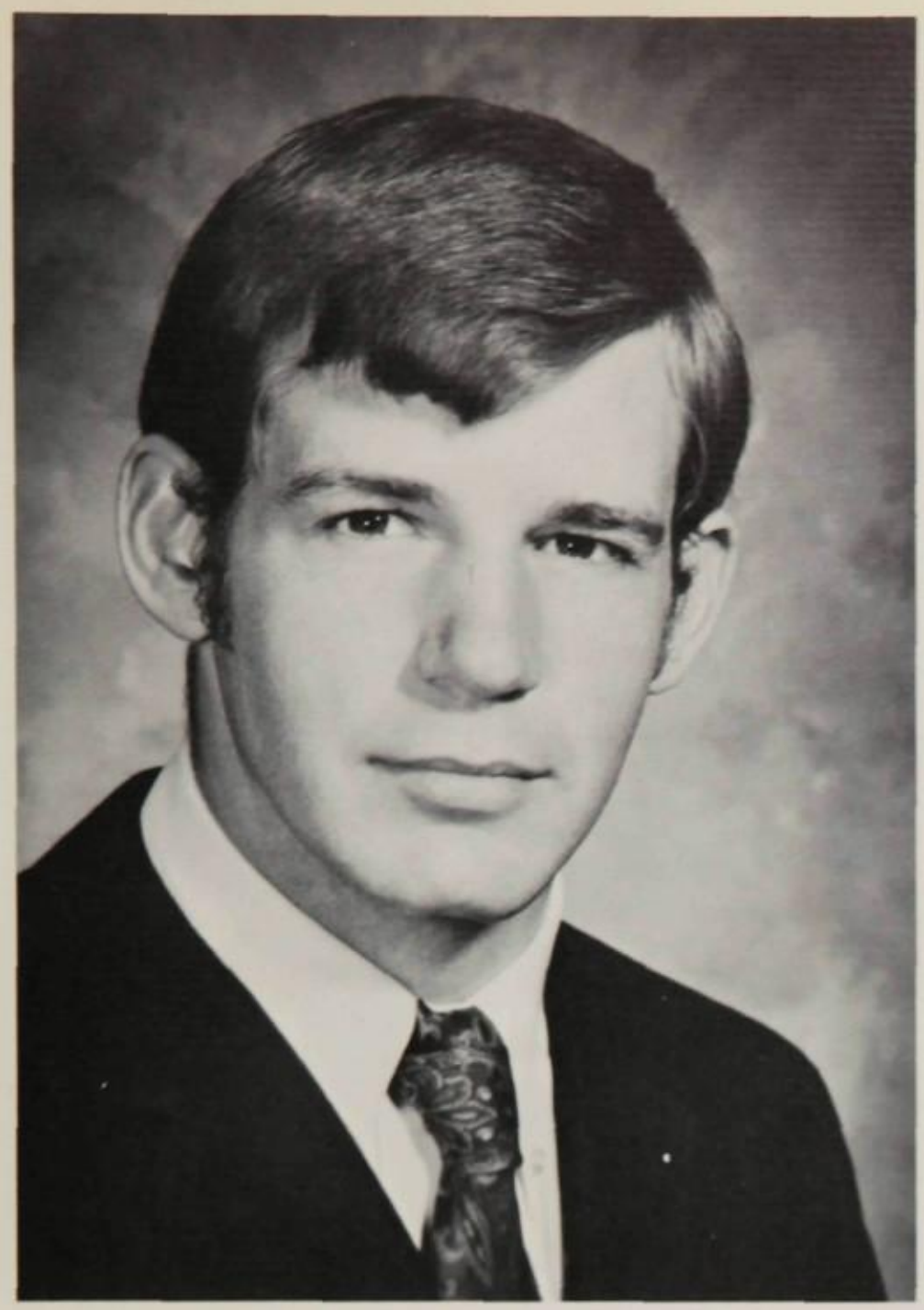
CRAIG JACQUES MENDELL



Entered '64; Red
Var Basketball 10, 11, 12
Mgr. 9

I, Craig Mendell, being of lanky body and petit quick mind, hereby relinquish the following gems of unestimatable worth: To Irv, unquestionable touch and three dozen soaked Winchell's donuts; To John, the thought that through my great kindness, Jenci has descended upon him; To Wes, Couz, the number of times he refused his dream date; To Steve, Molcan's harassing tactics and sense of fair play; To Koon a return pass and #3; To Dave, Harvard Day 1968 and his ride home; To Jim, Marge and Sally via Quin, and our happy days during the summer and early fall. Lastly, To Father Chalmers, Mr. Read, Mr. Maddox, and Father Gill, thanks for their understanding and guidance through the last six years.

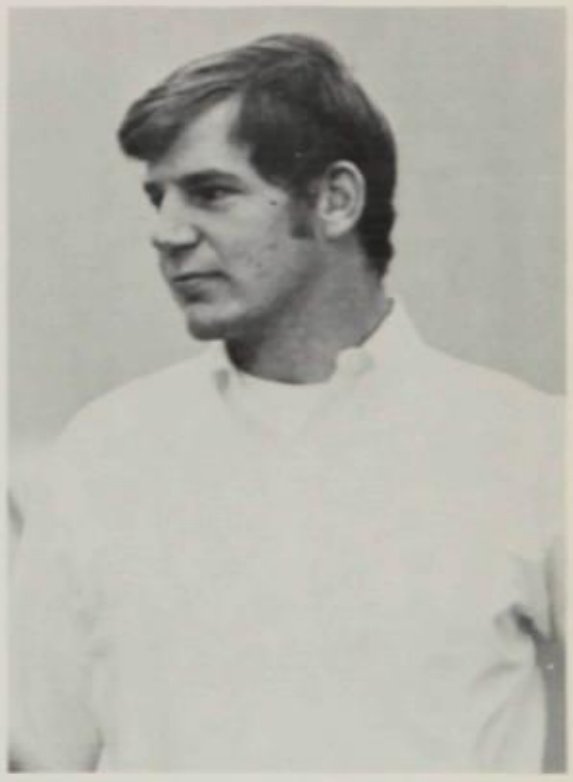
Craig Mendell



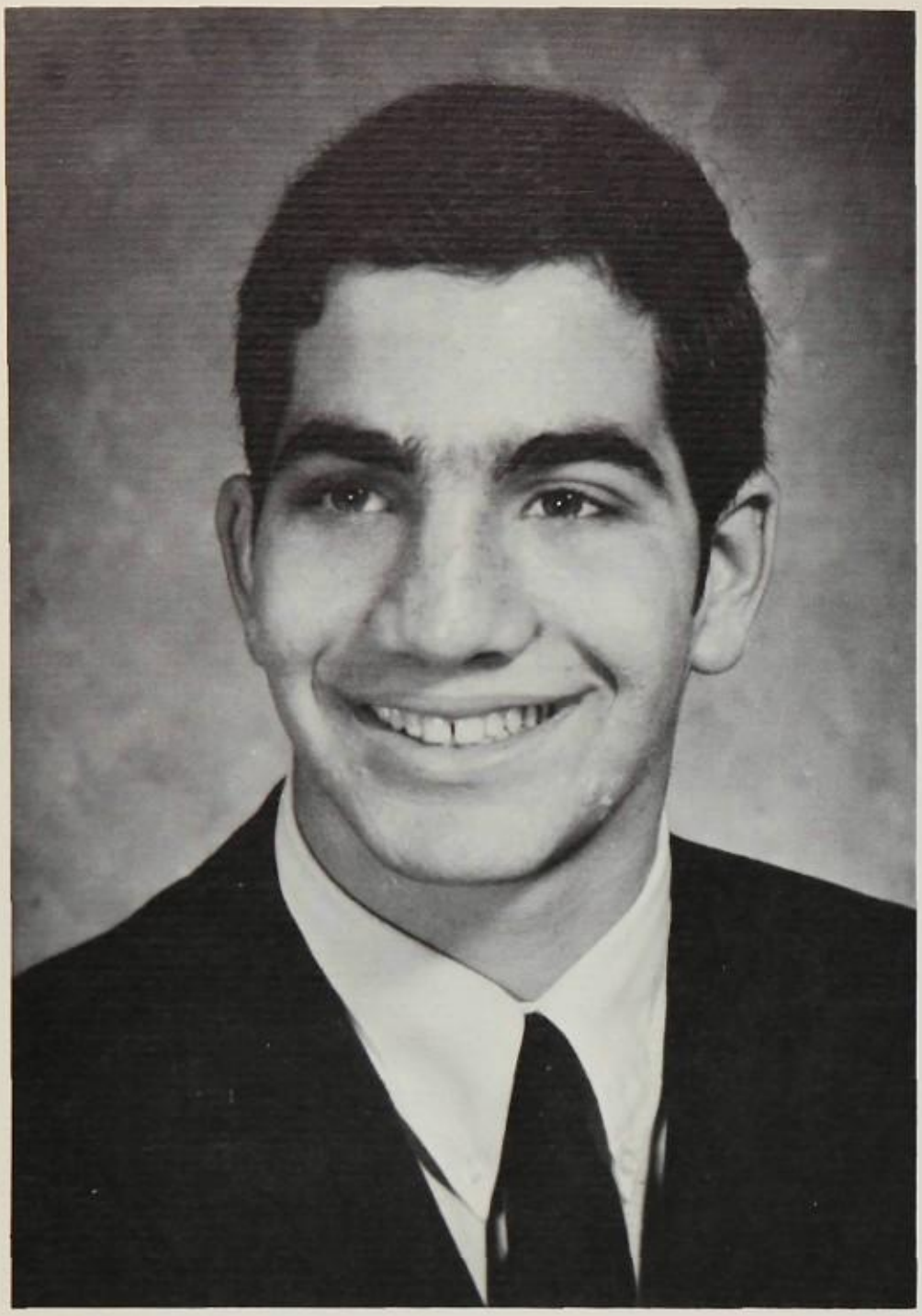
MARSHALL MARTIN MERCER, II

Arrived '68; Red
Varsity Football 11, 12
Varsity Swimming 11, 12

I, Marty Mercer, *being fragile of body and mechanical of mind*, would like at this time to bestow the deepest gratitude to the Harvard School. In my brief presence here I have experienced a few things which may be of little significance to most, but are of quite some importance to me. One of the nicest things I feel, is the closeness of being a part of the Class of '70. Also, having had the opportunity to be a student under such excellent instructors, gives me a feeling of being quite privileged. So, at the end of my senior year, I would like to thank my coaches, *instructors and colleagues for putting up with the boy who had* such an affection for bananas.



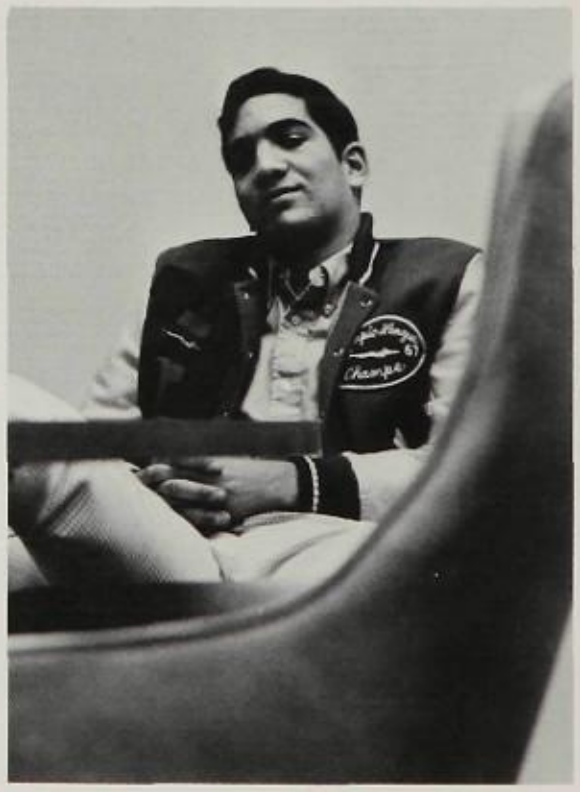
Marty Mercer



MICHAEL ANTHONY MEYER

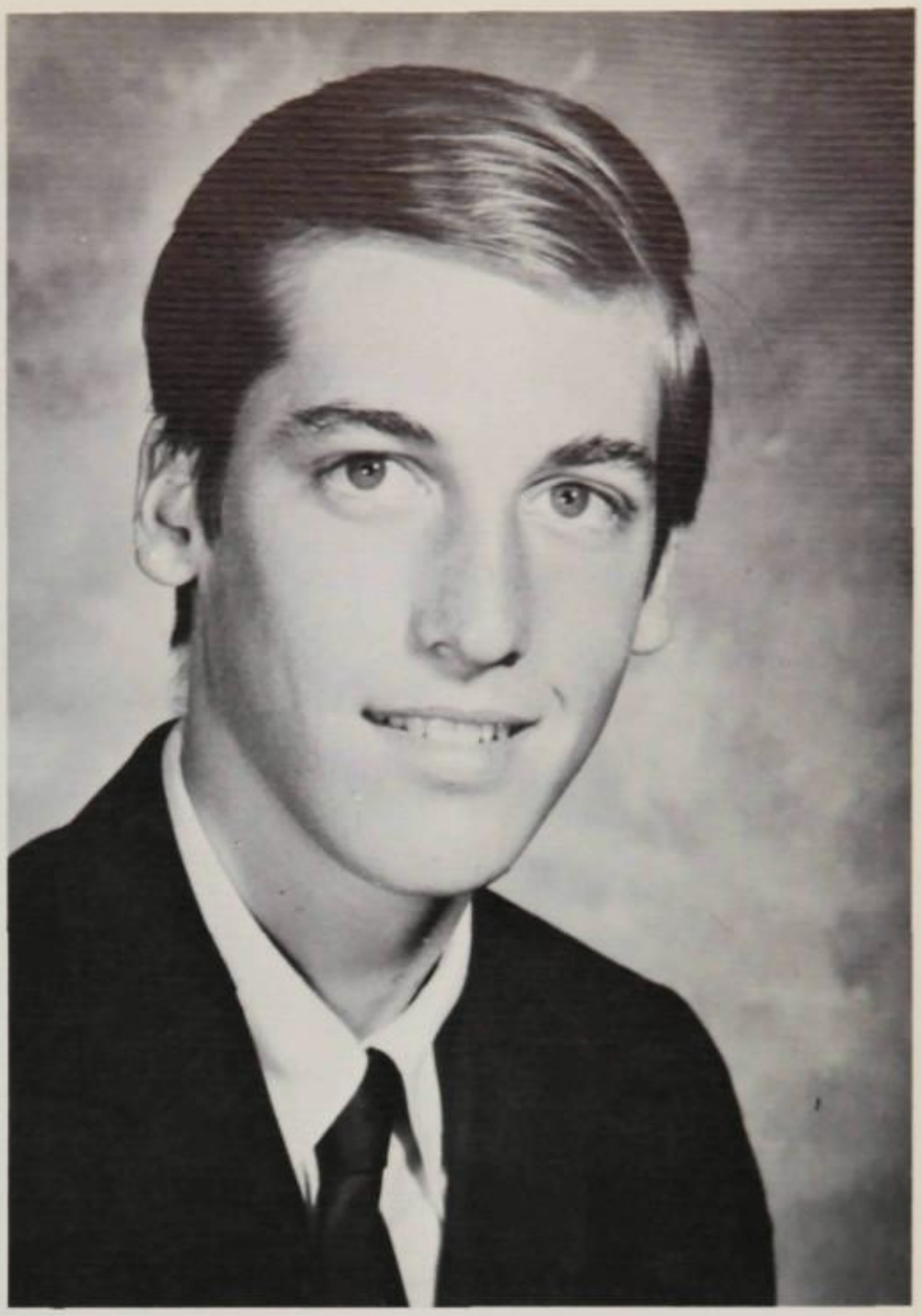
Entered '65; Red
5th Prefect 12
Student Council 11, Sec'y 12
Student Committee 12
SENTINEL ANNUAL 11, Editor 12
Drama Club 12
Rally Committee 12
Var Swimming 9, 10, 11, 12
Var Water Polo 12
JV Water Polo 11
JV Cross Country 10
Faculty Committee 11, 12
PALANTIR 10, 11
SENTINEL BULLETIN 9, 10, 11, 12
Academic Honor Society 10, 11, 12
Mickey Awards 9, 10, 11, 12
Pres., L.A. Forum

I, Mike Meyer, having left all my humor and vindictiveness elsewhere in this manuscript (?), will utilize this space simply to thank those who, with nothing to gain, gave of themselves to help a determined young man. To Rich Baskin, John Barnard, Bob Bonner, Tommy Smith, Geoff Koziol, Shawn Smith, Rick Kent, Buzz Thompson, Jeff Comfort, Brad Coates, Davis Masten, Paul Kanin, and Eric Pommer, thanks for their support and recognition of the fact that I could do a good job. To Bob Hawn, Andy Lockton, Mike Wagner, and Phil Davis, my gratitude for their friendship. All gave me the will and trust not merely to endure, but to make good. To the entire Faculty, past and present, I am the proof of their patience. A special thanks to Madame Marissael for her years of demanding my best and for her belief that I had it in me to give and to Father Gill, my sincerest thanks for the intellectual participation and the philosophical and spiritual companionship that we shared. To Father and Mrs. Chalmers, I humbly thank you for all the opportunities that you afforded me. To my brothers Peter and John, I wish the best of what I enjoyed, the worst of what I experienced, and the ability to gain the most from them both. To my parents, love. To Mr. Berrisford and the Ameers, more thanks than I could ever hope to express for your friendship and encouragement and I leave a great Junior class to continue to support you. Again to the Ameers, thank you for making my Senior year livable and worthwhile. I tried.

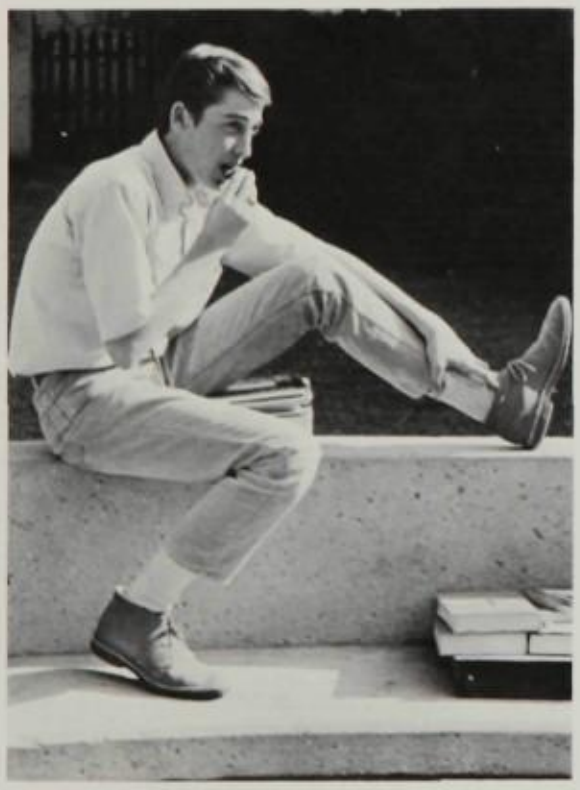


John Hancock

JEFFREY SCOTT PARK



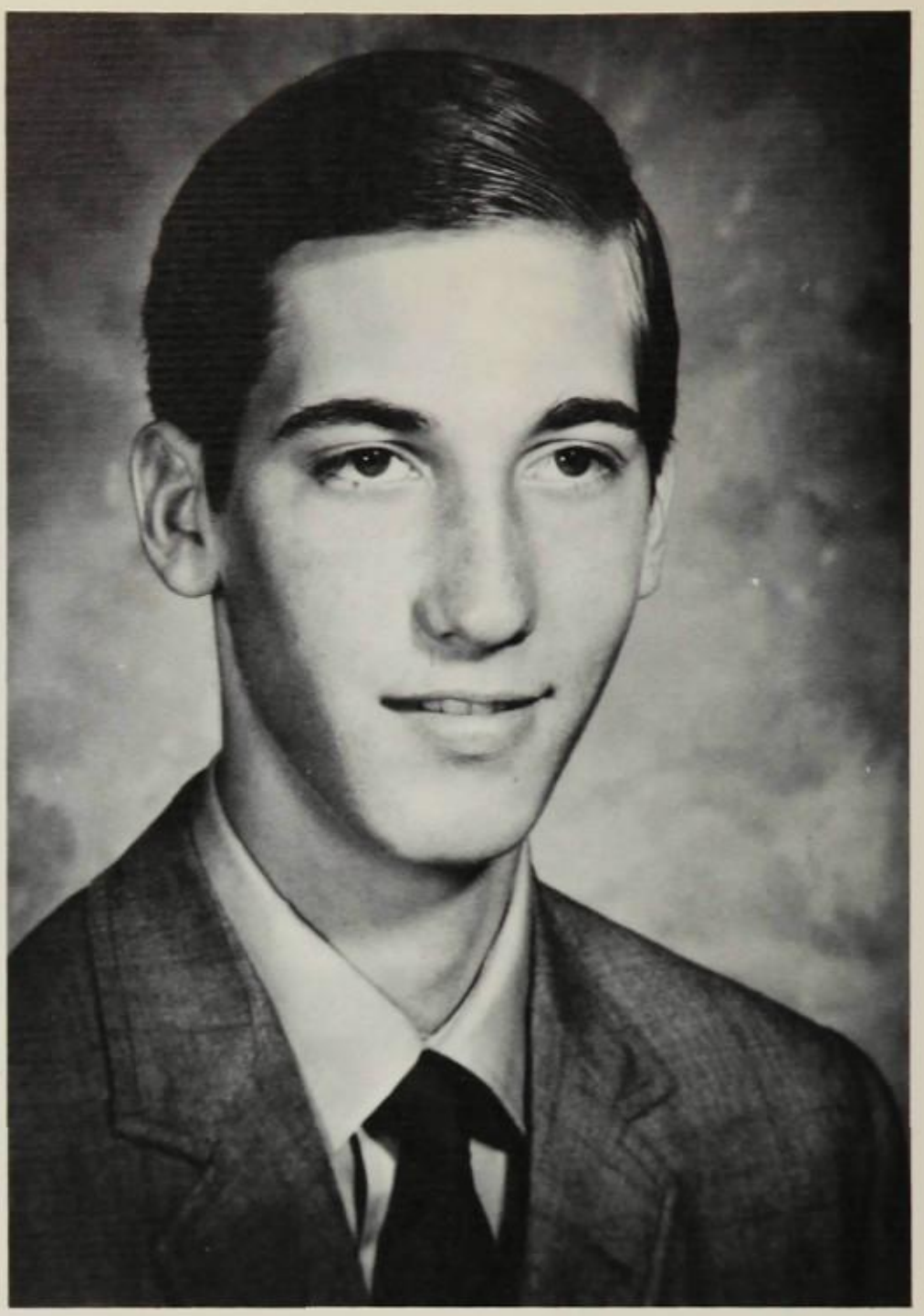
Entered '64; Green
Business Staff, SENTINEL BULLETIN 11
Rally Committee 12
Bus. Mgr. SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
Water Polo 12
Class Secretary-Treasurer 7



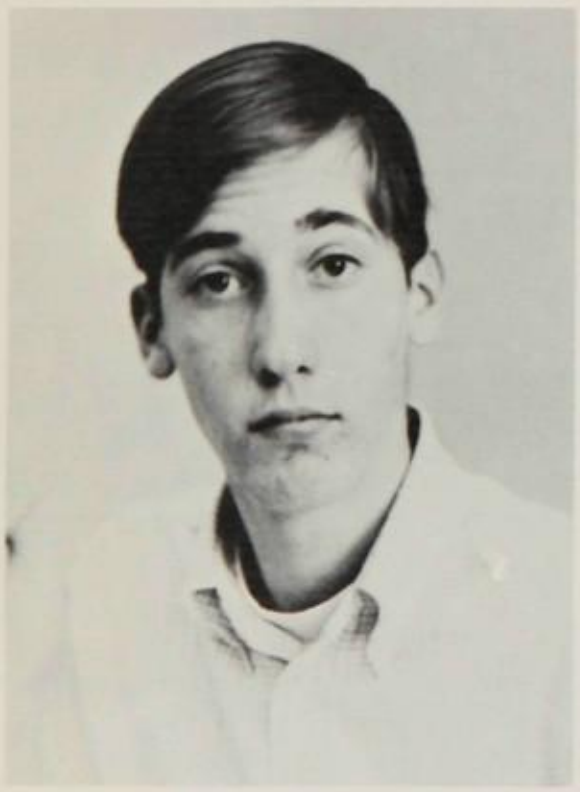
Scott Park

I, Scott Park, commonly known as "Greggy", J. S., "Now don't tell me . . .", and the Other Half, being of debatable mind and doubtful body, do hereby relinquish the following people to the following items: to Tex, the supreme satisfaction that I made it; to Steve Shaw, Jim Milner, and may he wear him in good health; to C. Z. Wick, the Los Angeles Times; to Tory Smith, the Mt. Baldy Bunny Hill on a rainy day; to Keith Quinlivan, Barnes Hall, some 29c (a gallon) wine, and an open window; to Ron Claiborne, Mr. McFadden; to Mike Meyer, M. A. M. Productions and the Four Oaks Farm Mobile; to "Byron" Kite, a Porsche 911S and bail money; to Mr. Howard, the book, DISCIPLINE IS THE KEY TO SUCCESS; and to Val, his own record player, his own car, his own shower, his own clothes, and his own identity. I would also like to express my deep gratitude to Mr. Hughes, Fr. Chalmers, Mr. Woods, Fr. Edwards, Fr. Gill, and Mr. McPherson for guiding and helping me through my six long years at Harvard. I wish, especially, to thank my parents for making Harvard possible for me, for without their encouragement, I may never have graduated from Harvard School.

VAL DAVID PARK

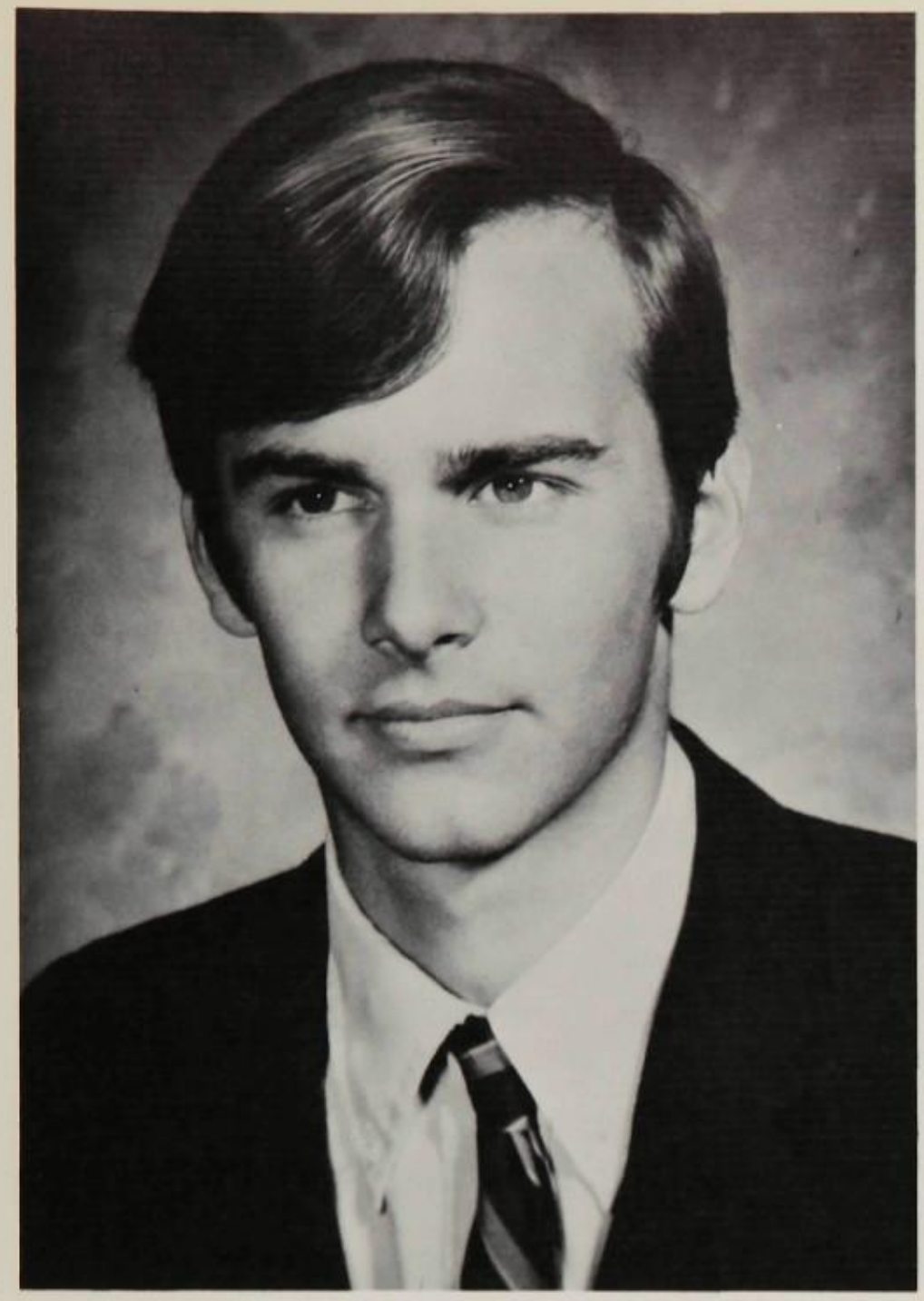


Entered '64; Green
J.V. Football 9, 10
Honor Guard 10, 11
Staff, SENTINEL BULLETIN 11, 12
Rally Committee 12



Val Park

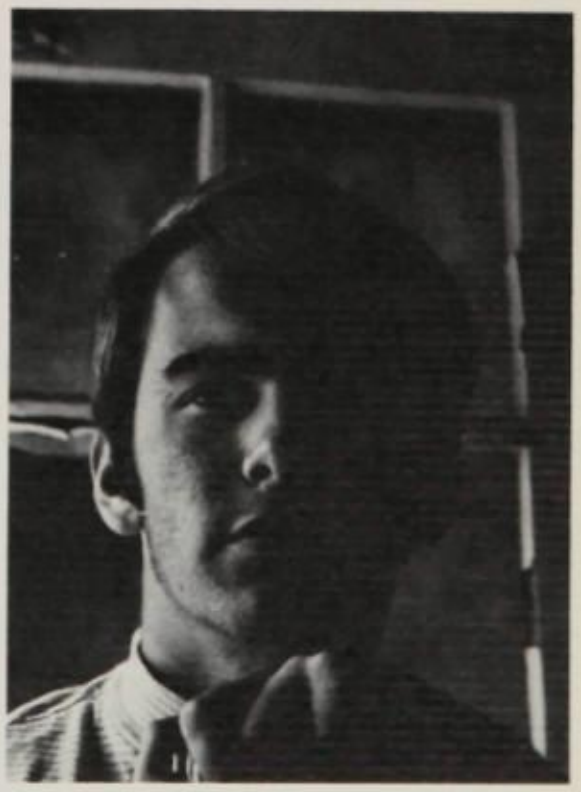
I, Val Park, alias Gregson, Scott, "Val(?)", and, "Is that short for Valentine?", do hereby bequeath to the following: to Brian, a two-week vacation at Mammoth with all the essentials, including a fast car, a warm hat, and other unmentionables; to Scott, a car all his own, a lifetime subscription to SKI magazine, and sincere hope that he makes the best of the next four years wherever he winds up; to Ron, George Wallace and honorary membership in the KKK; to Tom, the Rally Committee room, and a pack of cigarettes (or whatever he smokes); to Don Thompson, Jeff Maillian; to Mr. Hoeland, Mr. Roberts, and to my parents, a sincere and true gratitude for giving me the opportunity to receive the finest education possible. Also I would like to congratulate Mr. Berrisford and Mr. Ameer on their first very successful year at Harvard, and I hope their success continues through the following years.



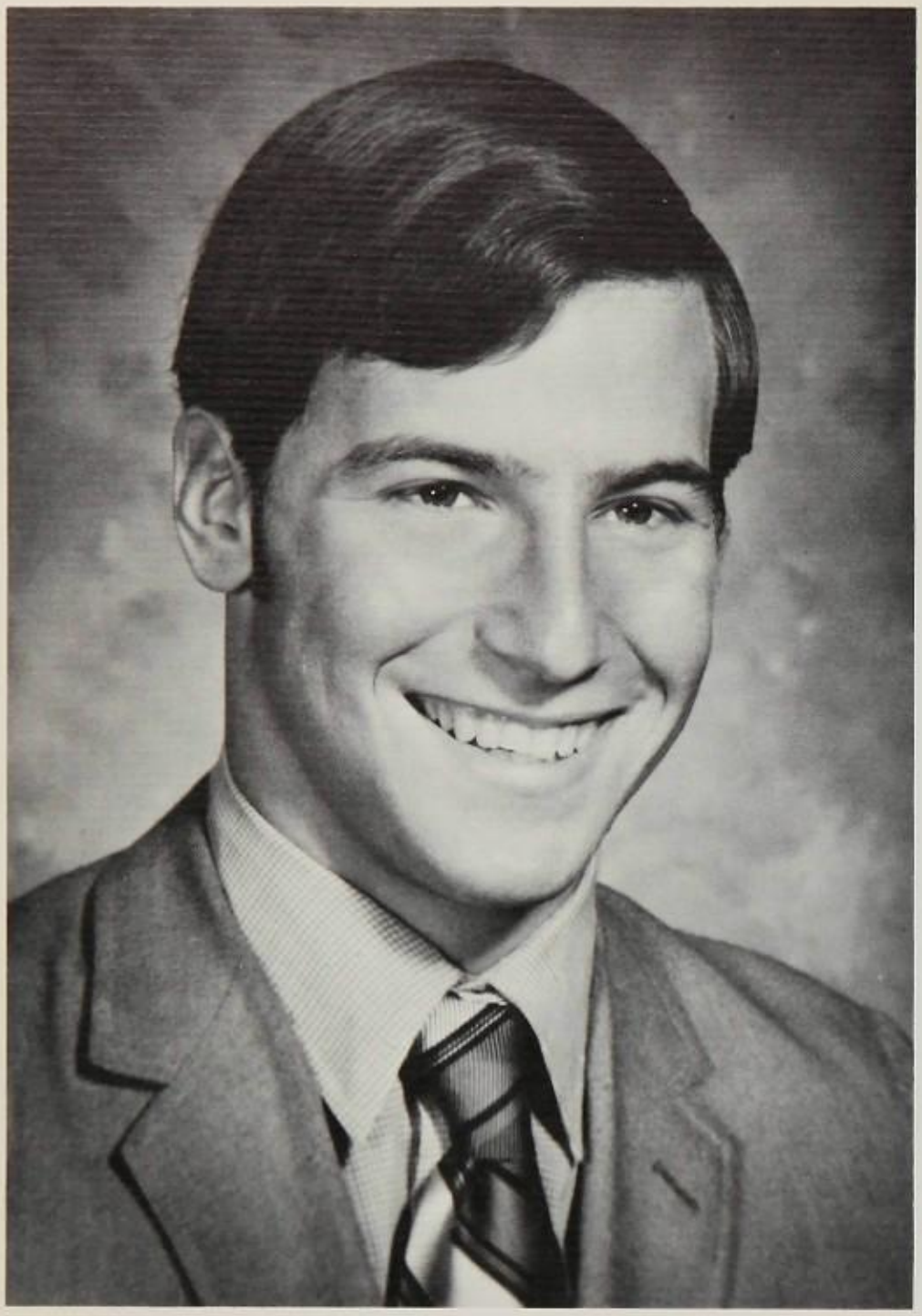
PHILIP ASHBRIDGE PERKINS

Entered '65; Red
SENTINEL ANNUAL 12
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12
HARVEST 12
Var Track 11, 12
B Track 10
C Track 9
C Basketball 9

I, Philip A. Perkins, variously known as Phabulous Phil or Derkins, do solemnly impart these treasures to their unworthy recipients: to John G., Leapin' Lou, the entire metropolis of Riverside, and the "Gilmore Band"; to Channa-Banana, Mervin the Magician; to Tory, Madame and vocab list; to Utah Lenscap Hibbard, Coach Bayless and a telephoto lens that is self-assembling; to Mr. Hays, two more years of Geometry; to Bobby, the "Harvard 400" and the BULLETIN darkroom; to "Daddy Carl", "Professor" Hoyle; to my brother dear, another year at Harvard; to Mike Meyer, a six-page will and all the proof sheets he can eat; to Da-Fudd, his own throne in the annual office; to Johns W. and I., Hancock Park, four years of cotillion and the YMCA. Lastly, I leave hope for the future of this school, and thanks to everyone in it for the experience they have provided for me. I go knowing that I take with me infinitely more than that with which I came.



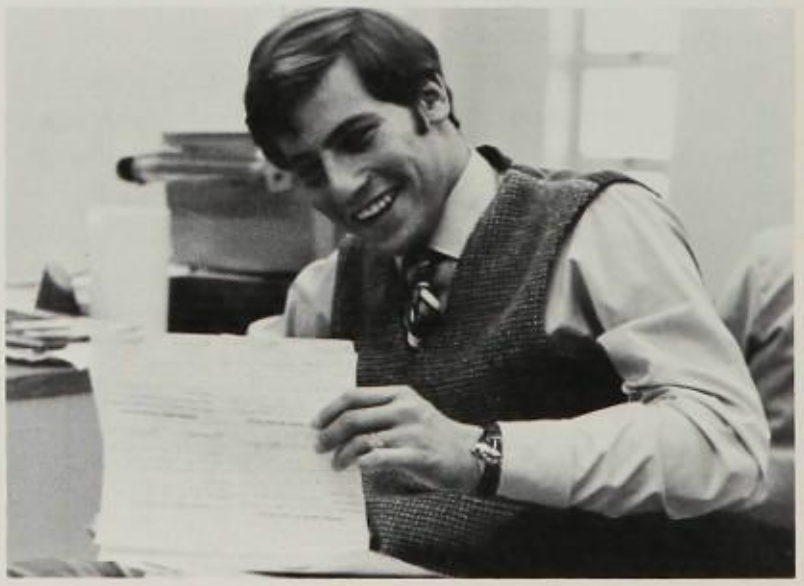
Phil Perkins



JAMES JOSEPH PREIS

National Merit Scholar 12
Class Secretary-Treasurer 12
Rally Committee 11, 12
Business Manager, SENTINEL ANNUAL 12
Drama Club 11
Varsity Football 11, 12
Rugby 11, 12

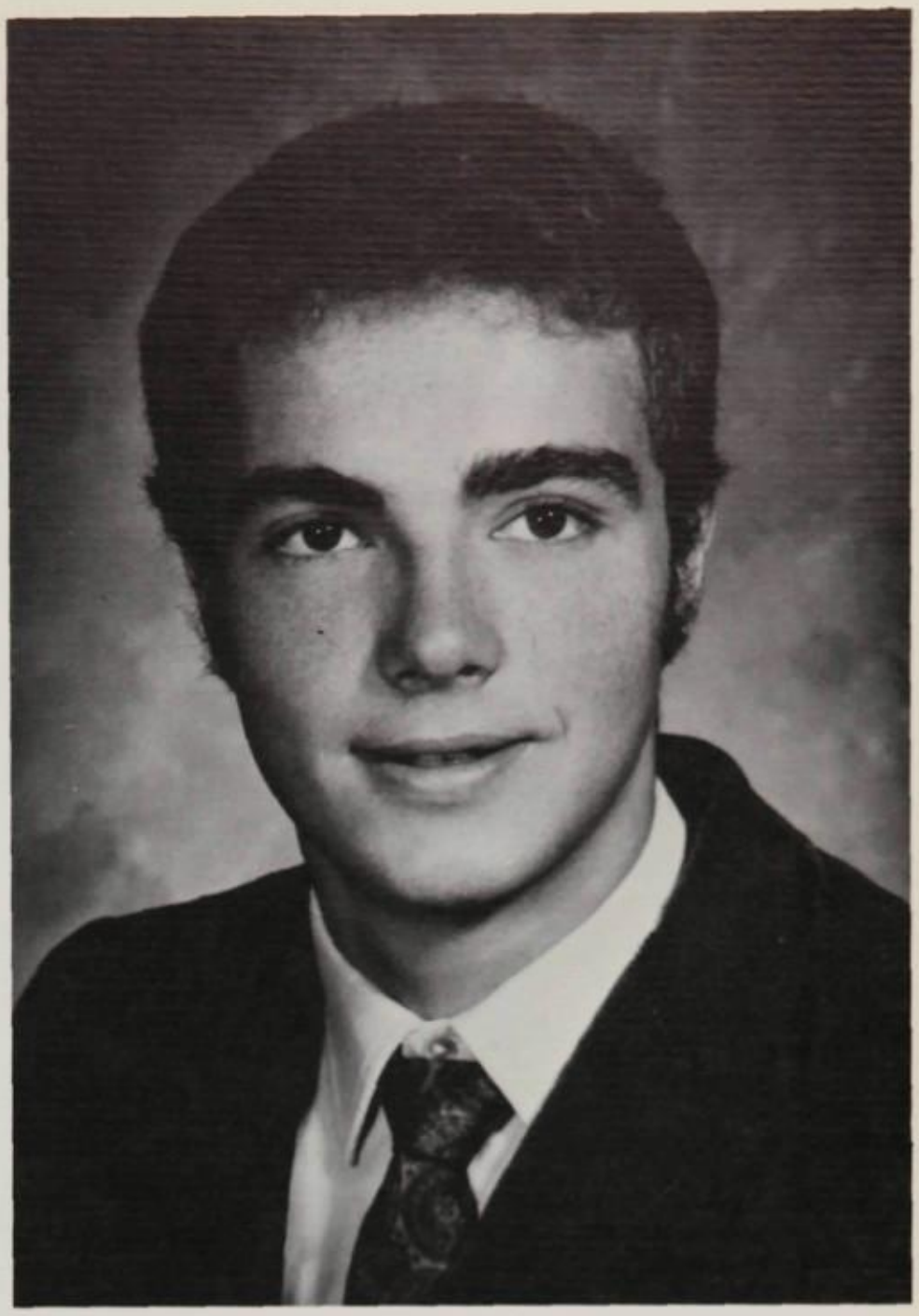
When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to dissolve the educational bonds which have connected a person with an institution, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of college admission so entitle him, then at that time it is necessary to take inventory of one's faculties and discard those things which serve only to clutter the mind and impair mental processes. Thus, for the forestated reasons, I, James Joseph Preis, being of slow body and indefinite mind, do hereby leave the following particulars to those persons who so merit them: to Chip, a glazed donut; to Matt, a twelve inch piano player; to Irv, "slipper power"; to Mark, a neighborhood where you can park your car without fear; to Kirby, Rick, Jeff, Mark, and Al, good luck, 'cause you'll need it; to Greg, a minimal sum and the knowledge that one day you too will be lucky; to Chuck, Roger, and the rest of the Marx Bros., a moment of silence; to Mike, Bob, and Dave, "You can't judge a book by its cover."; and to the faculty and administration of Harvard, and especially to Mr. Woods, my deepest thanks for all your efforts.

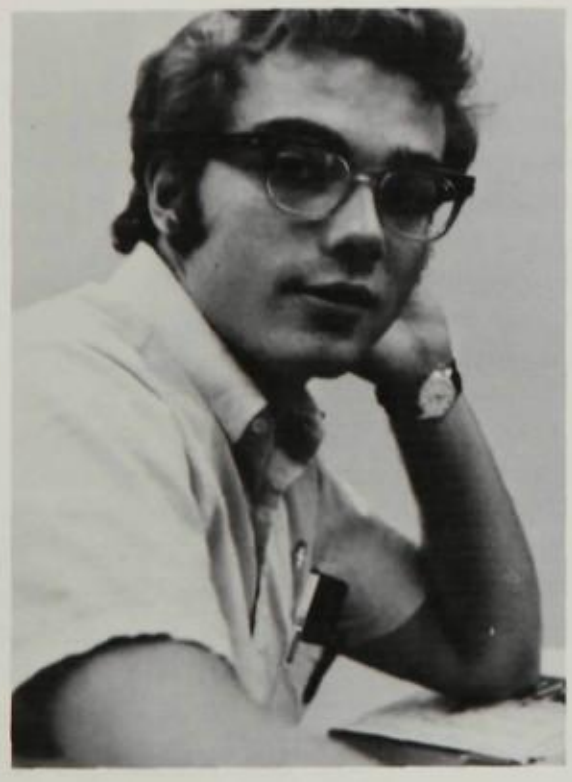


James J. Preis

KEITH RHUN QUINLIVAN

Entered Feb. '66
Varsity Water Polo 12
Varsity Rugby 12
J.V. Water Polo 11
J.V. Football 9, 10
J.V. Rugby 9, 10, 11



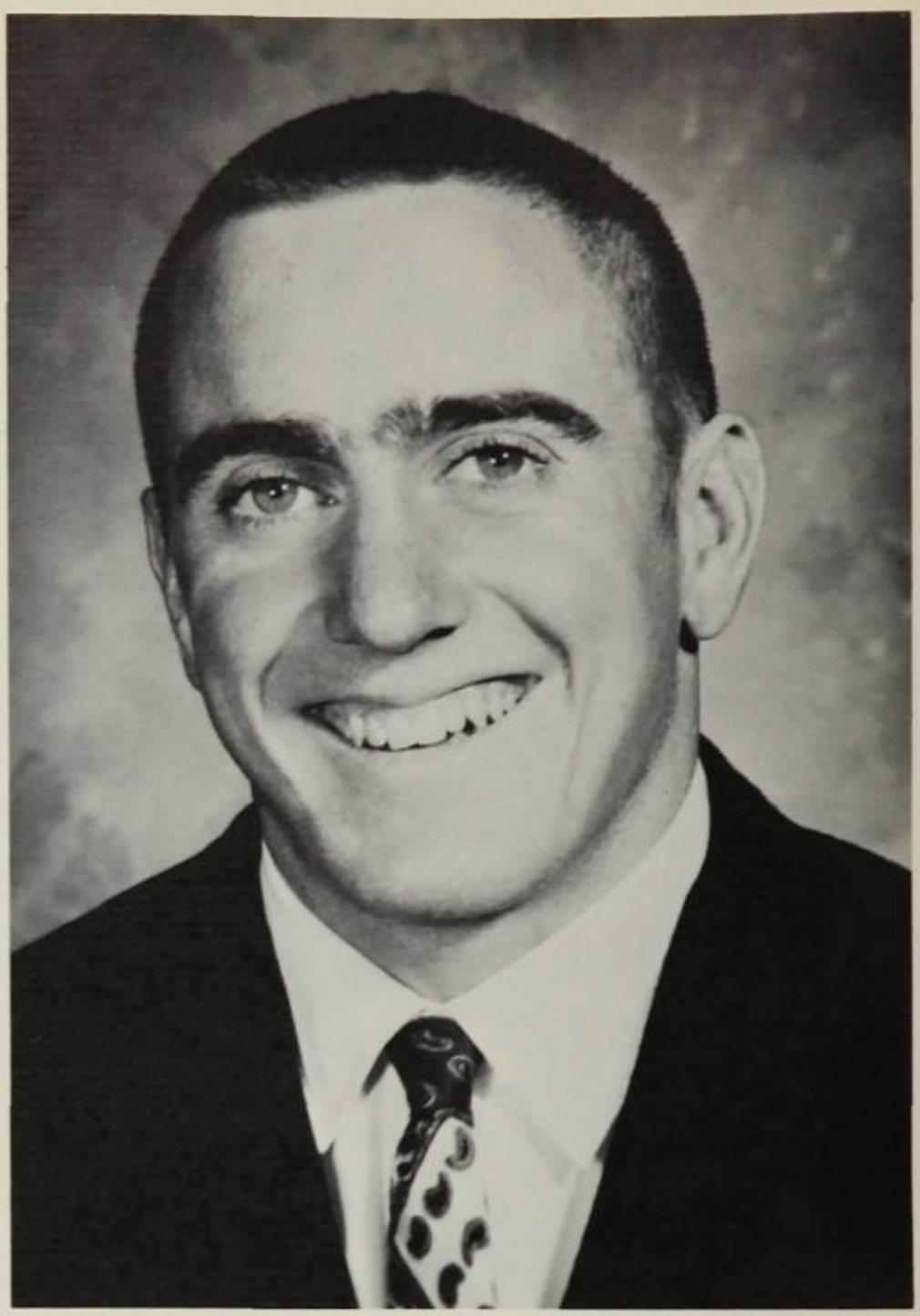


I, Q, being of approbrious body and pernicious mind, do bequeath the following tripe to their worthy recipients. To James III, a smog device. To Woo, Bill, and Mr. Bobs, a fog horn and a sand bar that wasn't there. To Marty, one choata suitable for chewing. To Bub, a crucifix that shoots bullets. To Don, Sandy, Julian and other organ enthusiasts. To Bortho, a timely remark. To Mr. McCleery, a room with wall-to-wall ball bearings. To the Water Polo team, the loss of their shallow-end goalie. To Andy, STP stickers to make the bean buggy go faster. To Lockton, a button to destroy the world with. To Sarge, a Superior rating. To Mr. and Mrs. A. Thompson, Mr. Stewart, and my English teachers, wherever they may be, thanks for being there. And finally to complement his fine collection of shining status symbols, I bequeath to Father Gill another graven image to kneel before and worship.

Keith R. Quinlivan

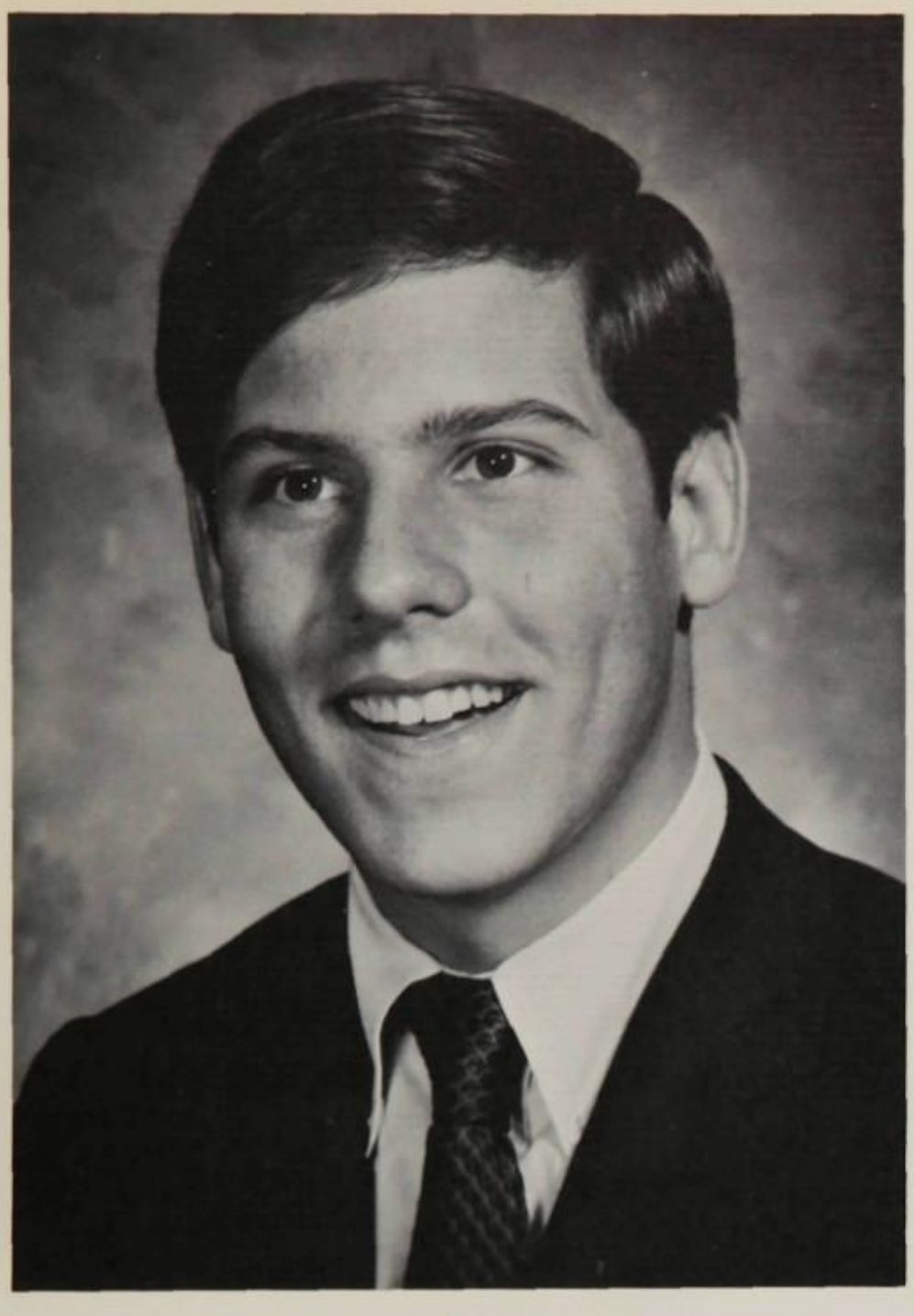
BEATTY HAIG RAMSAY, JR.

2nd Prefect 12
SENTINEL BULLETIN 11, 12
Class VP 10, 11
Var Rugby 9, 10, 11, 12
Var Track 9, 10, 11, 12
Var Football 11, 12 Capt.
JV Football 9, 10
All-C.I.F., All-League, All-Valley Football 12



Chip Ramsay

I, Chip Ramsay, also known as Rip, and Beatty, being of infected body and affected mind, do hereby leave the following treasures to their deserving recipients: To Bob, Roberto Clemente's batting average, my hands, and the hope that some day Stanford will beat USC; to Scotty, "Feenix?" and "Something weird"; to Irv, a detailed map of Napoli Drive and the knowledge that Pacific Palisades is a community infinitely superior to Hancock Park; to Mark and Bill, a book entitled PLAYING SARDINES TO WIN; to Hocher, a bedful of toenails; to the Marx Brothers, crash helmets and a trapeze; to Charlie, a Mattel printing press; to Eke, a roller derby scholarship to USC; to Woody and Bill, a year's supply of permission slips; to Preis, a 6-man football scholarship to North Middle-Eastern Montana State; to Bear, a training scholarship to UCLA; to Randy, a fun airplane ride; to Kirby, "the Duke"; to Marty, my dog; to Doug, some rugby pictures; and to Nate, a ride to Boron and my hat. I leave thanks to the Harvard faculty especially Mr. McCleery, Mr. Clark, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Archer, Mr. Stewart; to Coaches Carlson, McFadden and Ryave; and to Fr. Chalmers and Mr. Berrisford. Finally, I thank my parents for enabling me to attend a great school.

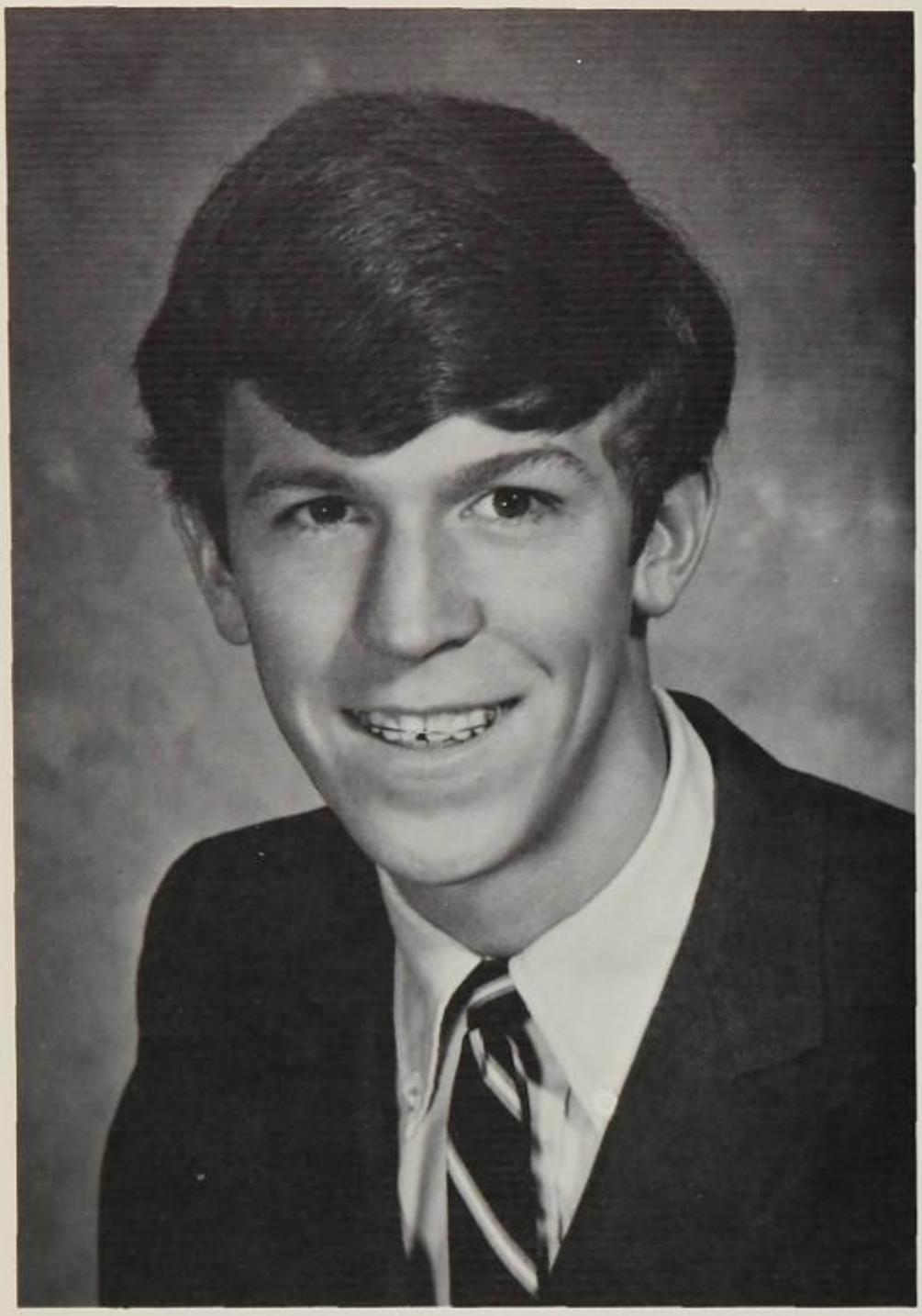


PETER DWIGHT LOWELL RICH

Baseball 11, 12

I, Peter Dwight Lowell Rich, leave to Father Chalmers my immeasurable gratitude and warmest respect; to Lett, the gold pass and the Mauna Kea; to Chris, some respect for the law, the stage, the gym, and the U. S. Army; and to Jim, my knowledge of calculus and the ability to get some work done during first period in the Physics lab. I also leave my most heartfelt thanks to those who made the evening of September 11, 1969 at Chasen's one of those days one never forgets. In the order in which they sat, so that I will never forget, my love always Bobbie, Linda, Tim, Sue, Chris, Helen, Lett, and Caroline. To Linda I leave a thanks that surpasses description for a saint-like job well done and a deep and lasting friendship; to Sue, yellow roses forever, fun in the Golden Fleece, driving by the Madam's with heart attacks in twenty directions, fun in the Mercedes and evenings at the theatre; and to Harvard, thanks for the two best years of my life.

Peter Rich



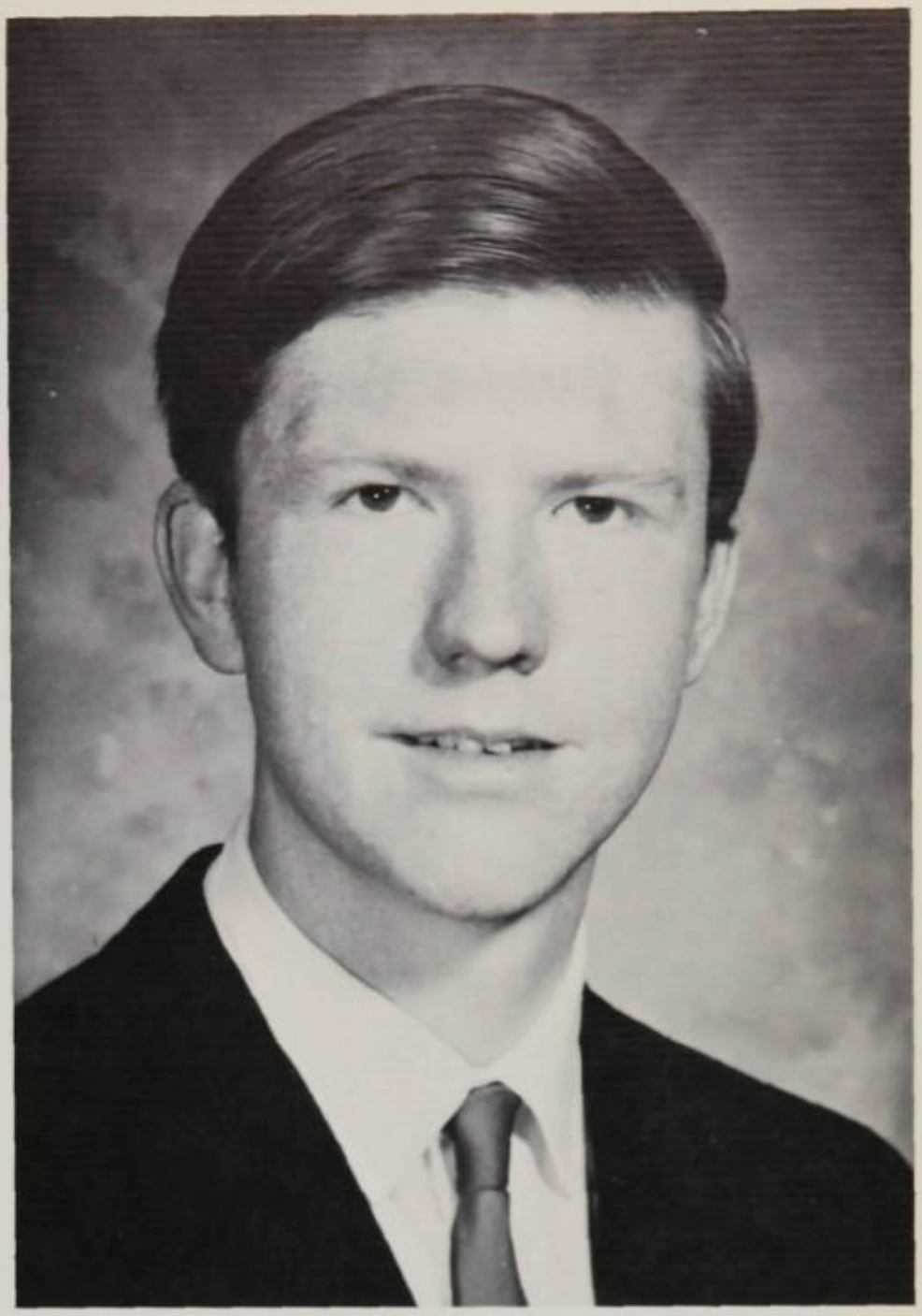
CHARLES WILLIAM RUSSELL, JR.

Entered '64; White
J.V. Football 9, 10, 11
League Champs, J.V. Football 11
Varsity Wrestling 10, 11, 12
Drill Team 11

I, Charlie Russell, alias Charlie Russell, being of fairly sound body, and slightly confused mind, do hereby leave the following things to the following people. To Buzz, a lot of good times, with more to come, one small tree, one R.T.D. sign, one Gorman Mortuary bus bench, and except for the talkings of a mother, an almost well kept secret between he, Jaime, and me. To Dickie, being All- League at Quarterback, a 25-0 record in wrestling, and a good looking blonde that loves . . . To Bob B. good luck with his new car, and to Dave, a "Khavett 24." To Jeff, alias the Zodiac, the book "Quotable Quotes From the *Magnificent Seven*", and a schedule that is this tough, next year. (like Mech. Draw. & Am. Lit.) To C.Z., more pre-wrestling coaching, and to D.Z., three more years. To Chuck and Roger, more block football games, and to Laird, a V.C. linebacker. To Jay, more plans to save us, and speaking for both of us, to Mr. Ameer, we leave. Finally, thanks to my sister for helping me through the tough parts, my parents for letting me come to this school, and special thanks to these teachers: Mr. Solon, Mr. Cole, Fr. Gill, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Roberts, Coaches Hines, Davis, Bayless and Bache, and everyone else who made these six years at Harvard great ones.

Charlie Russell

WILLIAM ALAN RUSSELL



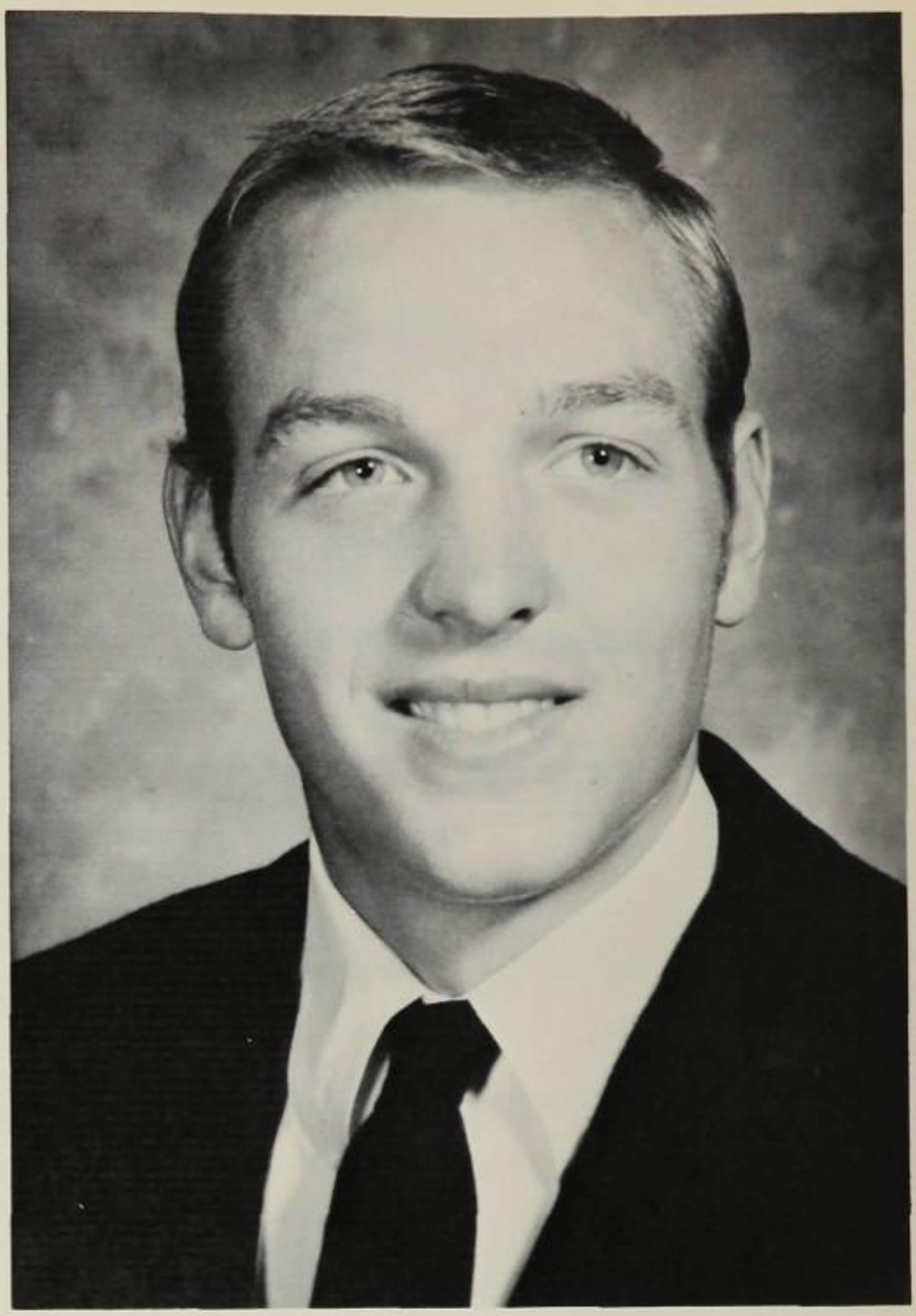
Entered '64; Red
Rensselaer Math and Science
Award 11
Academic Honor Society 10, 11, 12
Honor Guard 10
Drill Team 11
C Basketball 9

Bill Russell

I, Bill Russell, being the sole remaining redhead in the Senior Class, and having put up with being called "Carrot Man" and being told my head was on fire, do hereby leave the following: to Wag, a trash can big enough to hold the "Prinz"; to Jim, first place at Indianapolis and his own bottle of red ink to play in and drink; to Andy and Matt, success with "A & M Enterprises"; to Nato, several more wasted Saturdays in the lab; to Fruity, his own car; for future advanced Physics students, a trip to "Ernie's Taco House"; to Carter, a lab that he can blow up; to Mr. Archer, a new grading system; to Mr. Clark, a lifetime free lunch pass, including Coors at Art's Deli; and finally, to Fr. Chalmers, Mr. Berrisford, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Clark, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Holmes, and Fr. Grant, my gratitude and appreciation for guiding me during the past six years.

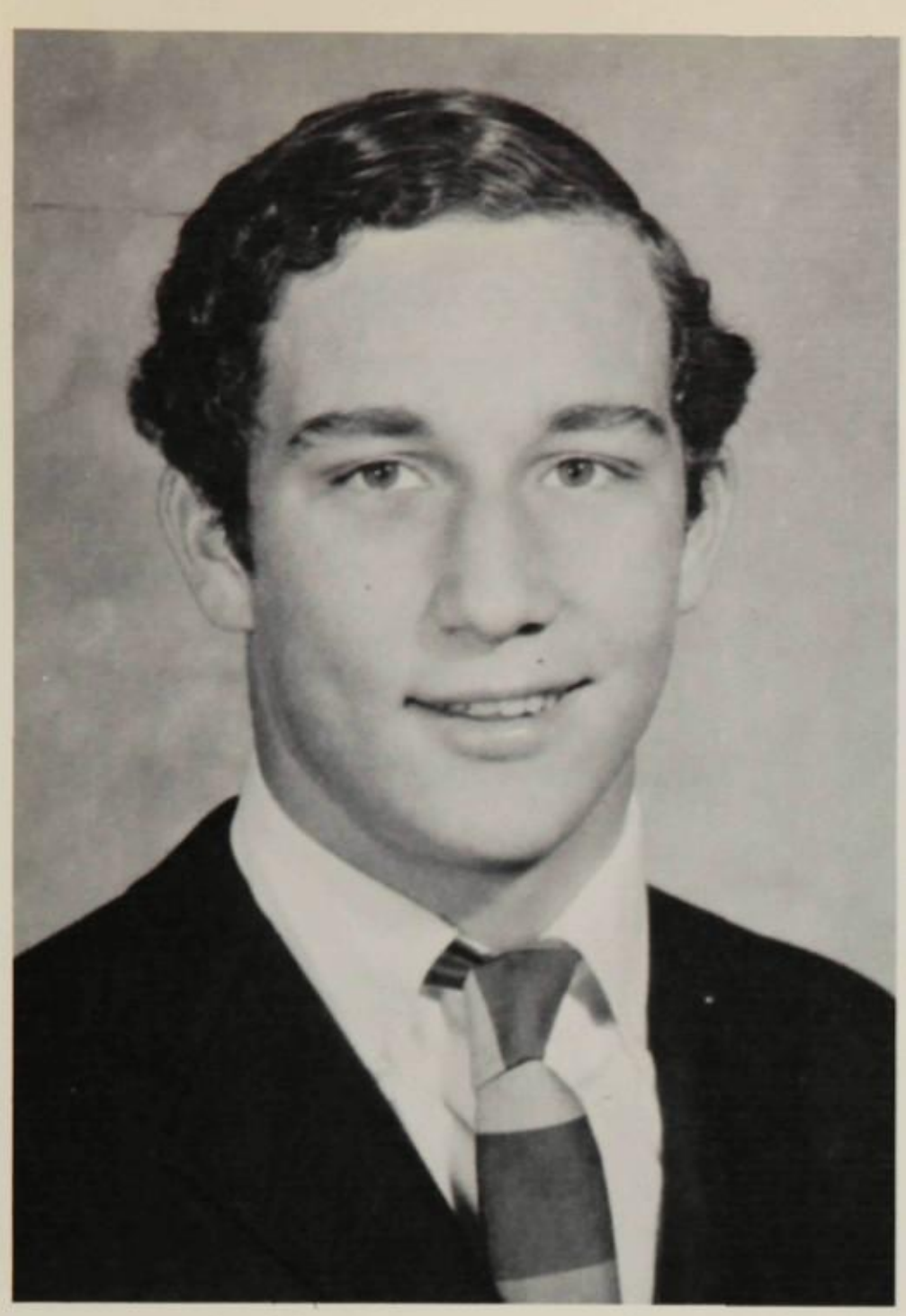
SCOTT
COOPER
SCOTT

Senior Counselling Committee
Var Football 11,12
Var Rugby 11, 12
C Basketball 9
B Basketball 10
JV Football 9, 10
Class VP 9
Student Council 9
JV Baseball Mgr 9



Scott Scott

Upon leaving Harvard School, there is one thing I can be sure of—Harvard has done a lot more for me than I have done for Harvard. As staggering as the implications of this may be, I shall now proceed to "get to the meat" of this will, that is, what I have to leave and to whom I leave it. To Eke, the hope that someday he will be as good as he thinks he is; to Hocher, a good basketball season even with Dan McF. coaching; to Chip, ten easy ways to keep your food in your mouth; to the Marx Brothers (Chico, Harpo, Zippo, and Croucho), top billing at the Circus Circus; to Irv, the floor of the Jamaica Inn and *Ingram's moan*; to Bob I., *a book on how to be a wise-guy in 7* easy steps; to Woody K., a life-size wet portrait of Nat Young shooting the Curl and some real drums to play INNA-GADDA-DA-VIDA on; to Joe Escher, arguments for argument's sake; to Krubb, those wild Canadian nights; and Messers. Carlson, McCleery, Smith, McFadden, Hughes, Roberts, and Fr. Gill, thanks for kicking me in the behind when I got behind.

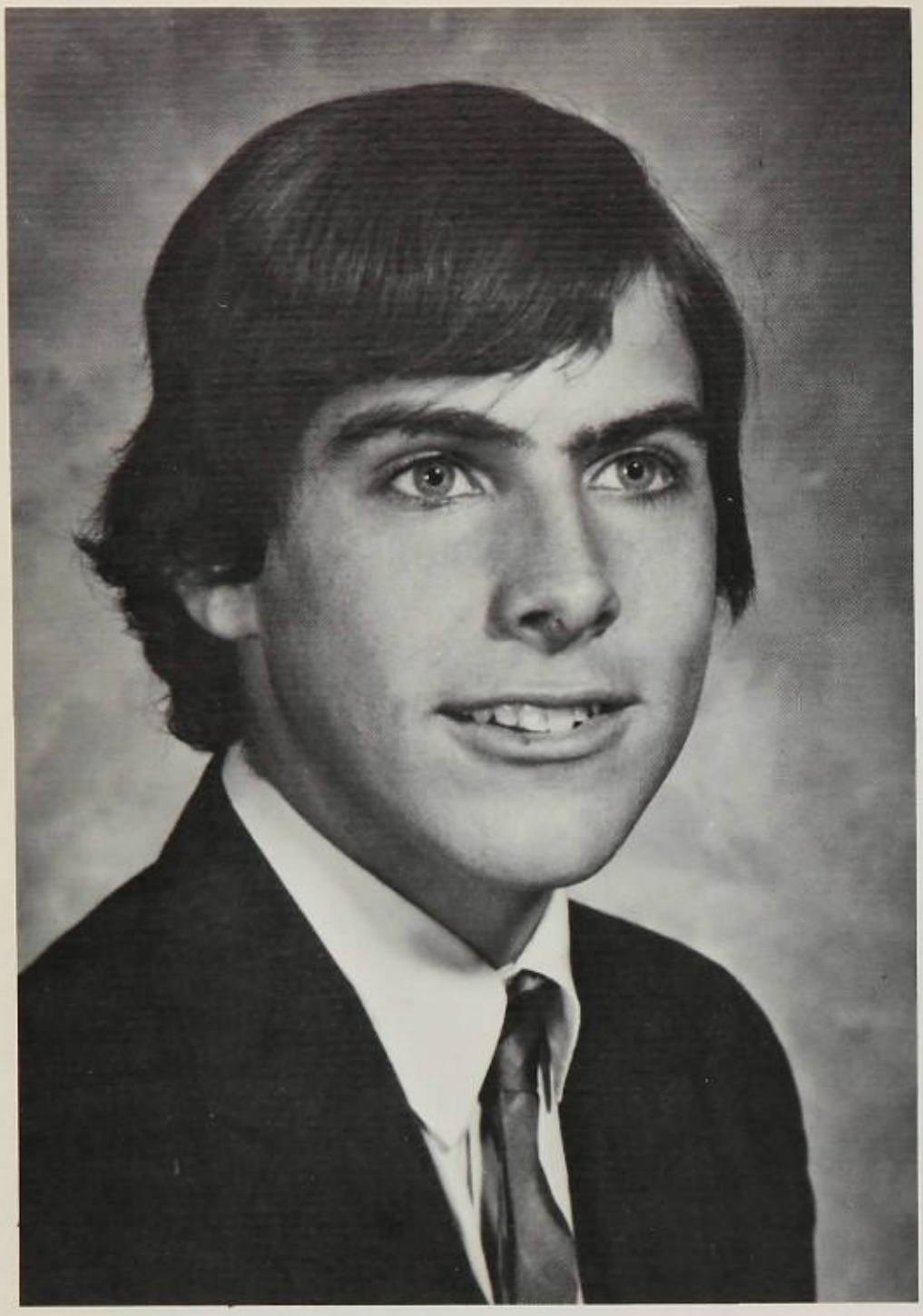


JOHN MATTHEW SINGLETON

Entered '64; Green
Var Football 11,12
All-C I F 12
JV Football 9,10
Var Rugby 11,12
JV Rugby 9,10
JV Track 9,10
Swimming 12
Band 7,8,9,10,11,12

I, Matt Singleton, sometimes known as Rug, Harpo, or Hey Singotan, being of disabled body and sneaky mind leave the following worthless things to the following worthless people: To Andy, the assurance that A & M is better than all the rest; to Croucho the indisputable fact that it is his turn to drive and a back flip off a wall; to Rad, a book MIDNIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS or HOW'S ABOUT A SHORT WALK TO ALTA SIERRA?; to Nat-0-8, Stew Walterwart and the Michigan State Glee Club; to Scotty, the assurance that the Marx Brothers will live forever with the motto "Get them when they least expect it."; to Josh the Newt, lunch at Art's, and a night at Honest John's Casino; to Kirby, the fact that I've had him and his cream-puff body buffaloed all the time and next year's terrible football team (he deserves it!); to Chipper, that gas station man in Mojave; to the Canada gang, Dina, donuts (especially Chip), and a quiet night with the boys; to Daddy Asher, a good trip that is to be really far-out; to Big Al, something to put between his ears so they won't rub all the time—erp!; and finally to Mr. Clark the knowledge that at any time I could get a trampoline and disprove every theory known to physical law. Finally to the whole faculty, but especially to Mr. Stewart, Mr. Clark, Coach Carlson, Fr. Gill, and Mr. Roberts, a deep thanks.

Matt Singleton



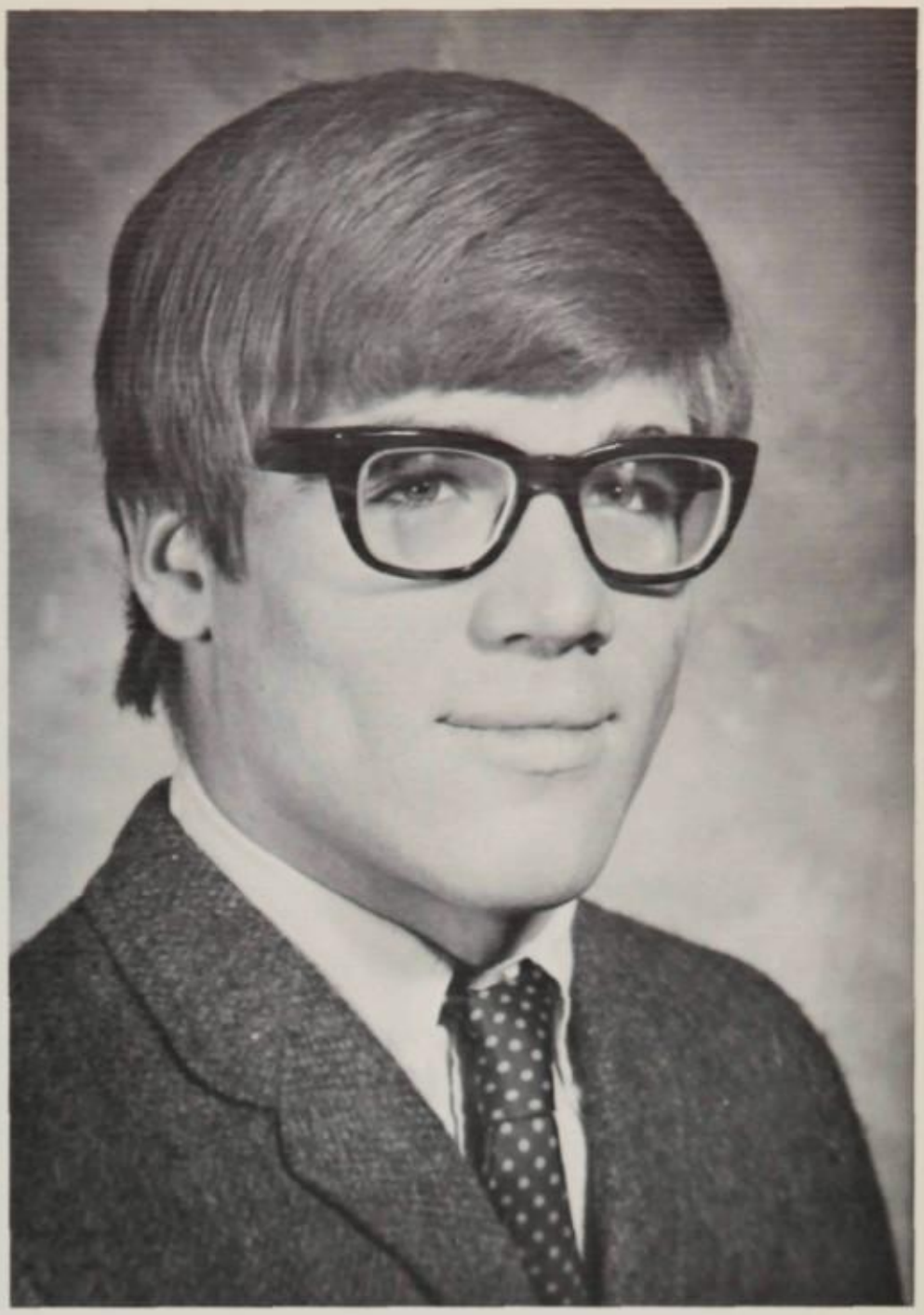
ALFRED FRANKLIN SMITH, III

Rifle Team 10, 11
Badminton Team 12

I, Tory Smith, being of unaccepted and misunderstood mind, do hereby will: To Phil, a stolen caution flag and an erotic night with the Ode; To Dave of Bel Air, a B.S. 90; To Dave of Beverly Hills, I leave Lolie Smith and her moustache; To Voyle, I leave John; To the Athletic Elite, I leave this school; To Larry, the leniency corner; and to the Ode, I leave the Green Phantom. Finally to both Don Thompson and Mr. Art Thompson, I leave a part of myself . . . a smile.

Tory Smith

STEPHAN ANTHONY STELLAR



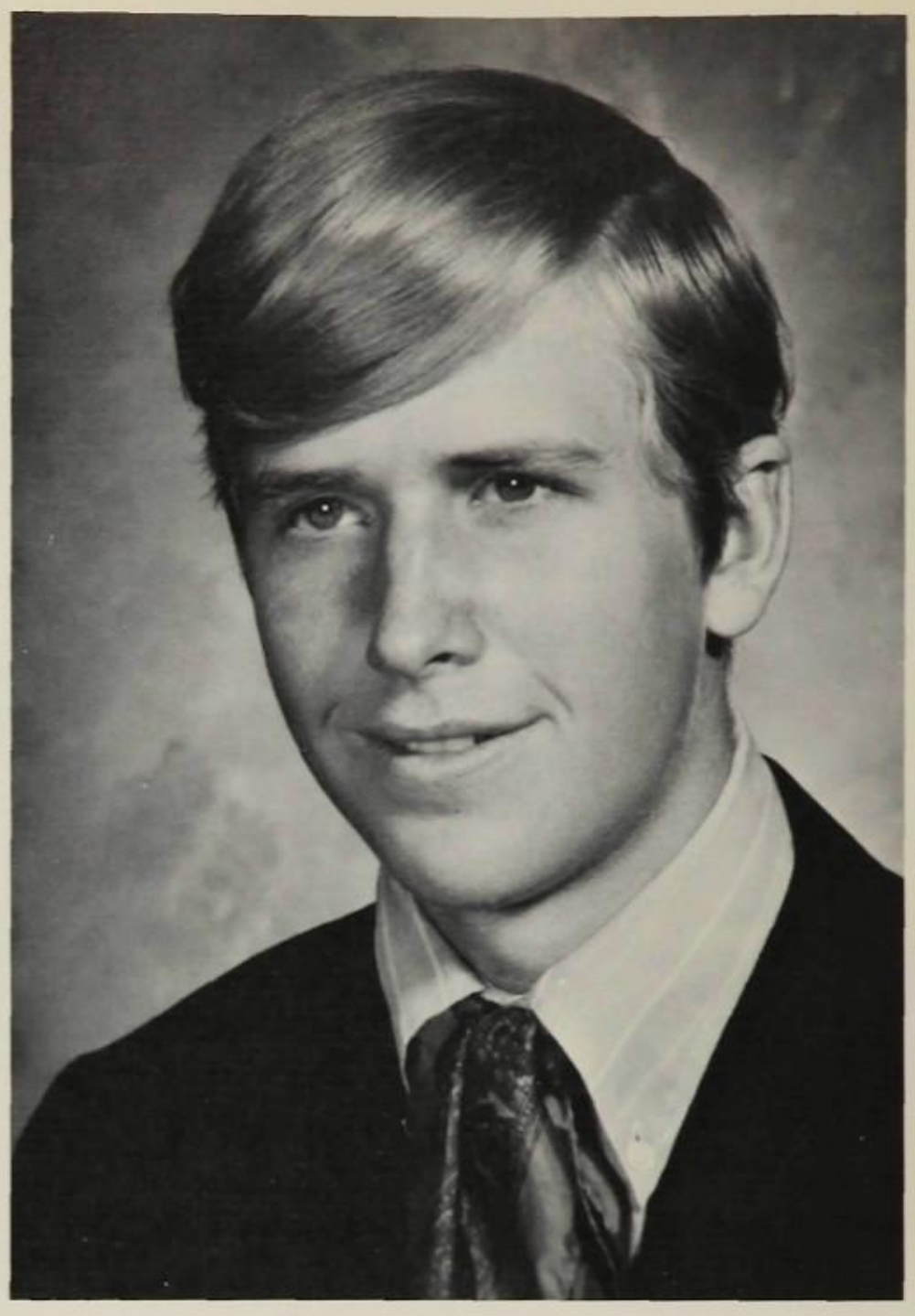
Entered '66
Var Football 11, 12
JV Football 10
Wrestling 9, 10, 11, Capt. 12
Cross Country 9
Track 9, 10, 11, 12
Drill Team 11

I, Steve Stellar, known on the wanted posters, figuratively speaking, as Stellner, say good-bye and good luck to the Class of '70, "Thanks for the memory" to my teachers and the rest of the faculty and staff; and what can I say to express my gratitude to my parents for sponsoring my Harvard education? Thank you all very much.

Stephen Stellar

JAMES D. SUMNER, III

Entered '67
Cross Country 11
Track 10, 11, 12
Cross Country, Student Coach 12
Skateboard Team, Capt. 12



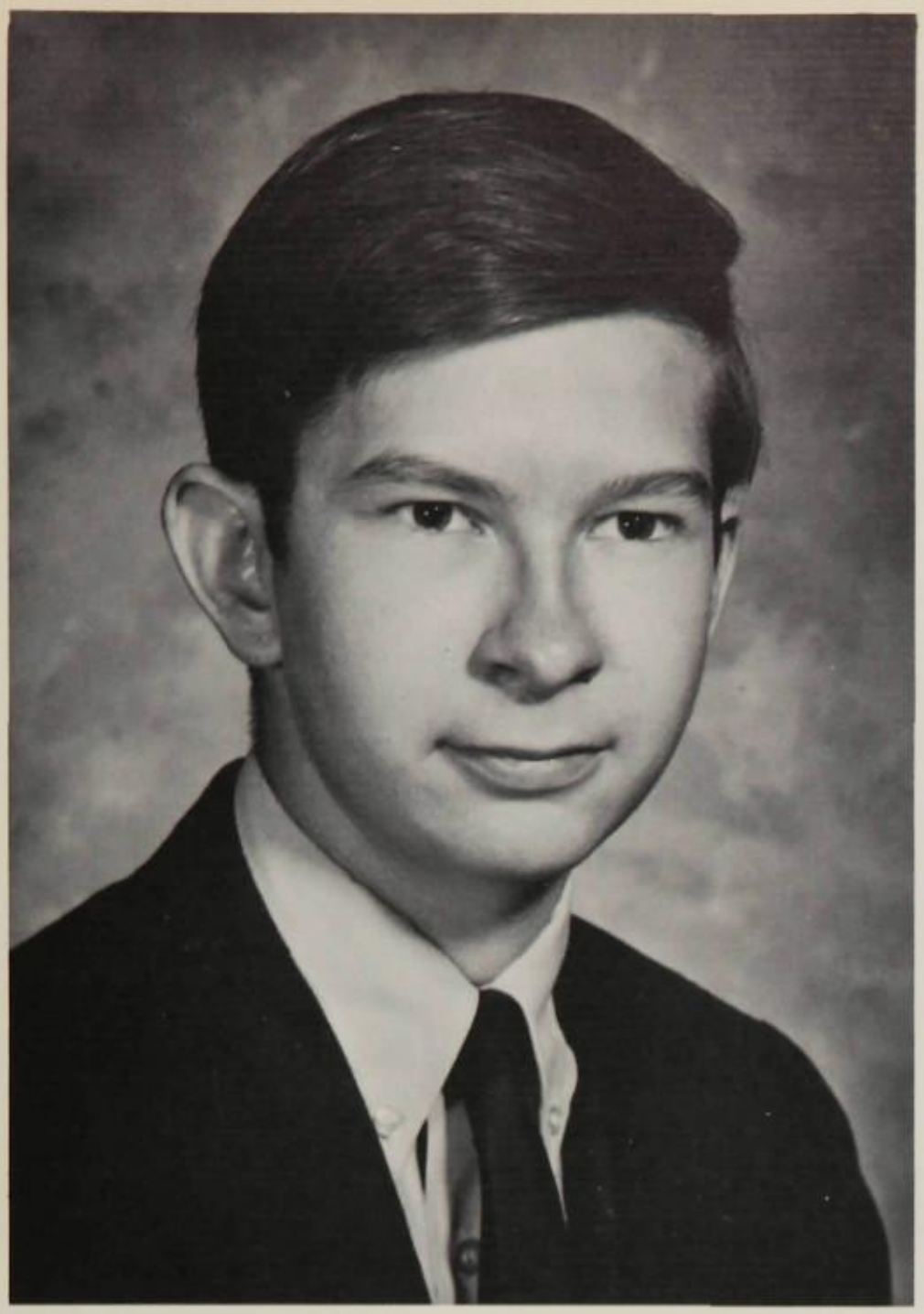
To the people of Harvard, I leave advice:

DESIDERATA (1692)

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant; they too have their story. If you compare yourself to others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will always be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Many people strive for high ideals and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the unwise, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the unwise is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

the Sump (1970)

James Sumner

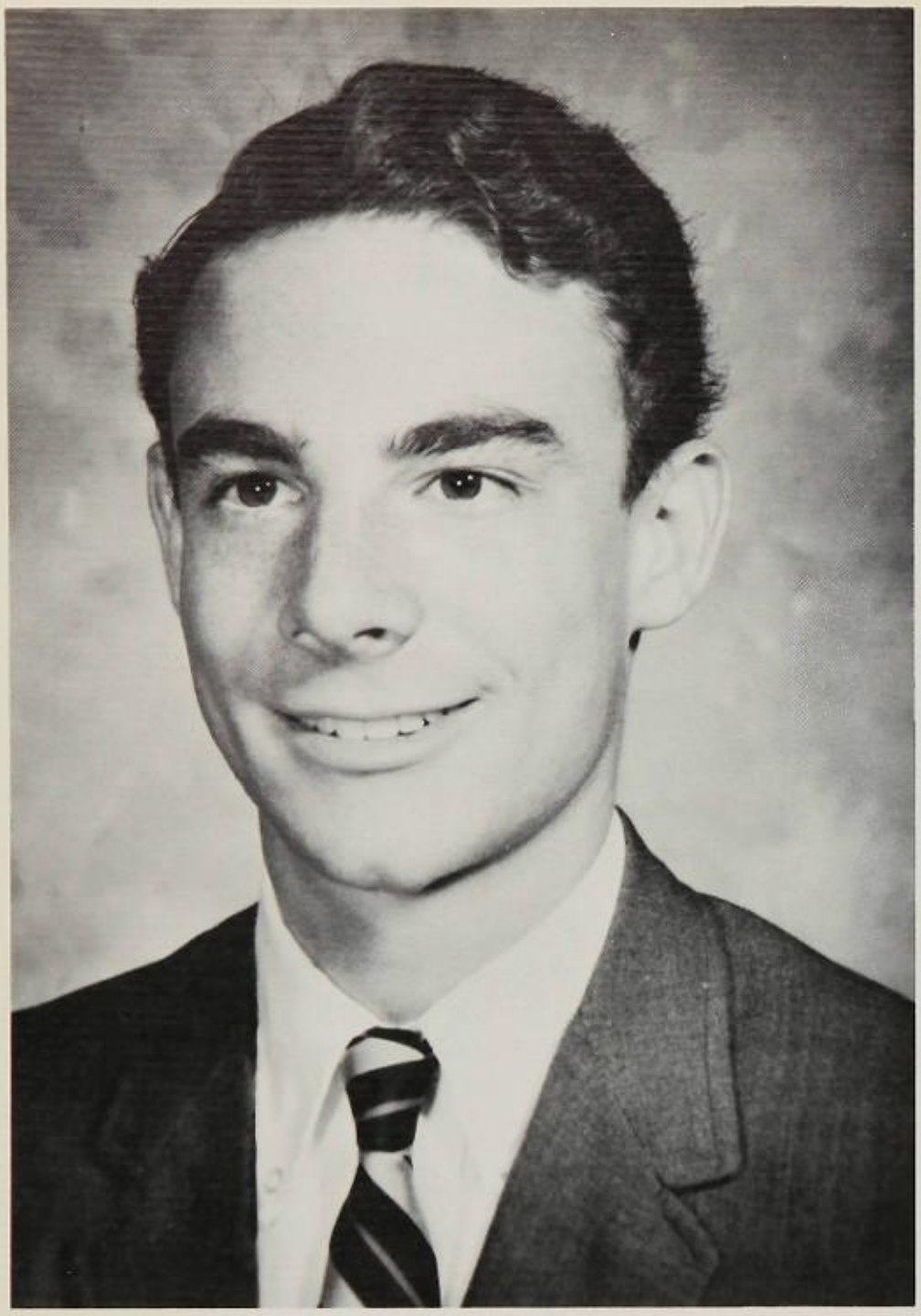


JEFFREY GLENN TEAL

Entered '66; Blue
Varsity Basketball Mgr. 12
Varsity Football Mgr. 12
Film Club 10
Varsity Baseball Mgr. 12
J.V. Baseball Mgr. 9, 10, 11
Academic Honor Society 9, 10, 11

I, Jeff Teal, alias Duck, being of reasonably sound mind and unsound body, do hereby leave the following indispensables to the following undeniably deserving recipients: to Junker, Super Chicken, 6th Period, another Met pennant, an insatiable appetite and styrofoam balls; to the Bear, a training room (one with doors) and a staff for it; to Bill, his pair of 30's with braces, an outside belt, and a rip in the left knee; to Knewt, Luigi; to Droopy, Madame and two years of French homework; to Beak, an escape from Dangerous Dan; to Marty, a candy bar and a banana; to Rugg, Chuck's elbow and a brewery; to Wagner, a name for the other eye; to Russell, W., "Surf's up!"; to Preiser, Circus Circus and someone to hold his glasses; to Lew, a career in the NBA; to Eke, a team good enough to reflect his true ability; to Woo, Ralph and another chance in C.I.F.; to Marcus, All-American honors; to Randay, "How ya doin'?" to Hooty, the dubious honor of being the youngest senior; to Carl, the realization that the Colts are in the AFL; to all French students, my sympathy; to Mr. MacFadden, a hot line to General Mills; to Craig, "Silence is Golden"; to next year's calculus classes, 10 cases of "No-Doz"; and finally, to Mr. Carlson, Fr. Gill, Mr. Miller, and the rest of the faculty, and especially my parents, I leave my sincere appreciation for their instruction and guidance.

Jeff Teal



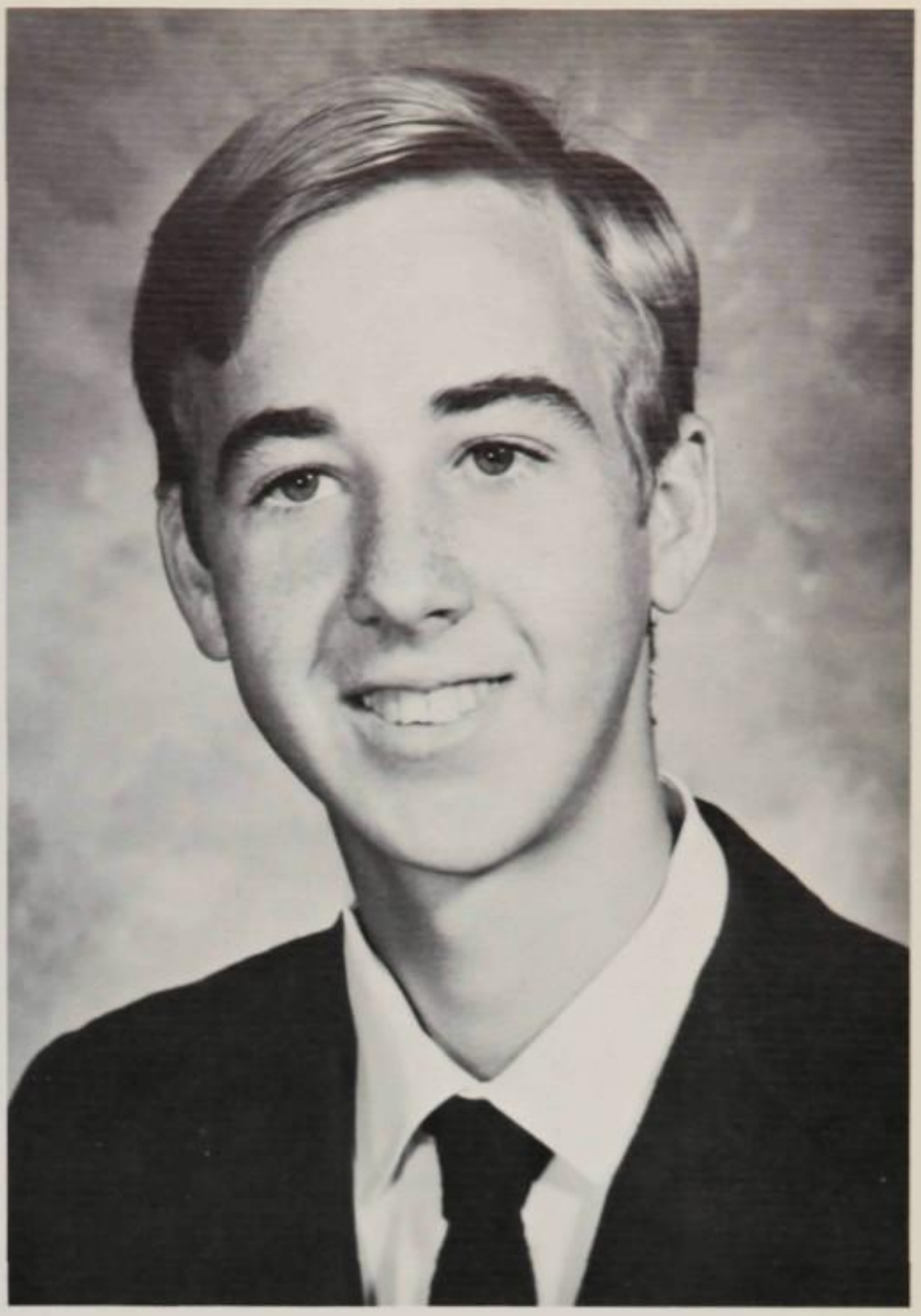
GREGORY VON GEHR

Entered '68; Green
Vermont Ave Tutoring Program 12
Photographer, SENTINEL ANNUAL 12
Academic Honor Society 11

I, Greg Von Gehr, being of humble wit and slight body do hereby will the following: To Mike Wagner, one mole of spaghetti, a community-donated "for sale" sign for his Prinz, and my book entitled "THE ART OF MOTOR RACING OR HOW TO SLIP YOUR CLUTCH, STRIP YOUR GEARS, AND BURN OUT YOUR TRANSMISSION IN ONE EASY LESSON". To Larry Damm, my traffic ticket, a back-row seat in French class, and my hopes that he will successfully take the helm of the ship of life; to Jeff Teal and Bill Russell, a collection of famous chemistry quotations. To Ron Claiborne, my thanks for his talents as a reparteeist in French class. To Peter Rich, my knowledge of French and a few quotes from Maj. G.; to Gib Johnson, a memorable Marymount mixer. To Bruce Knudtson, maintenance crew and a sufficient number of Cuban uniforms. To Pres Meyers, one container of Baker's tested difluorodichloromethane. To Jim Preis, my "B" in French, my knowledge of gameship, a minimal sum, and my thanks for six years of his friendship; to Mme. Marissael, I can only say "ich bin Ihnen sehr verbunden, danke shon." or "Je vous suis oblige, merci beaucoup". To Mr. Holmes, my thanks for his valuable assistance. To Mr. Woods, my deepest and most sincere thanks for all his kind advice and friendship. Finally, my special gratitude to Mr. Miller, Mr. McFadden, Mr. Humphrey, Mr. Carlson and Mr. Stewart.

Greg Von Gehr

MICHAEL DENNIS WAGNER



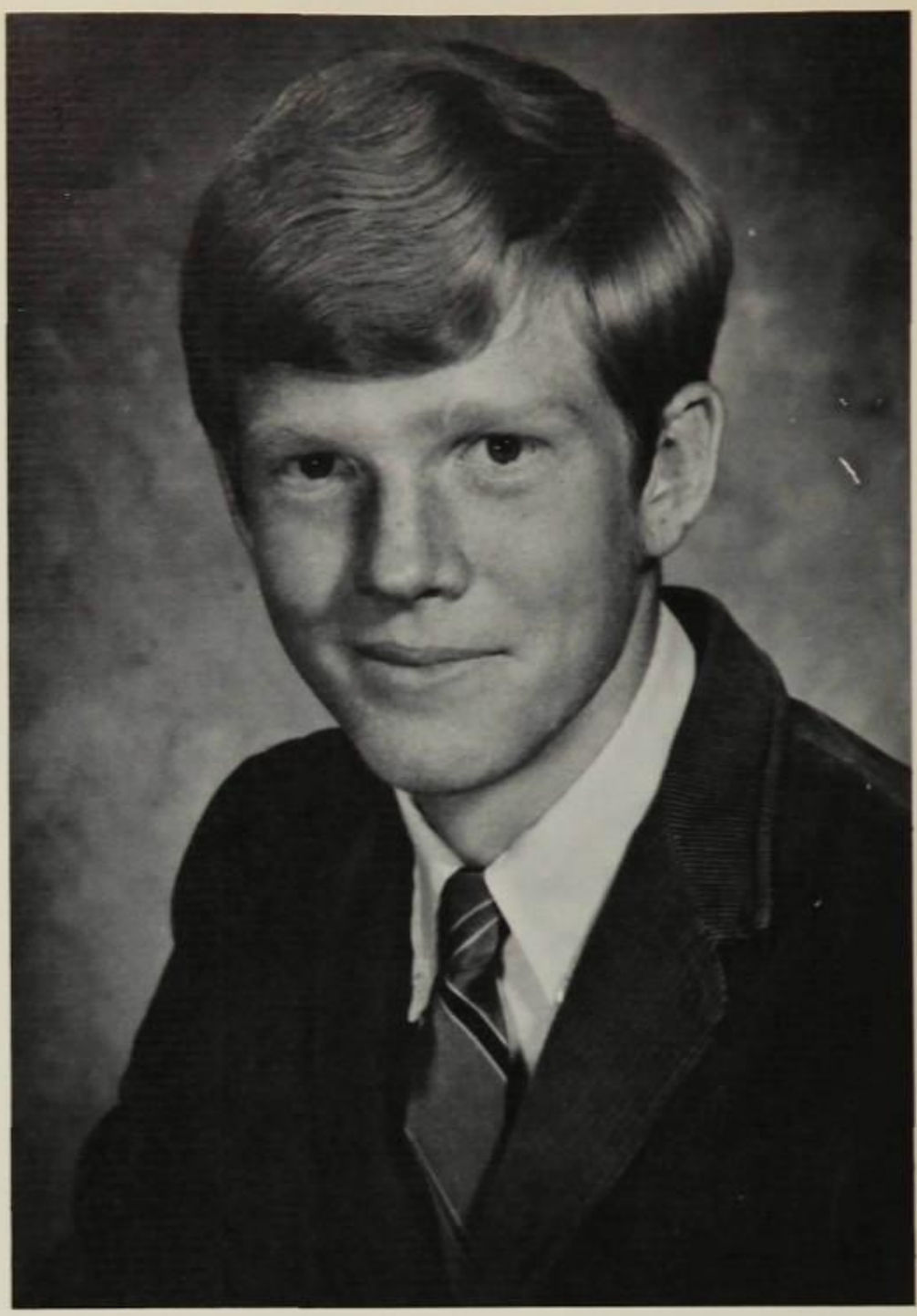
Entered '64; Green
1st Prize, Alpha Mu Gamma French Speech Contest 9
Honor Guard 10
Outstanding French Student Award 10
Vermont Elementary School Tutoring Program 12
Improvisational Theatre 12
Drama Club 12
Photography Ed., SENTINEL ANNUAL 12
Film Club 11, 12
Skateboard Team 12

Mike Wagner

Moi, Mike Wagner, alias Vagneer, Waggy, Hey Wag, and other persnickety names, being of gym-class physical condition and La Sorbonne mental capacity, do hereby will the following: to Mike Meyer, one English paper on Washington Irving, courtesy of Harry Hansen, six—count 'em six—torturing, yet stimulating (ho, ho!) years of Le Francais and especially "La Putin Respecteuse"; to Larry, Bill, John G., and Weber, my surprisingly good impersonation of Doc Miller (put that in your black satchel of equations); to G. V. G., my prinz in exchange for one dirty 442; to Bill Russell, my prinz if G. V. G. doesn't want it; to Gib, Mr. Hoeland's (not Holland's) knowledge of mathematics and of self-expression, and a golden skateboard with "Dilly, Kansas U., 18—" engraved on it; to Claiborne, Chemistry; to Gilmore, improvisations; to Brookes, an XKE; to Jeff Teal, one copy of THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND, so that now you can do your own reading; to Brent, I leave my hard weeks of work for Atsie "the Swindler" and Larry C. L. U. (TZ); to Larry Damm (pronounced: Damm), I leave one motorized skateboard with no clutch. A Mme. Marissael, mes remerciments, parce que vous, seule m'a fait apprendre le francais; to Father Chalmers and the faculty, especially Mr. Miller and Mr. Dillenbeck and to my parents, thank you very much.

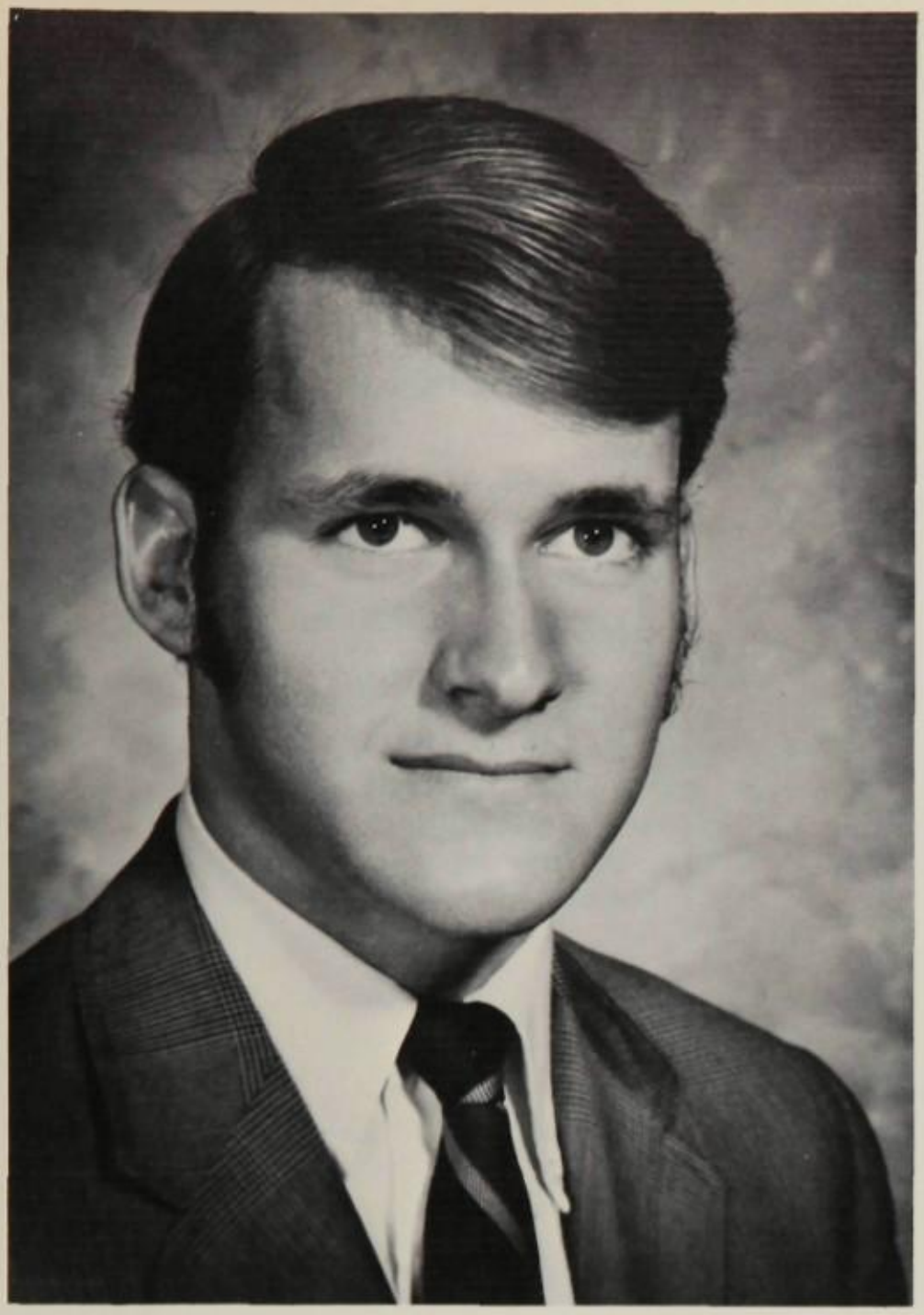
FRED CURTIS WASSON

Entered '67; White
JV Basketball 9, 10, Mgr.
Cross Country 11, 12
Track 10, 11
Rugby 12
Rally Committee 12



I, Fred Wasson, do pass on the the following gems of empyreal pleasure to the following individuals: to John Gilmore, ear plugs and the phone numbers of the eight auto-show girls; to Phil, bell-bottoms that fit and a place to hide his photo papers; to Channing, a dozen 8 x 10 colored glossies of every girl in California, a plane ticket to Dallas; to Dave, many good times; to Bob, a hangover New Year's Day; to Steve, 150 unfinished breakfasts; to the Boz, Julie without her brother; to Gib, her brother; to Larry, a real stick shift and my vast knowledge of skiing; to Jay, an Orange Julius credit card; to Jim, forty foxy UCLA chicks, all hitch-hiking just when he drives by; to Charlie, a match with Mando Ramos after he has just heard your Mexican imitation—I also leave you a new face; to Jim Dewell, my friendship; to Andy, a guide for brewing beer; to Wes, guitar strings; to Don Thompson, a phone in English class to order pizzas with and a lot of great bull sessions; and finally, to Mr. Ameer, Mr. Berrisford, Fr. Gill, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Miller, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Carlson, my sincere appreciation for three memorable years of education; and to Harvard Students and Mr. McFadden, thanks for showing me what is meaningful in life.

Fred Wasson

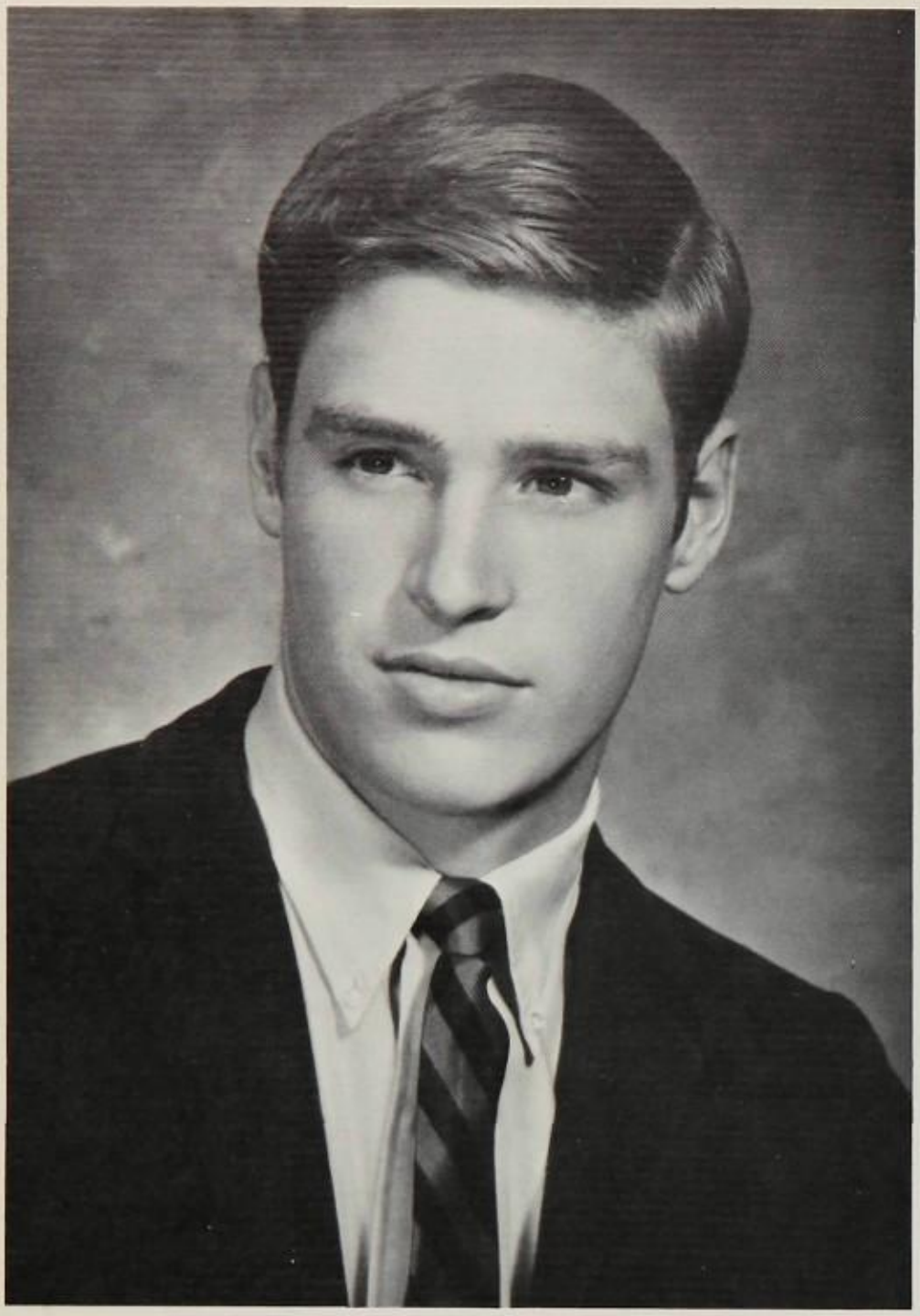


DAVID EMANUEL WEBER

Entered '64; Red
Rally Committee 12
Yell Leader 12
SENTINEL BULLETIN 11, News Ed. 12
SENTINEL ANNUAL Asst. Ed. 12
PALANTIR 10, 11
Film Club 10, 11, 12
Improvisational Theatre 12
HARVEST 10
Var Basketball, Mgr. 9, 10
Skateboard Team, Bus. Mgr. 12

I, David Emanuel Weber, re-christened Dewey, Phudde, Webby, and other soporific sobriquets, will always reserve that "special place" in my heart for: Father Gill (four fantastic history courses and my respect); Mr. Holmes; Mr. Woods (socko stuff, master debating); Mr. Berrisford; Mr. Ameer; Father Chalmers; Mr. McFadden; Mr. Miller; Mr. McCosker; Mr. Hoyle ("Mondo Lousy", "Break", Hudson-Weber Film Enterprises); Mr. D. Thompson (El Fatah, malignant elves); Irv ("Rock Around the Clock"); Mike M. (friendship and respect); Brad ("Hey, Weber?", Marlene's good lovin'); Hud (apprenticeship to Fellini); Hooty (disgusting humor); Randy W. (Clem); Steve S. (5'2", blue eyes, Ruth); Charlie (Pop's bridge, "those bells!", a themos); Chan (hchs, a backward language); Gibby (John Wayne vs. Jean-Claude Killy on the Dating Game); Tory (oi vey!, moustaches); John G. (Lucky Pierre); Joe Escher (communism, capitalism); Phil P. (photos of my body); Jim S. (oldies, goodies, "360", Beach boys); Jim P. (S.C.F.T.Y. membership); Jay (Pomona, "Staaahp!"); C.Z. (Mrs. $., "jellybean" and "cotton candy"); Craig (contacts at Beverly Hills High); Doug H. (jokes, jocks); Laird (fight?); Mike W. ("persnicketty" moles of spaghetti); Greg; Fred W.; Chip; Steve H.; Buzz; Bruce K. Lar-rye; Bob H.; Bob I.; Bob J.; Chuck; Matt; Rog; (Scott) 2; Phil D.; Mark H.; Wessy, Mindi, Mark B., Bruce S.; MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL—Mom and Dad (Thanks for everything.—Y.L.S.)

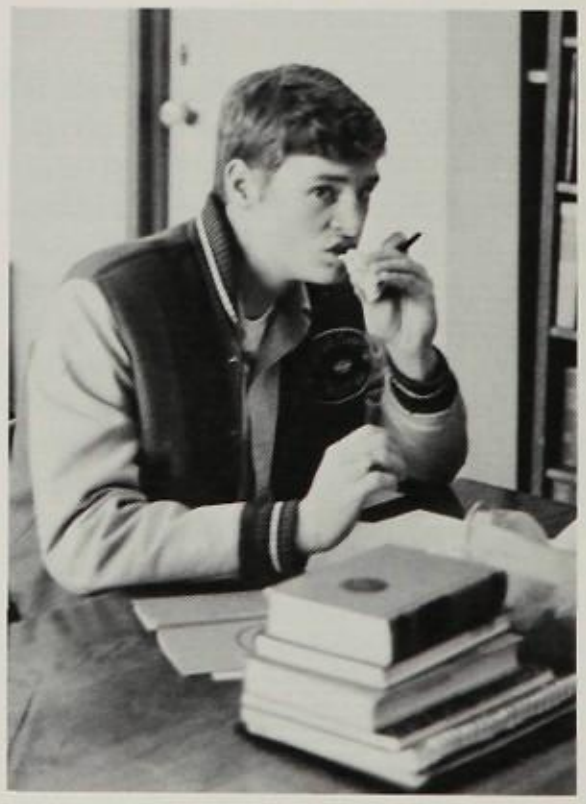
David E Weber

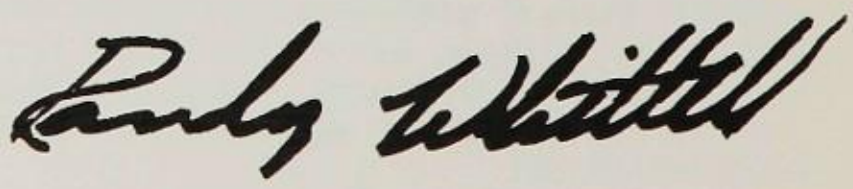


ALFRED RANDOLPH WHITTELL

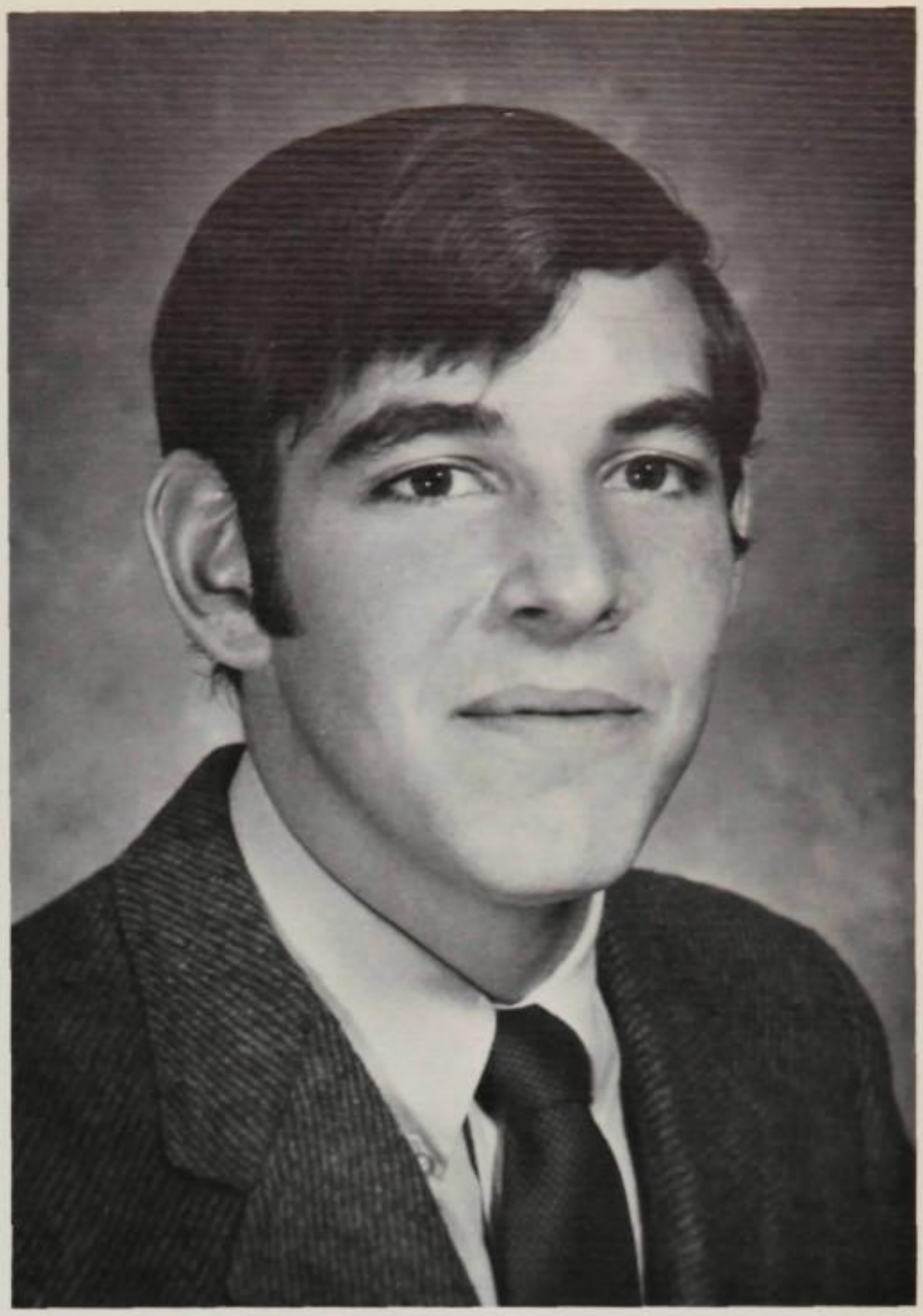
Entered '67; Green
Rally Committee 12
Student Council 11, 12
Var. Basketball 10, 11, 12
Var. Football 10, 11, 12
Var. Baseball 10, 11, 12
MVP Baseball 11
All-League, All-C.I.F. Baseball
All-League Basketball
Capt. Baseball 11, 12
Capt. Basketball 11

I, Waddell, Whitty, Skinny, Lefty, and various other sundries, including some unmentionables, do hereby bequeath the following souvenirs to my buds: To Irv, one pinch at Old Orchard, a bottle of champagne, one spelunking expedition with a "High School Girl", and a toupee; To Harmon, one medial apercondial, another Robin W., eight years of B.B. with a sore hand and a true story; to Bingram, thirty-five and thirty-five and some funny Gatorade; to Chip, tricky maneuvers at Hampton Beach and Marty; to Marty, Chip; to Charlie, Laguna and a greased pig, mmmmmmmmm; to Booth, Ducky; to Hocher, a plastic surgeon and a life-sized poster of the "Coach"; to Dolph and Woody, "His and His" friendship rings; to Scott, C.I.F.; to Kirb, Rick, Mark, Al, Jeff, and the rest of juniors, good luck; to Carl, Chuck, Gary, Mac and the rest of that gang, thank you for your help and understanding; to Mr. Woods, Mr. Berrisford, Father Chalmers, and all my other teachers, thank you very much for three interesting, slightly confusing, but fine, years.

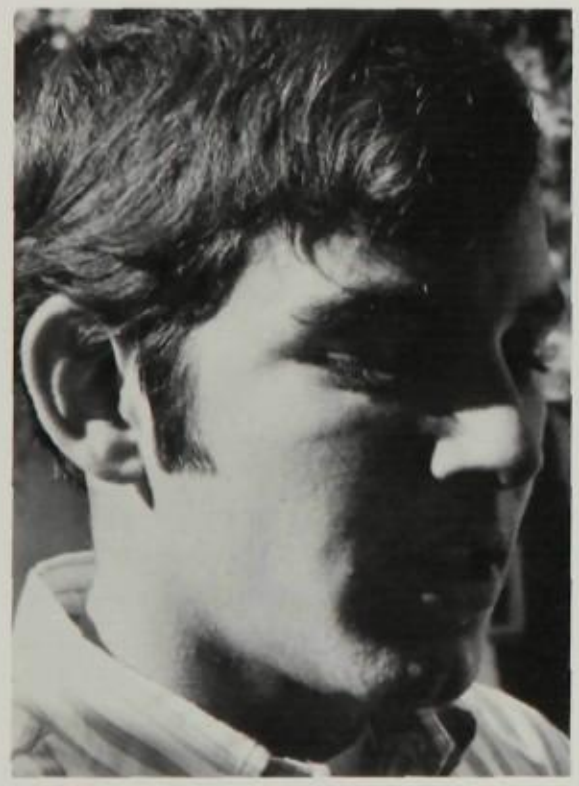


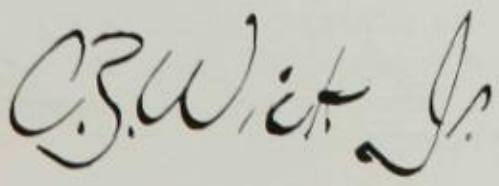


CHARLES Z. WICK, JR.



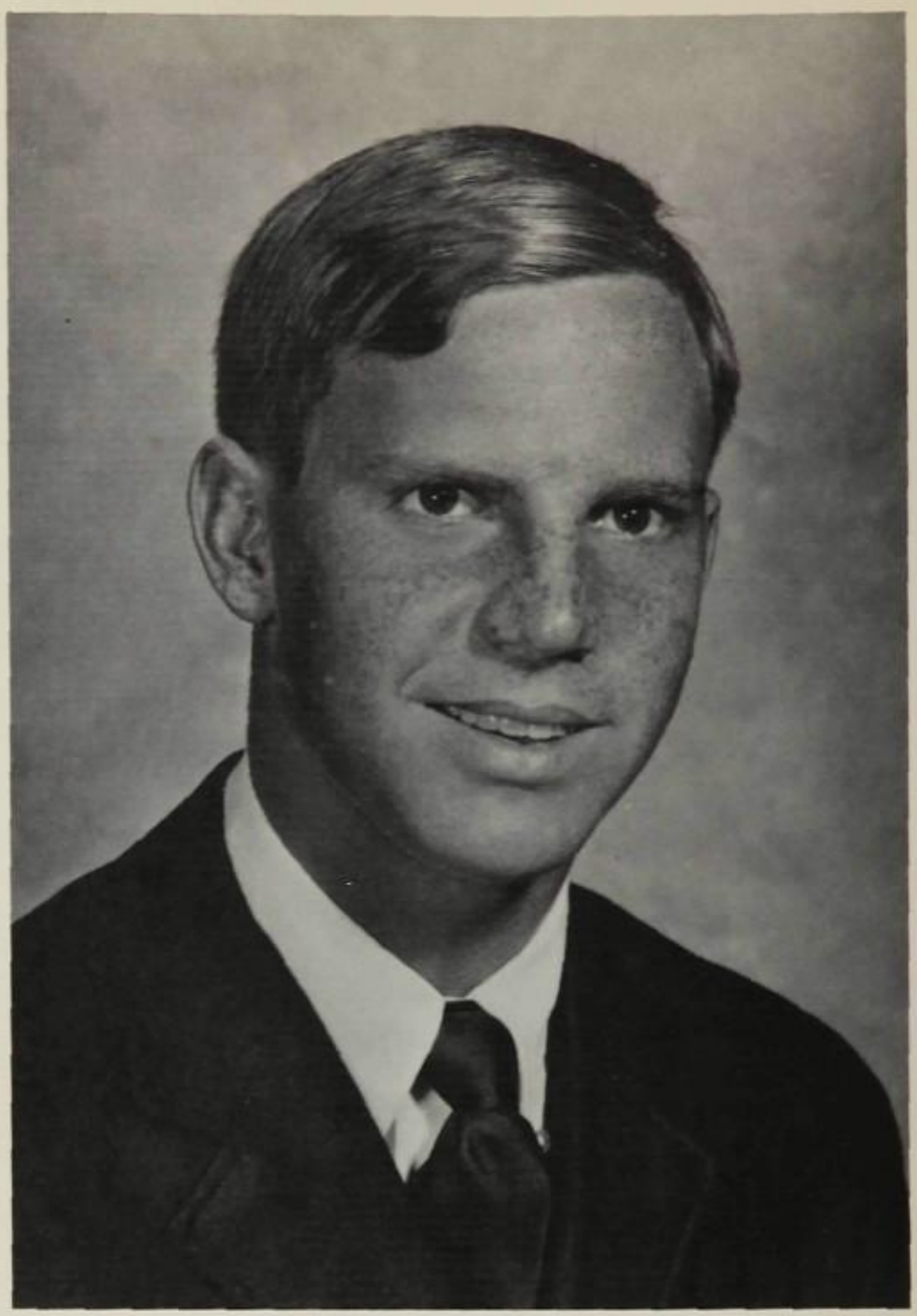
SENTINEL BULLETIN 11, 12 Editor
6th Prefect 12
Class Pres. 12
Rally Committee 11, 12
Yell Leader 12
Student Committee 11
Student Council 11, 12
Var Wrestling 10, 11
JV Wrestling 9, 10
B Track 11
Honor Guard 10, 11



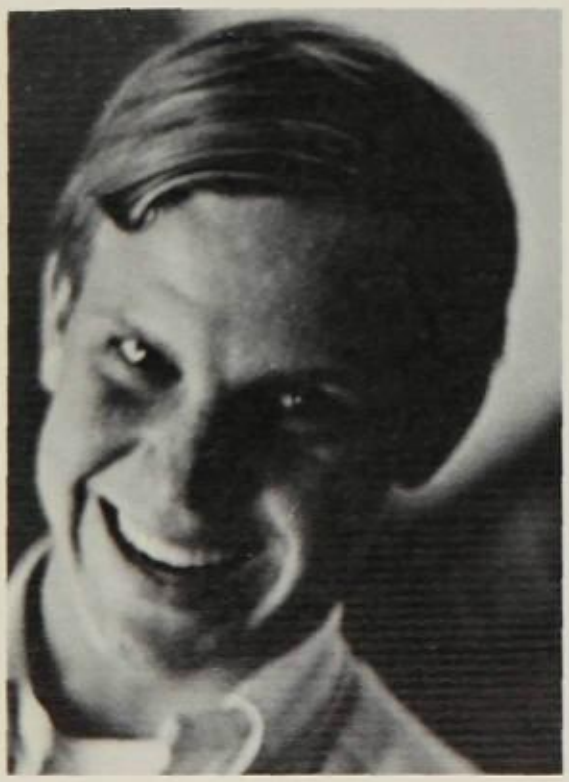


I, Charles Z. Wick, Jr., better known as Charlie, Chas., or even C. Z., leave the following articles (?) to the following lucky beneficiaries: to Mark, I leave VAIL, Biggest Hogans, Laguna summers, a few pointers on how to dress, and a Biology scholarship to the college of his choice; to Chris, a lifetime subscription to the Slim Pickens Fan Club, "Big Two" (Alright,) a converted B-52 that sleeps twelve, and my skill as a radio operator (Four Niner Seven, we have you in sight, Moreover . . .); to Irv, Mrs. R., Sloop John B., Laguna, and 700 gallons of kaopectate to mix with his gatorade; to M. A. M., this will, "Medieval Man", "La Ode", "Today the school, tomorrow the world!"; to Lardo, a gold-plated water polo ball; to Bee-Wee, sometimes RED that TWITCHES; to Waddy, I leave a bowl of peaches-and-cream, and elevator shoes so that he won't be a little fellow all of his life; to Rip, I leave a toenail for his perfect robe, and a new clean (?) lid; to Doug, I leave the knowledge that "D. Z. W. gets what D. Z. W. wants!" I would like to thank Father Gill, Madame Marissael, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Hoyle, and Mr. Archer for an enlightening education, but most of all, my parents and Father Chalmers for helping me make the most important decisions of my life.

WILLIAM LAIRD WILSON

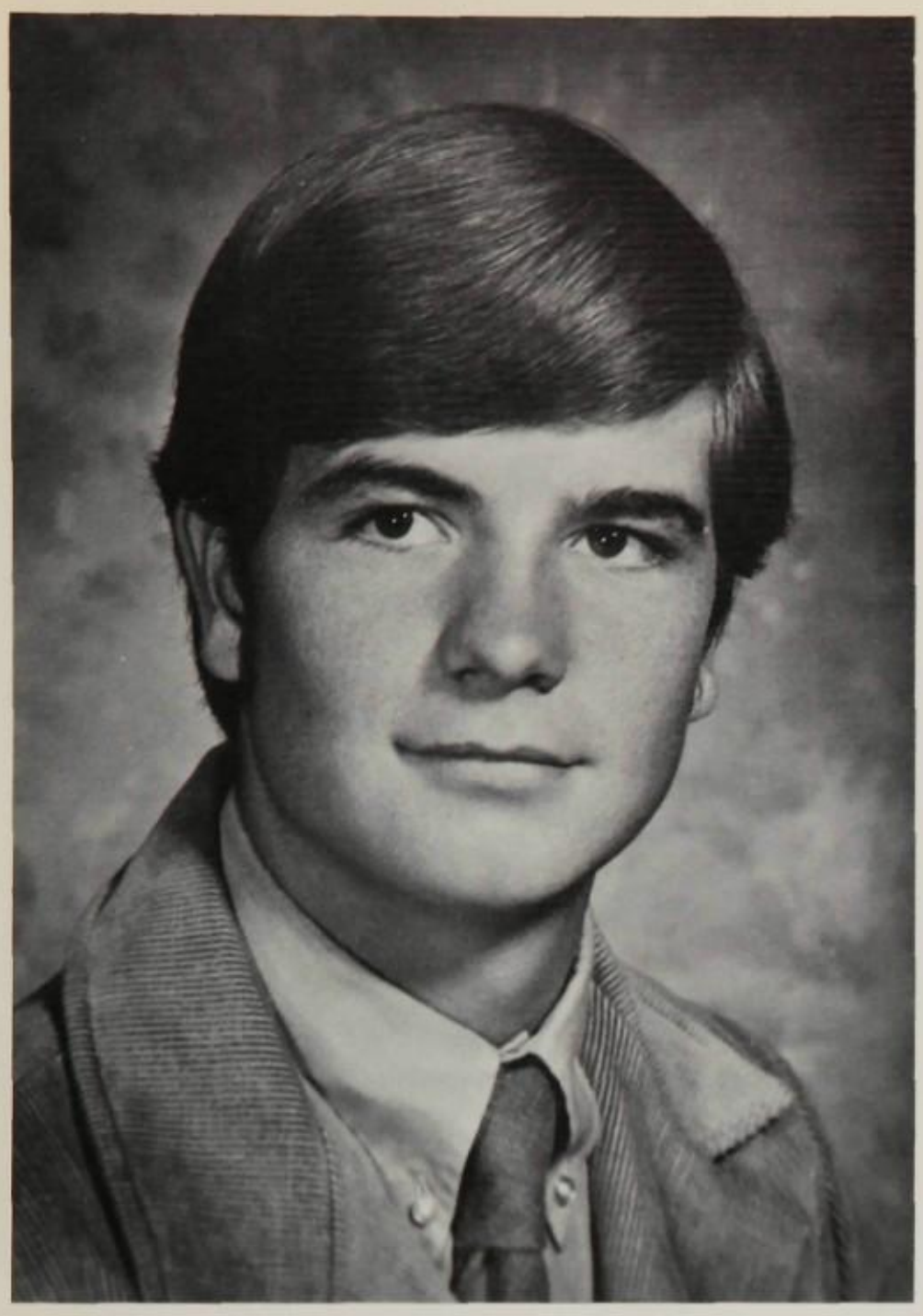


Entered '64; Blue
Var Swimming 9,10,11, Capt 12
JV Football 9,10,11
Var Water Polo 12



Laird Wilson

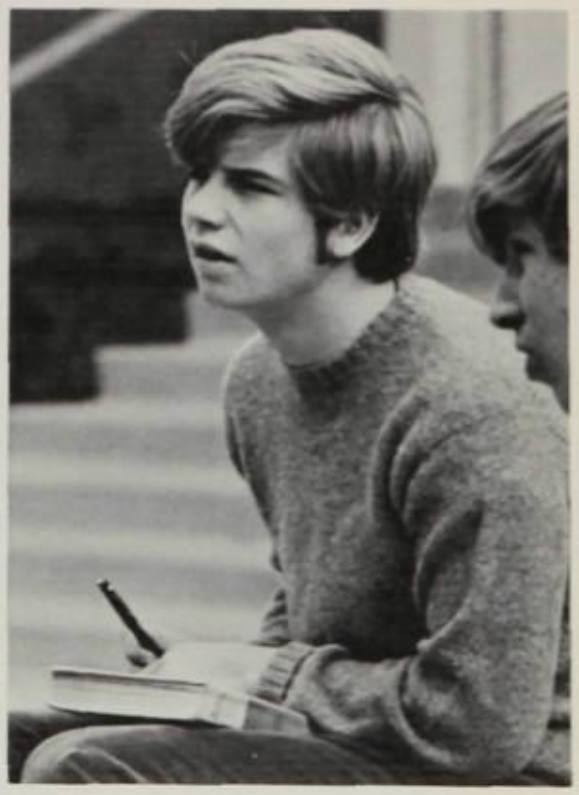
For six years now, people haven't referred to be by saying: "Loook . . . Up there, in the sky . . . It's a bird . . . It's a plane . . . no, It's _____", although they know that I can't leap tall buildings at a single bound, that I'm slower than a speeding bullet, or that I can't bend steel in my bare hands. As a matter of fact, I don't wear blue leotards or have a red "S" on my chest. So for all those who have known me as Larry, Lard, or Lardo, I abandon the following items, which I normally would throw away, to the following people: to Woody, a steep hill and a set of toy tractors; to Charlie, a Valley Christian linebacker and the Alemany football team; to C. Z., an 8 x 12 glossy of John Wayne; to Bear, I leave the book, 1,000 GREATEST MORALS, and a pamphlet entitled, SELF-PROTECTION AGAINST PYGMY ATTACKS. To "Big Jeff", a lull for two years, a summer water polo league, and an injured dog; to Boog, a set of new tires or a ticket to the Destruction Derby; to Cov, a car race and the hope that he might win; to Nato, a Beverly Hills swim official; to Bob, Phil, and Doug, a dinner and six hours of cards; to Junior, a book entitled, THE LIFE OF A GOALIE; to M. A. M., my will and one SCARLET LETTER test; to Dave, the fight we never had; and finally, to Mr. Hays, Mr. Hughes, and especially, Fr. Grant, Mr. Stewart, and my parents my thanks for making my six years at Harvard a success.



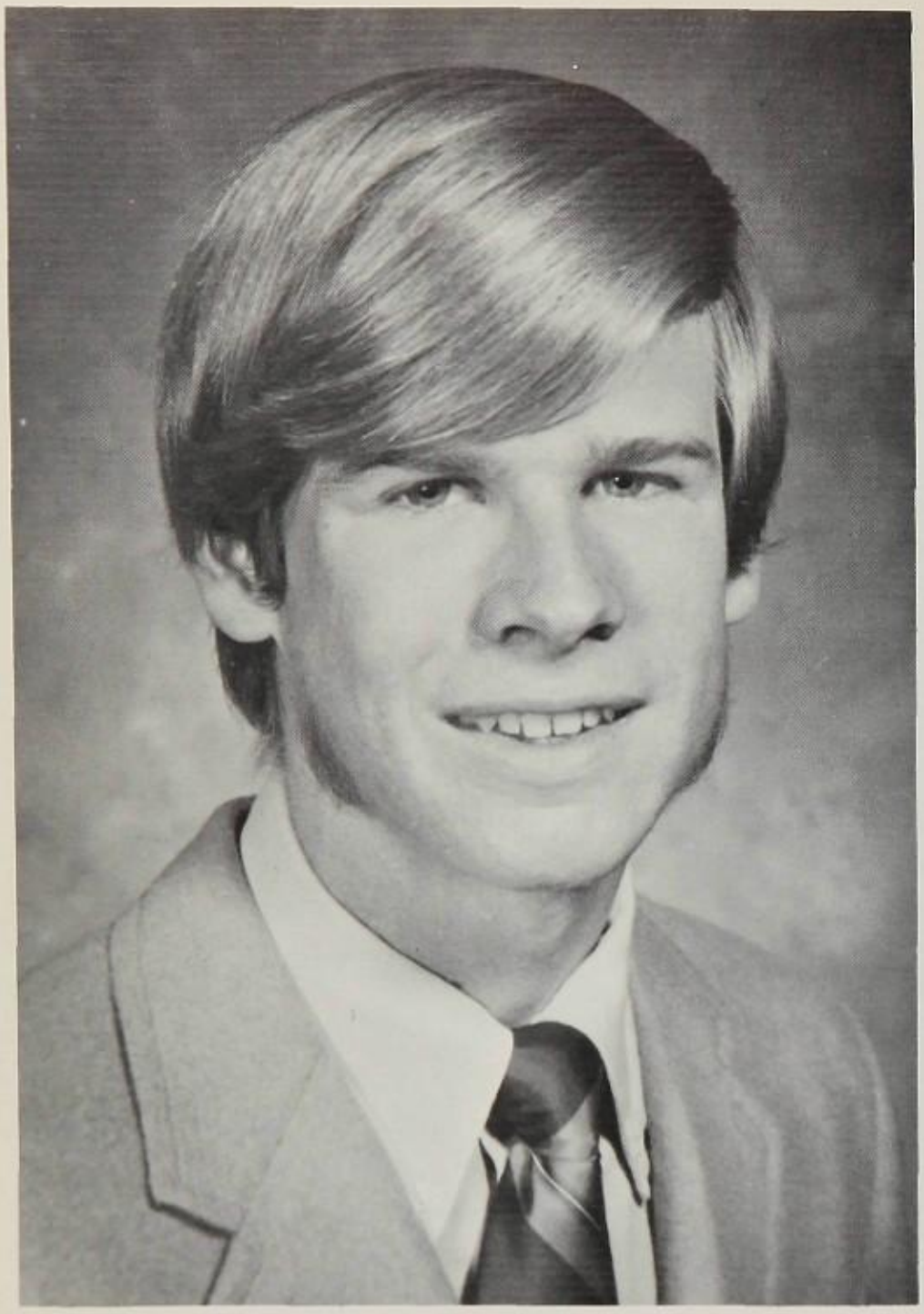
JOHN SCOWCROFT WOODWARD

Entered '64; White
Class Secretary-Treasurer 8
J.V. Football 9, 10, 11
Vars. Football 12
Baseball (Vars.) 11, 12
J.V. Baseball 9, 10
Wrestling 10, 11
Rally Committee 12

I, Woo, Don, or whatever, lacking any original idea for my will, do hereby will the following to the following: to Ralph, I will "March 14"; to Irv, . . . 3, 3, and 3; to Ingram, a date at the Windjammer. To Dolph, the Bobsie Twins and a day at the beach during the Baseball season. To Ralph, the color orange. To Hardie, 3 innings in the CIF Baseball finals. To Laird, I will a 3-wheeled tractor and 5 miles of downhill dirt road. To Beck, my old heads with the edges sharpened. Oh, and of course, the Woodward-Wick Weekly Wrap-Up at CZ. To Marshall, a huge bite of my . . . ; To Harmon, the misspelling of his own name. To Boog, I will San Onofre in January. To the Bear, I leave my ankle, knee, thigh, and so on. To Mike, I leave the number 44. To Rick, I leave another year of football at wingback. To Stud, I leave a good long talk at his house. To Boog, I will, no, I swap him, my Chambers Brothers album for his 2 Simon and Garfunkels. To Lucy—Leroy Scowcroft Woodward and John Scowcroft Woodward. I want to thank all my teachers with supergratitude to Coach McFadden.



John Woo



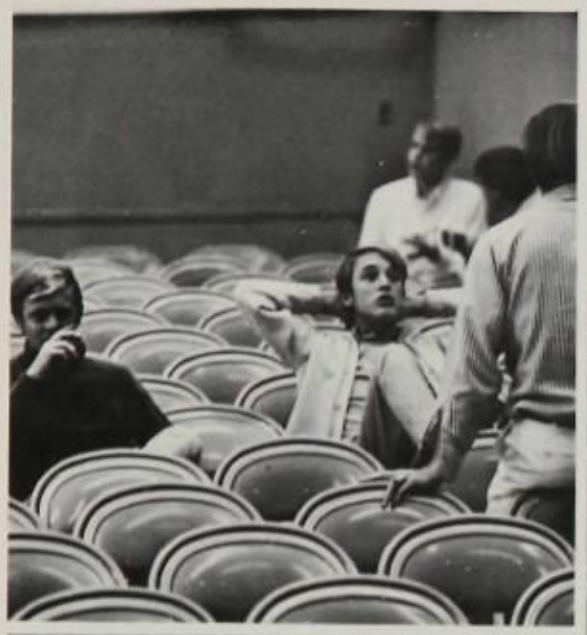
CHRISTOPHER COVINGTON WRATHER

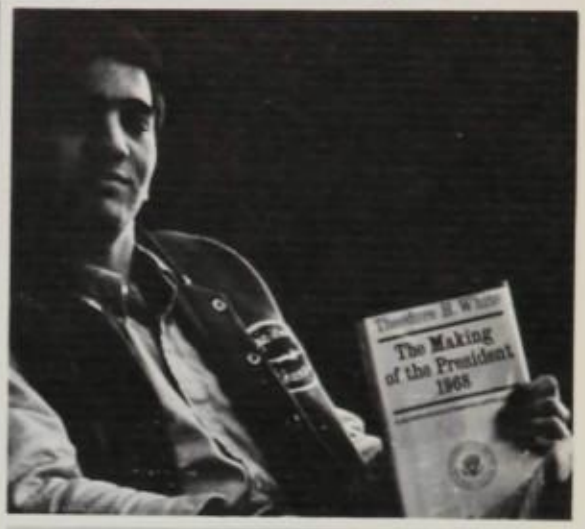
Fencing 11, 12
Photography Ed.,
SENTINEL BULLETIN 12

I, Christopher Covington Wrather leave the following: To Pete, I leave Marty, full command of the Minutemen, publishing rights to an ultra-conservative right-wing magazine, an Alabama Butler County Marshall ,and my great interest in athletics. To Jim, I leave the ever-thrilling sport of football with its many exciting facets. To Jim I also leave burglars' footsteps outside the house and the smell of smoke up the hill. To Mr. Clark, I leave a casual attitude and: "I'll make you a deal." To C.Z., I leave dessert, seagulls and restaurant windows, people who dance in the car, and the big two. To Cristy, I leave San Fernando Airport and my thanks for listening. To Timmy, I leave a wild weekend in Big Bear, a big night on the town, and other such things. To Pete and Jim I leave my thanks and appreciation for getting me through those certain days and hopes, as I helped them do the same.

Chris Wrather

Swingers Boutique
ADULT BOOKS
BLUE CHIP STAMPS




The Making of the President 1968

Junior Class Officers:
Steve Davis, President
Rocky Camp, Vice-President
Not Pictured—
Kirby Andrews, Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS

One of the most widely read essays in any yearbook is the one of the Junior Class. It is read to catch a glimpse of the future, to try and perceive what this new Senior Class will be like. The essays themselves are usually written as all the other underclass ones, with great bravado concerning individual achievements, and with much hope and confidence for the future.

For the first time last year, the Junior Class essay was written objectively with no idealistic dreams for the future. As evidenced by this year's Senior essay, the premonitions of June, 1969 were valid. Now to this year's Junior Class, the Class of 1971.

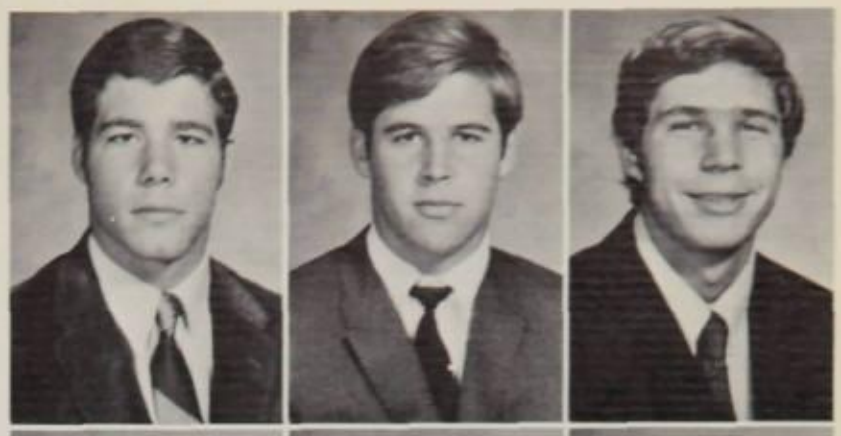
When one thinks about this class, one cannot help but remember how rowdy a bunch they were back in the Lower School and even up through last year. In fact, it was very common to look with anxiety on the day they would become Seniors. Armageddon is now at hand, but perhaps not so.

This is a class which is not afraid of speaking out. Nor is it apprehensive of change. There are, of course, the typical class cliques, athletes, scholars, and cop-outs, but when it comes to important issues and respect for one another, their unity is startling and heartening.

This is a class filled with people of broad vision; people of strong leadership ability; people with drive; people with nerve. But most of all, this is an entire class of distinction.

We could close by stating that next year will be guaranteed as a good one for this class. We cannot. The class itself must decide whether to continue its tradition of meeting challenges or fall back on well-worn but undistinguished paths. We wish them the best of luck.

Andrews, K.
Asher, J.
Baker, C.

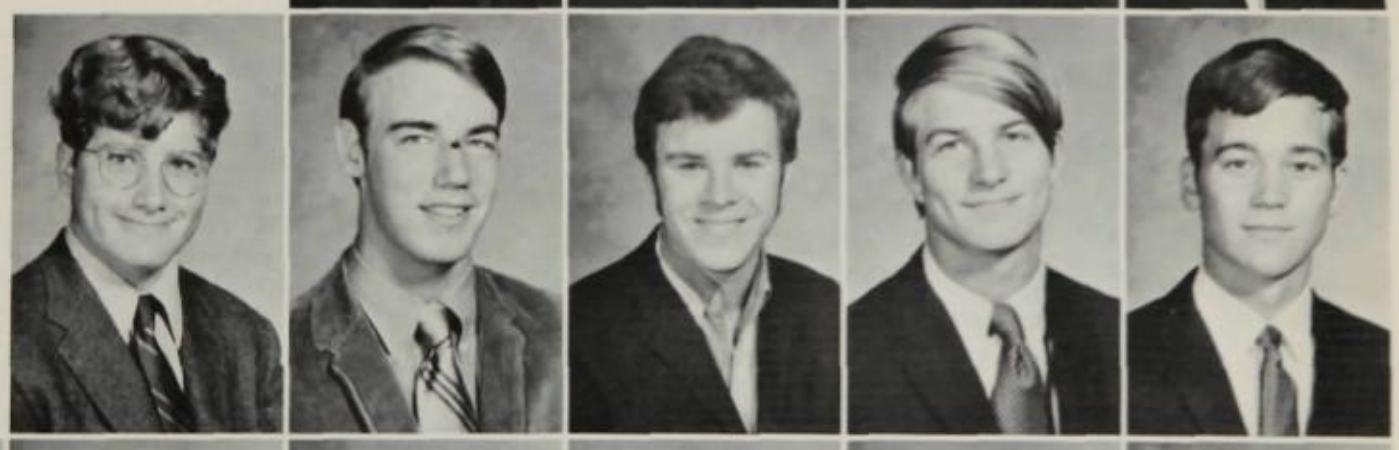


Ballon, J.
Banning, W.
Bender, P.

Blakely, C.
Blocker, D.
Brant, R.
Buckingham, J.

Camp, R.
Chitiea, B.
Clements, W.
Coldren, R.

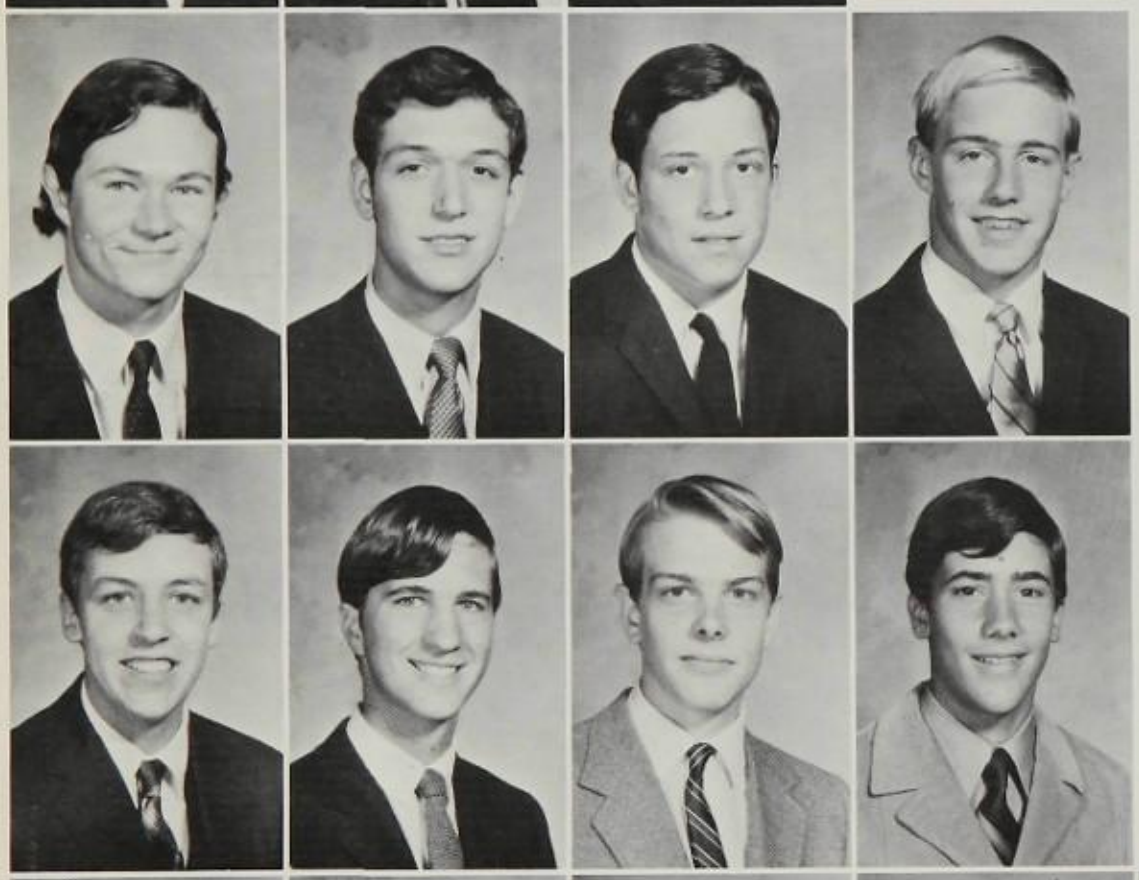
Crary, J.
Culver, A.
Cushing, J.
Davis, S.
Dewell, J.



Doheny, T.
Ducommun, E.
Duffy, M.
Fletcher, J.
Ganz, J.
Gates, W.

Gavigan, G.
Gill, D.
Hamilton, J.

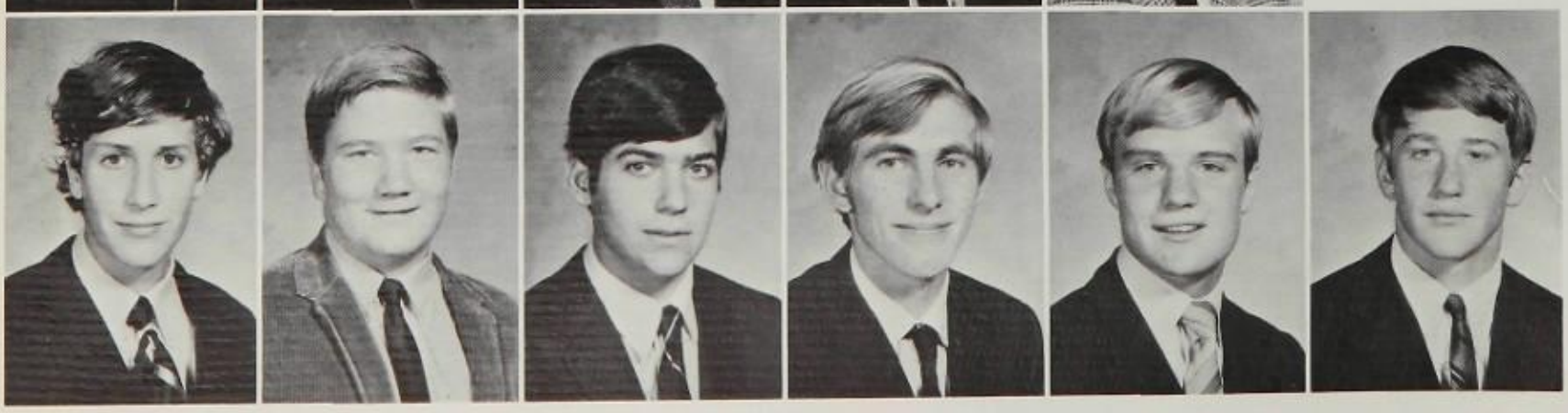
Handel, J.
Harriman, J.
Hathaway, J.



Heyes, M.
Hirsh, C.
Howard, B.
Howard, C.

Isaacs, J.
Jenks, D.
Keene, D.
Kontos, S.

Lesnett, R.
Lockton, A.
Markham, J.
Maxson, M.
Mendel, C.



Miller, A.
Milner, J.
Mommaerts, Q.
Morgan, W.
Morley, C.
Ostrup, R.

Paul, V.
Perkins, R.
Pick, L.

Pomeroy, D.
Porter, R.
Power, R.

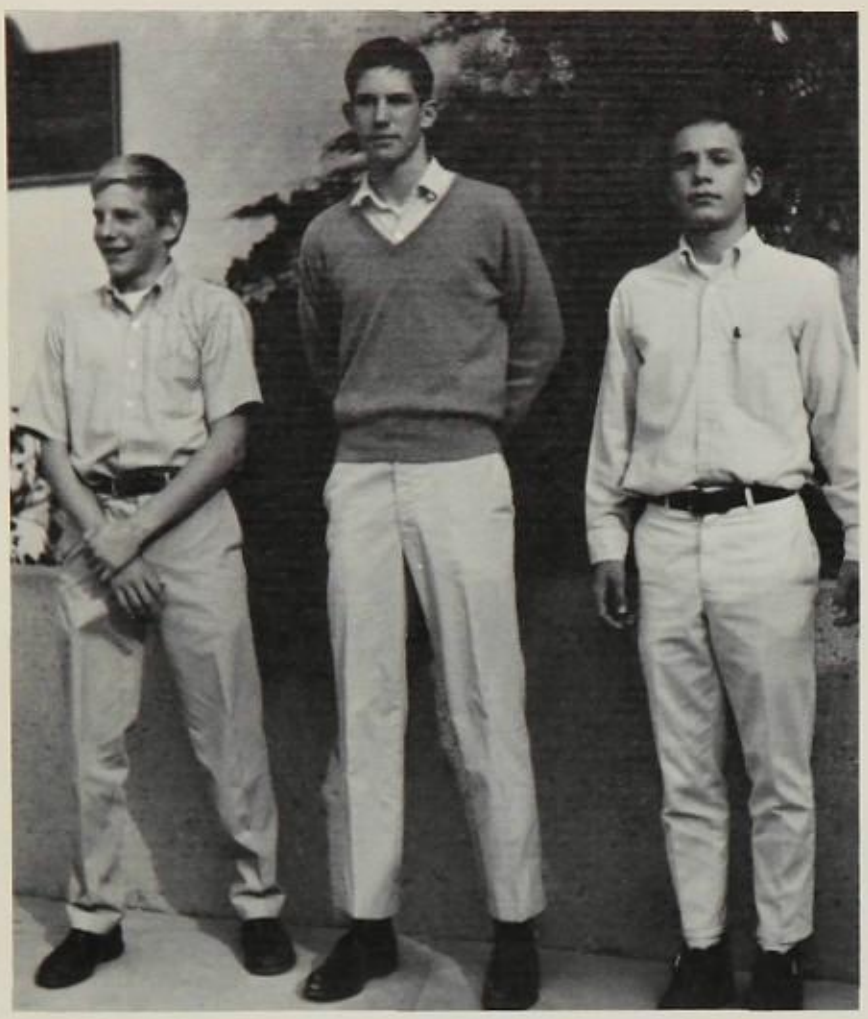
Ralphs, D.
Rand, C.
Schneider, C.
Schoenfield

Shafer, M.
Shaw, S.
Smith, M.
Smith, R.

Stodder, J.
Swaebe, G.
Swirles, F.
Thoburn, L.
Tiholiz, J.

Turpit, W.
Ullman, R.
Williams, J.
Wolever, T.
Wright, L.
Younger, M.

Not Pictured: Hibbard, P.; Meyers, E.



Sophomore Class Officers:
Doug Wick, Secretary
Stu Irvine, President
Brian Barber, Vice-President

SOPHOMORE CLASS

When one looks at the members of the Sophomore Class, one cannot help but get the same feeling one got when looking at a similar Sophomore Class two years before.

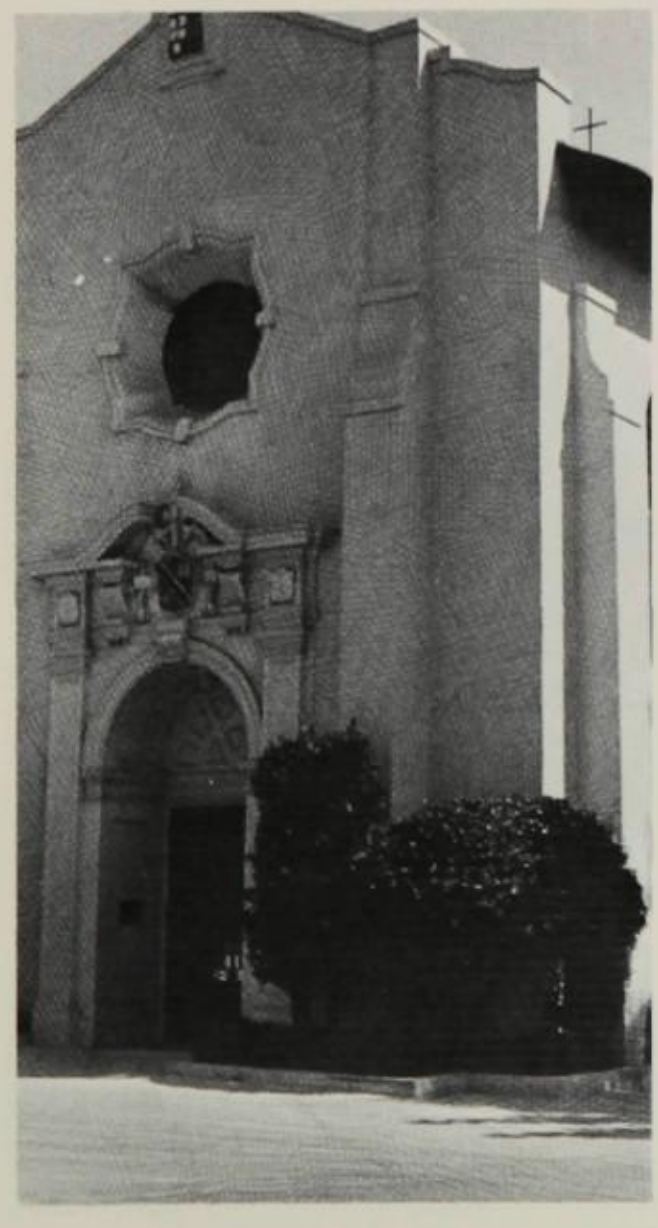
They're all there, fine athletes, brilliant scholars, likeable eccentrics, and the usual "cool" goof-offs. They even have the same friendly-type class officers whose leadership parallels that of the Class of 1970 as well as those who are interested but not elected.

They have potential, they are maturing, they're Sophomores. Unlike their predecessors, this should not be an epitaph but a beginning of one of the finest and most constructive classes ever produced by Harvard School.

Anderson, P.
Barber, B.
Bateman, J.
Becket, M.
Blanton, J.

Burr, J.
Campbell, R.
Carpenter, K.
Carroll, J. J.
Carsten, C.

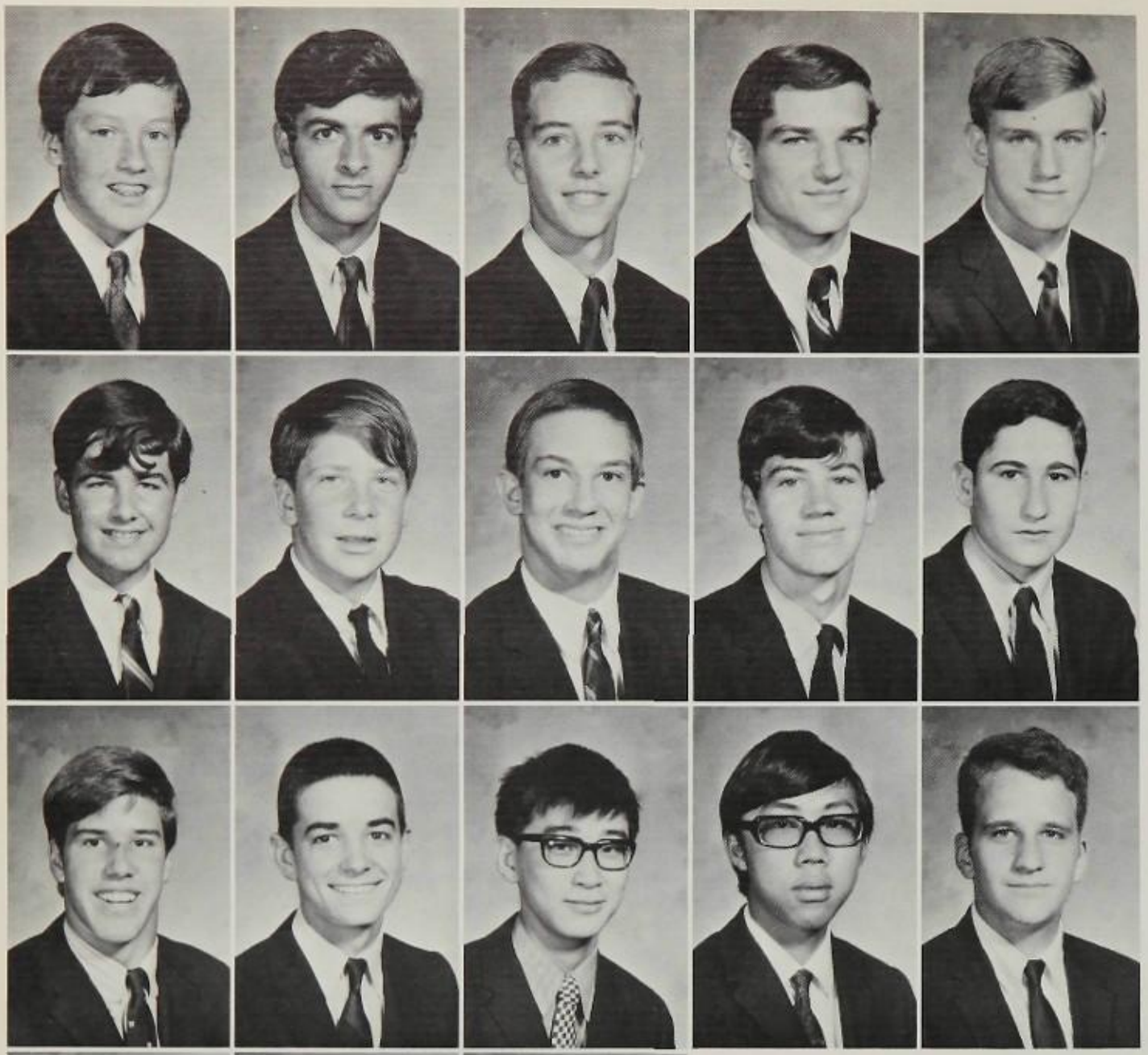
Chippey, R.
Comfort, M.
Cordner, K.
Davis, J.



Devoli, R.
DeYoung, D.
Dickerson, J.

Dickinson, R.
Driver, D.
Edwards, S.

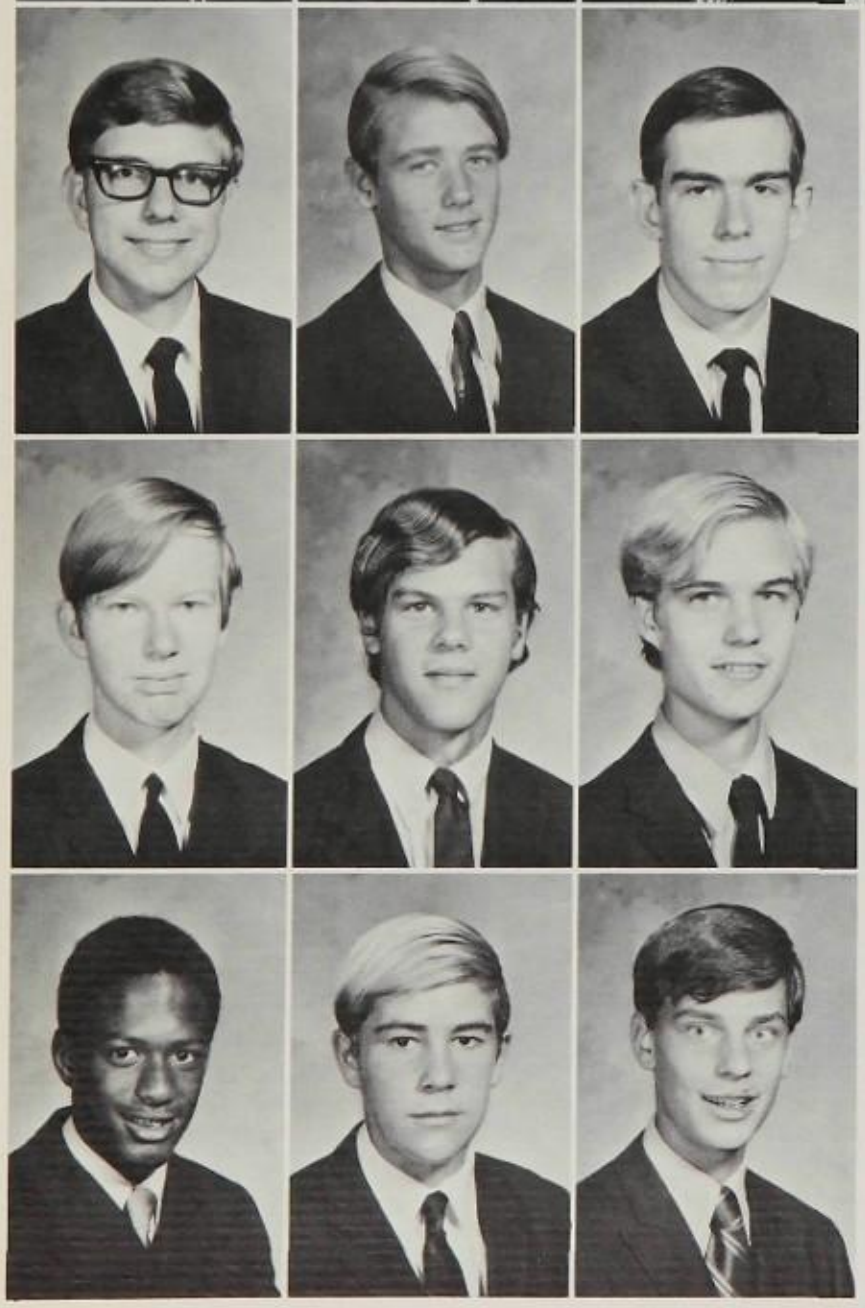
Emrich, M.
Farrer, W.
Freedlander, K.



Funk, J.
Generales, J.
Gerrity, W.
Gordon, R.
Green, J.

Gunn, R.
Haight, F.
Irvine, S.
Jacobs, S.
Kaplan, M.

Keith, W.
Ketchum, S.
Kim, J.
Leung, S.
Leventhal, R.



Luke, C.
Lynn, R.
Maillian, J.

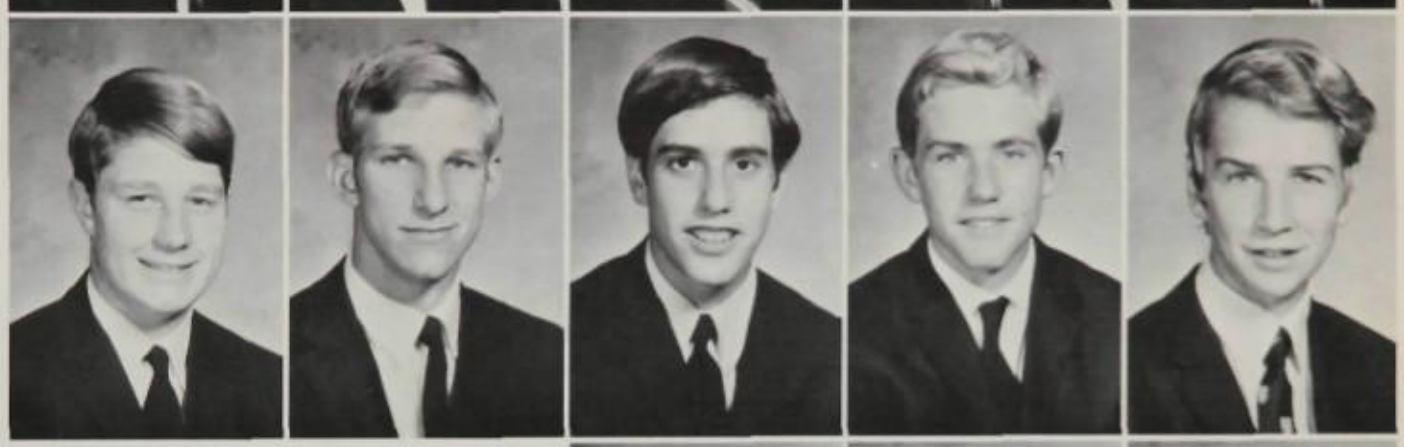
McCabe, T.
McClung, S.
McMahan, M.

Melton, W.
Mitchel, C.
Myerson, J.

Oswald, T.
Phillips, R.
Prater, J.
Read, B.
Redding, D.

Robertson, L.
Rosenquest, N.
Samerjan, P.
Sanders, J.
Schulkins, M.

Schuur, R.
Shields, R.
Spivack, T.
Strange, W.
Swift, J.

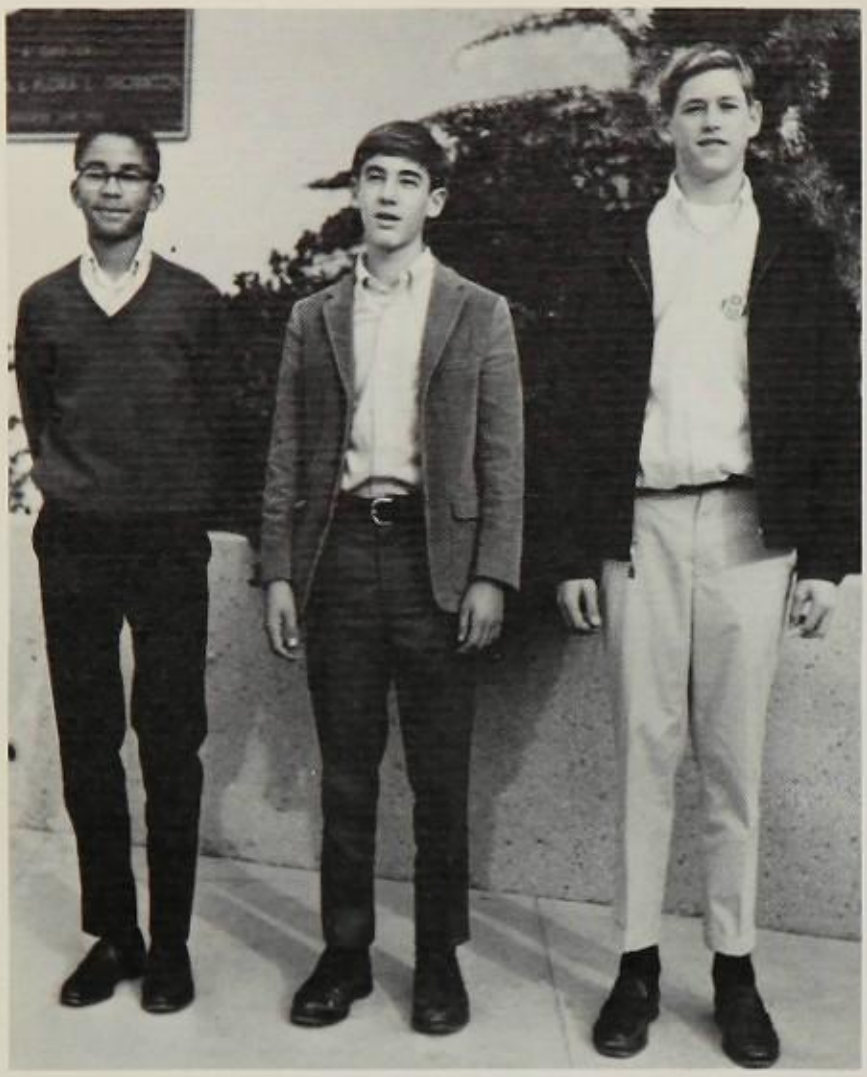


Swirles, T.
Trewhitt, S.
Truex, P.

Turner, M.
Van Dusen, R.
White, B.

Wick, D.
Wilson, G.
Wishon, K.

Not Pictured: Francis, B.; Ingram, T.



Freshman Class Officers:
Anthony Anderson, Secretary
Peter Skoby, President
Kevin Green, Vice-President

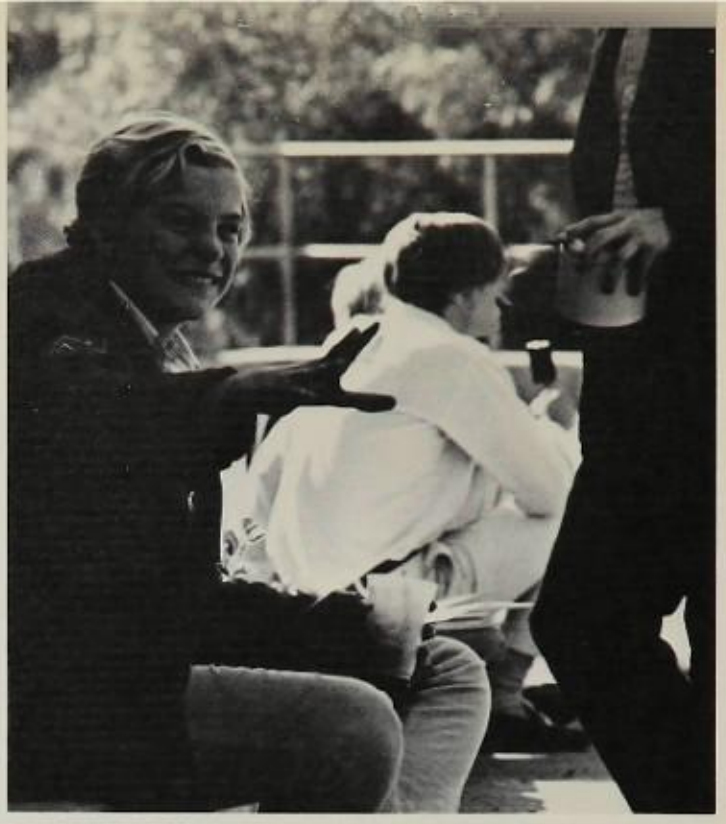
FRESHMAN CLASS

There is always something rather special about becoming a Freshman. It is a time of great change for each individual, both within the school and personally.

As a Freshman, one is officially out of the Lower School and becomes a full-fledged member of the Upper School. One automatically is accorded more respect, is given a chance to distinguish oneself in any aspect of school endeavor, gains self-pride by being able to lord over the seventh and eighth graders, and more importantly, acquires new found freedoms.

It is at this time that one usually discovers an awareness of oneself as a person and one's place in the world. One begins to experiment, one begins to mature. This year's Freshman class was rambunctious and thoughtful, endearing as well as very trying.

It was a year of growth and understanding.



Adams, J.
Alcorn, S.
Allen, M.

Anderson, A.
Badham, J.
Barlow, J.

Biggs, J.
Bodek, H.
Braun, W.
Brechner, E.
Breech, W.

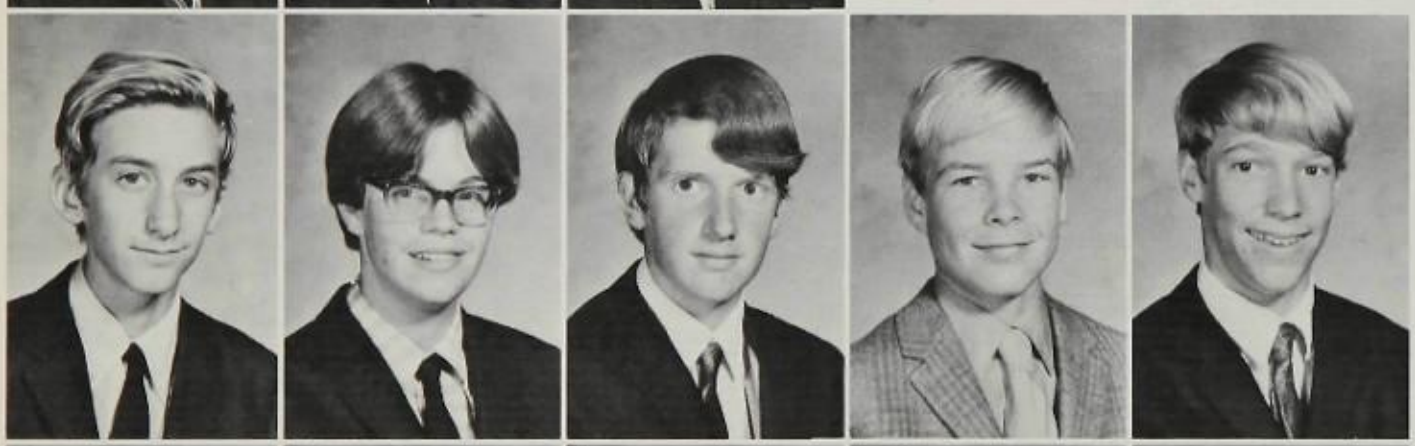
Campbell, J.
Carroll, J. D.
Cooper, C.
Cowan, P.
Cox, G.

Crary, T.
Cruikshank, W.
Cuddy, P.
Davis, P.
Douglas, P.

Edwards, B.
Edwards, T.
Ellis, P.
Escher, W.
Fletcher, R.

Gill, J.
Green, D.
Green, K.

Haddad, B.
Hay, D.
Heidt, J.



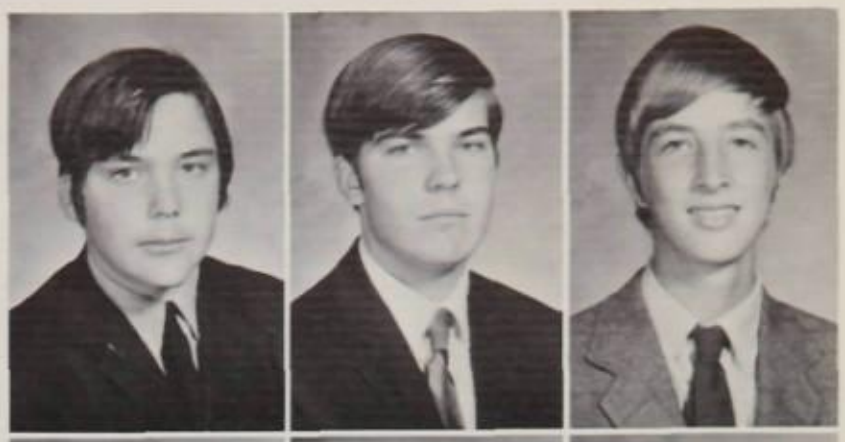
Heston, F.
Hinson, B.
Hotchkiss, J.
Huchel, T.
Hunt, J.

Ingram, J.
Jamison, M.
Jesberg, P.
Johnson, J.
Keel, G.

Lau, M.
Lord, C.
Lynch, W.
Mannon, R.
McCourt, M.

Mendel, D.
Meyer, P.
Miller, C.
Mitchell, B.
Mitchell, J.
Morgan, M.

Palance, C.
Payne, G.
Peppard, B.



Porteous, J.
Pratt, C.
Priver, M.

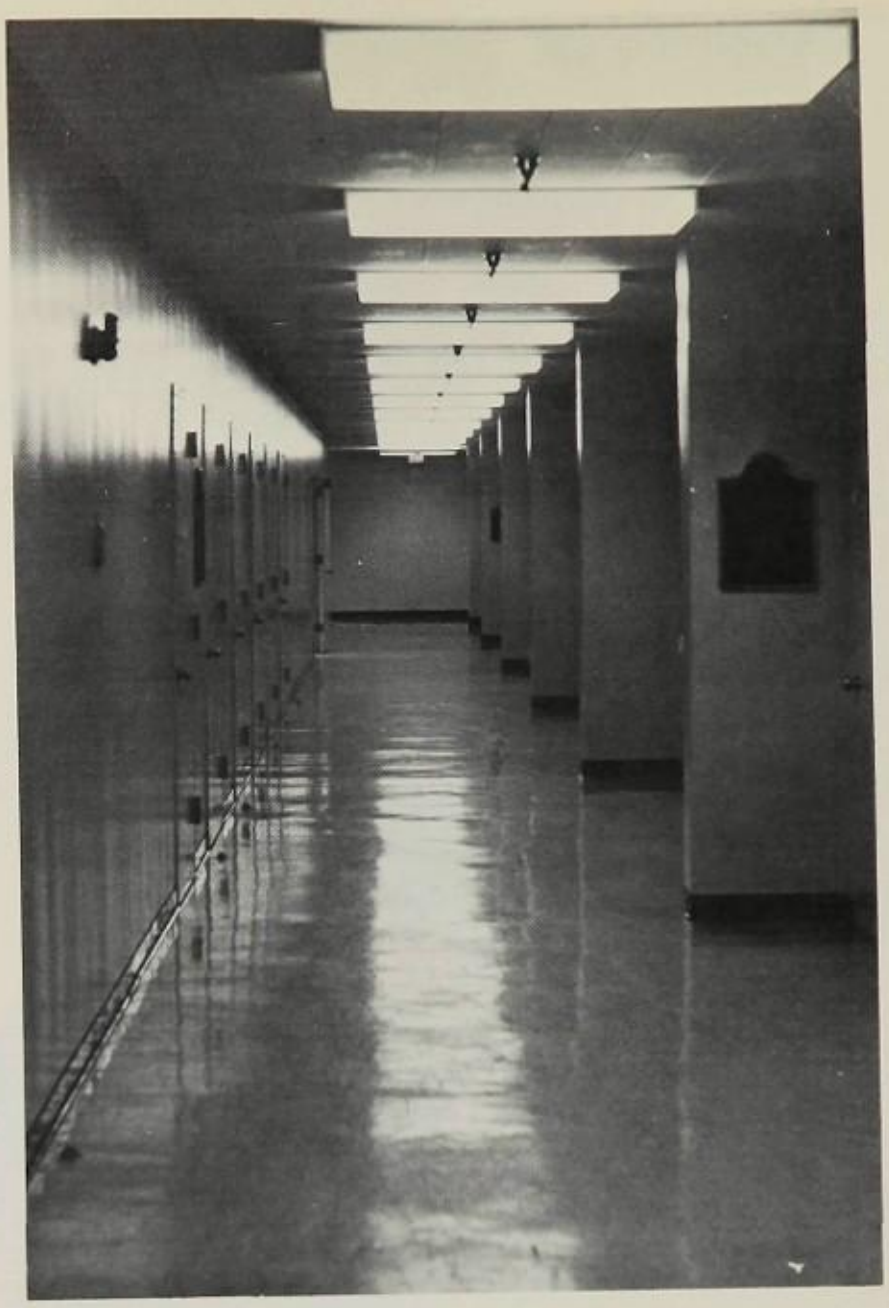
Rand, R.
Riordan, M.
Robinson, J.
Rule, O.
Sheldon, K.

Shipp, C.
Skoby, P.
Smith, L.
Smith, T.
Stevenson, T.

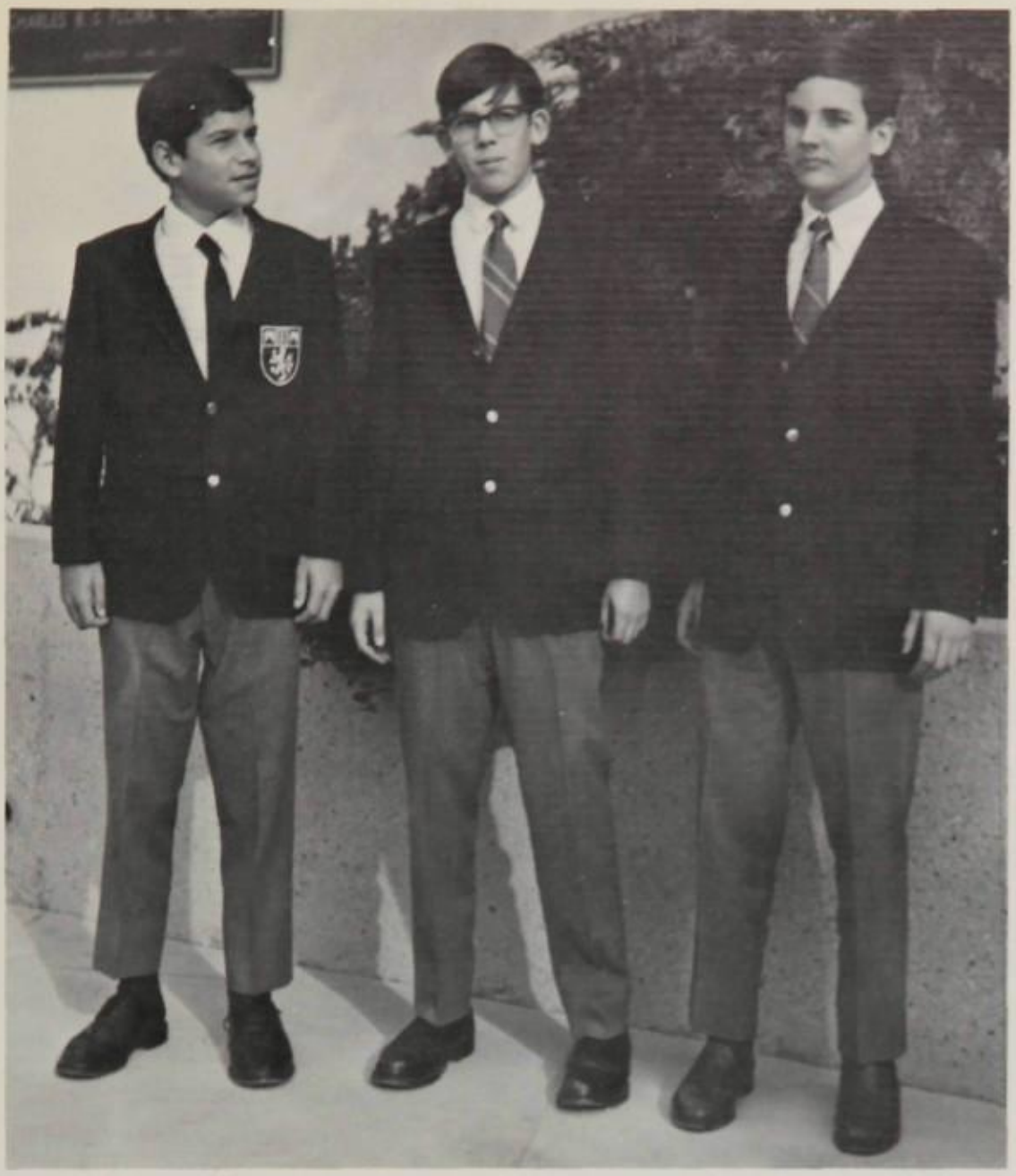
Straatsma, B.
Stuppy, J.
Tan, B.
Townsend, R.
von Keszycki, M.

Wacker, C.
Walker, R.
Waycott, R.
Williams, M.
Williams, R.
Wilson, M.

Not pictured: Trewhitt, D.



LOWER SCHOOL



Eighth Grade Class Officers:
Craig Marx, Secretary
Mark Haddad, President
Pat Stern, Secretary

EIGHTH GRADE

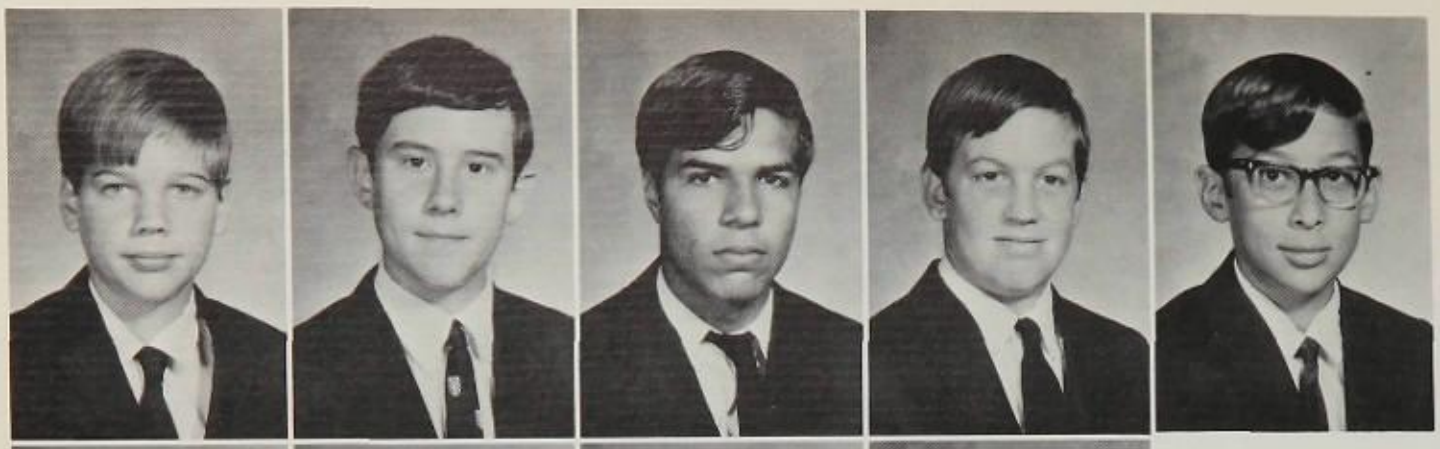
There is no relief like the one that results from becoming an Eighth Grader. Free from the stigma of being the youngest and now accustomed to the ways of Harvard, the Eighth Grader is now the top man in the Lower School and is now an assured young man.

But not far in the future, following this year of superiority, comes the Freshman Year. Once again this student will be at the bottom of the heap and looking back to the glories of yesterday.

And a little further from there, the present Eighth Grader will become a Senior and will be at the head of the entire school.

Yet this too is followed by the fact of starting all over again as a college freshman.

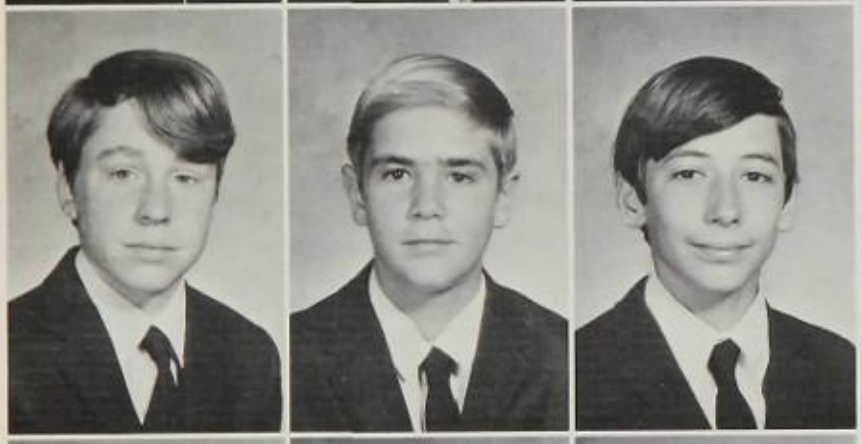
And it continues . . .



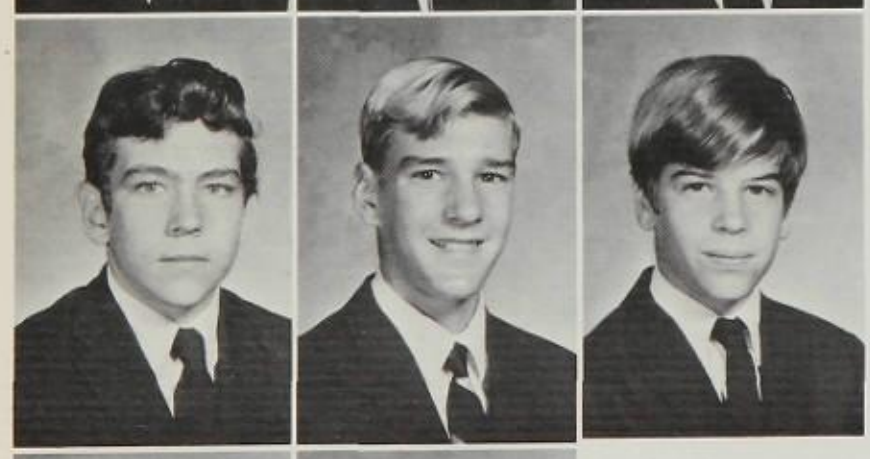
Adamson, R.
Alison, J.
Alvarez, M.
Belden, D.
Blakely, B.

Burgess, C.
Burnap, M.
Carr, J.
Cecil, J.

Chitiea, J.
Cooper, C.
Cooper, P.
Crouch, J.



Curtis, S.
Davis, M.
Davis, R.



Davison, J.
Dickinson, B.
Dietsch, A.

Doheny, D.
Dunbar, S.

Edwards, C.
Farrer, C.
Ganz, W.
Haddad, M.
Hawkins, J.

Healey, J.
Hicken, J.
Hinds, D.
Hoffman, C.

Hormel, C.
Ingram, D.
Jones, R.
Jones, P.

Kane, B.
Kanin, J.
Knight, C.

Leonard, B.
Lewis, C.
Lindgren, T.

Lockheed, J.
Lynn, D.

Lynn, M.
Maier, R.
Manulis, J.
Martin, C.
Marx, C.

McCabe, P.
Michels, W.
Miller, R.
Munger, C.

Nelson, C.
Nevil, C.
Olmstead, C.
Overpeck, P.

Parker, B.
Peck, A.
Platt, J.

Porter, R.
Read, B.
Ressler, E.

Reynolds, J.
Royer, B.

Ruetz, F.
Rusack, G.
Saliba, J.
Scott, E.
Shelton, J.

Sheriffs, R.
Shields, R.
Smith, C.
Stern, P.

Stinehart, R.
Strassner, J.
Swanson, G.
Taradash, W.

Theis, D.
Thompson, C.
Thorpe, B.

Tong, L.
Verdon, C.
Welsh, R.

West, J.
Wilber, M.
Williams, O.

Seventh Grade Class Officers:
Joe LoPresti, Vice-President
Gary Marx, President
Paul Stupin, Secretary

SEVENTH GRADE

One of the most haunting and vivid memories that still sends chills up any Senior's spine, is that of being a Seventh Grader and experiencing Harvard's ways for the first time. There, the anxieties about the Eighth Graders, about getting used to all that homework every night, about being in this all-male environment, and of being forced to prove one's worth both physically and academically in new surroundings. It takes time growing up, but by June the Seventh Grade is as cocky a unit as any in the school.

And these timid, picked-on, innocent Seventh Graders will return next fall as the Eighth Grade, ready to avenge their previous year on the new Seventh Grade.

And the beat goes on . . .

Adamson, G.
Allen, W.

Beck, C.
Bernheim, B.
Bird, R.

Bokowski, S.
Boska, D.
Brewer, J.
Brown, T.

Carter, R.
Clifford, R.
Cline, B.
Clustka, C.
Cossette, J.

Courtland, W.
Crane, C.
Cruikshank, J.
Davies, P.
Davis, N.
Davis, R.

Dietz, B.
Dunne, A.
Eaton, M.
Erickson, S.
Fischer, J.
Fletcher, H.

Gay, L.
Hall, J.

Hallberg, R.
Haller, W.
Halliburton, D.

Hannan, J.
Hastings, A.
Hogen, J.
Hohl, W.

Hooker, J.
Howard, R.
Jeffs, R.
Kaplan, R.
Karno, R.

LoPresti, J.
Maddox, J.
Mannon, D.
Margolis, M.
Marx, G.

Mathews, A.
Maxson, S.
Maytum, M.
McCarter, G.
Meyers, G.
Miller, M.

Mitchell, T.
Morgan, P.

Nunez, M.
Olch, C.
Oswald, R.

Parks, J.
Pawlak, J.
Peterson, J.
Pomeroy, M.

Rosendahl, C.
Scheimer, L.
Scott, M.
Scott, R.
Singleton, T.

Smith, N.
Stanley, J.
Stupin, P.
Sturtevant, N.
Thackaberry, M.

Thornbury, M.
Thorpe, T.
Uhlmann, C.
Walsh, K.
Weber, M.
Zaro, J.

ramps

ORGANIZATIONS
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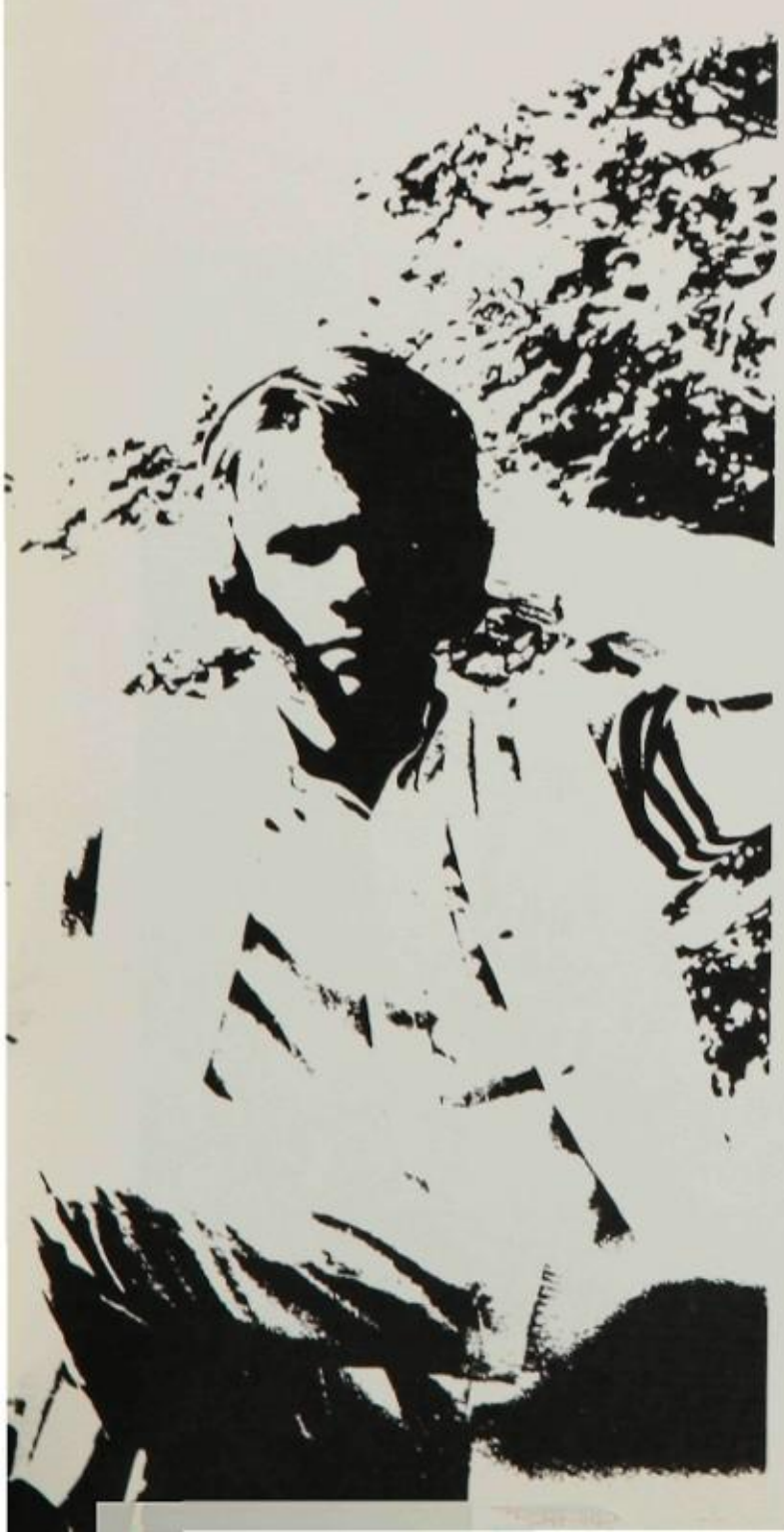

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BOTTOM ROW: Ramsay, C; Davis, S; Schoenfield, M; Meyer, M (Secretary); Swaebe, G; MIDDLE ROW: Irvine, J; Davis, P; Wick, D; Camp, R; TOP ROW: Harmon, M; Wick, CZ; Ingram, R; (Not pictured: Chippey, R; Skoby, P.; Ingram, J.; and Irvine, S.)

STUDENT COUNCIL

In its 1969-1970 session the Student Council tested for the first time the "new" Charter of last spring. Its duties were simple but important: bills were proposed to it and acted upon. The legislators in its membership included the six Prefects, one editor of a student publication, the Upper School class presidents and representatives, and the members of the Student Committee. Although many of the members held varying views, the Council did accomplish much of significance, including the placing of student representatives on faculty committees, the formulating of a literary award, the adoption of a foster child from Bolivia, a Festival of the Arts and Sciences involving other schools as well, membership with the Los Angeles Museum, an Upper School election policy, initiating discussion of student government in the Lower School, active involvement in the Los Angeles Forum, and a critical review of the structure of student government at Harvard School.

The Council was chaired by John Irvine and the Secretary was Michael Meyer.

The dour looking gentlemen staring at you from the bottom of this page are the determined members of this year's Student Committee.

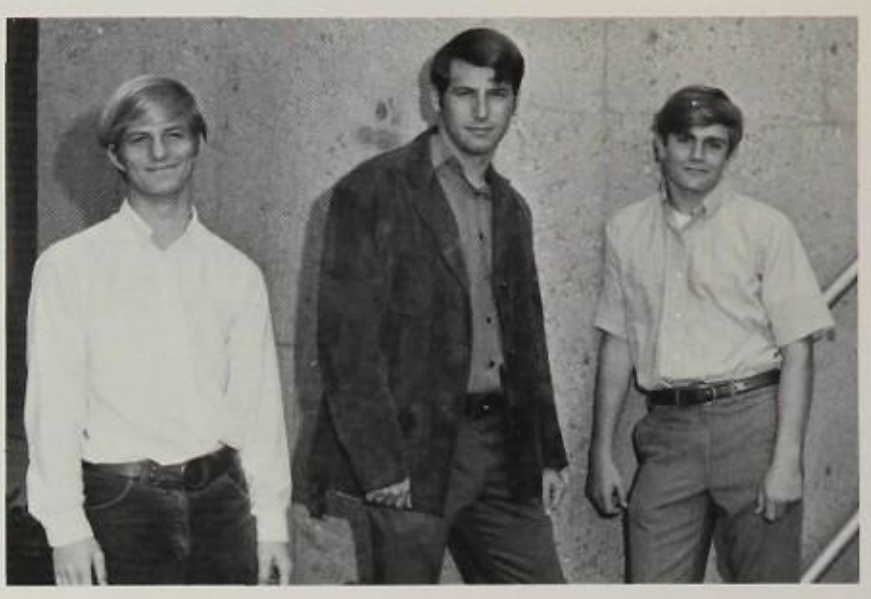
The Committee, chosen by the Prefects, was made up of one senior, Mike Meyer, who served as informal chairman, two juniors, Myles Schoenfield and Rocky Camp, and one sophomore, Doug Wick. As the "most capable and creative people in student government Harvard has to offer," these students proposed every bill offered to this year's Council as well as reviewing the volunteers for the various student committees. They met at least three times a week, usually during lunch, on the Chalmers Auditorium stage. The Committee functioned well as the executive branch of the student government and accomplished much.

STUDENT COMMITTEE

Left to right: Schoenfield, M.; Camp, R.; Meyer, M.; Wick, D.

STUDENT COUNCIL COMMITTEES

Faculty Committee — John Irvine, Mike Meyer; Not Pictured: Geoff Swaebe.



Trustees Committee — Davis, S.; Preis, J.; Camp, R.

Admissions Committee — Ramsay, B.; Irvine, J.; Wick, C. Z.; Not Pictured: Andrews, K.

Curriculum Committee — Davis, P.; Ramsay, B.; Swaebe, G.; Lockton, A.

One of the main acomplishments of this year's Student Council was the formation of student committees to sit on the various *faculty committees.*

After consultation with Mr. Berrisford, the Student Council asked for volunteers from the student body to serve on these committees. After a good response, the members of the Student Committee helped choose nominees to present to the Council. The Student Council voted to accept the nominations, and, thus, student representation on the faculty committee was assured. assured.

There were four committees: Curriculum, Trustees, Library, and Faculty and two other committees that had been selected by faculty: Counselling and Admissions. Next year all the committees will be chosen by the Student Council.

It was an experiment to promote better communication between students and faculty and to give students a real chance at participating in their own education . . . and it worked.

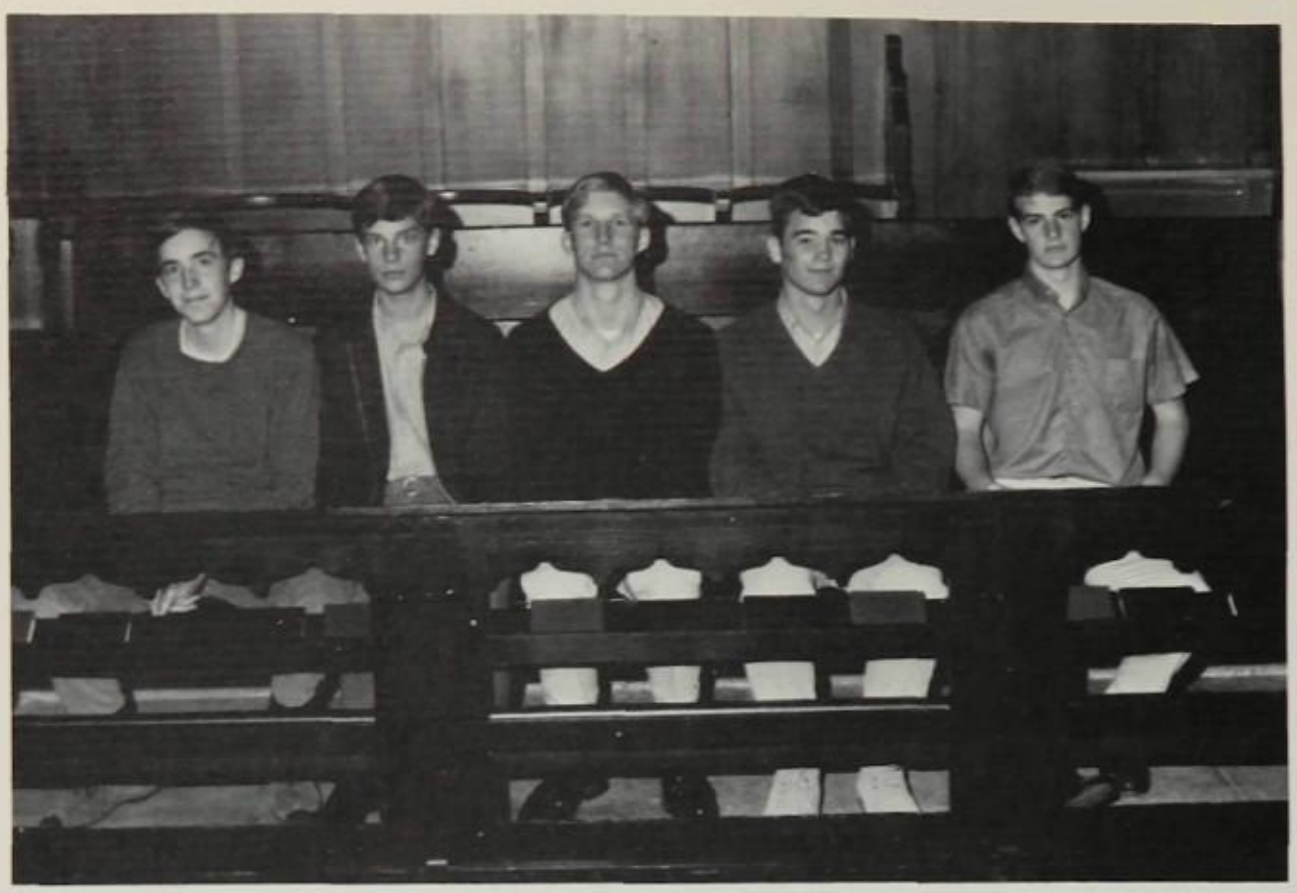
STUDENT GOVERNMENT FOR THE 70's

One of the main issues of the 60's that must be answered in the 70's is the decision as to the role of the student in the policy-making areas of his school, whether secondary or college. Whichever way this pendulum swings, none will be able to escape this change that is sweeping the land and which will challenge every "well-wrought man" in its path. In its iconoclastic wake people's tenets will have been shaken and the basis of the old view of education shattered. What will be left will be the student of the 21st Century, an active, concerned, and thinking individual who will exercise his opinion and voice in any and all matters that directly affect him. No archaic or irrelevant mode of teaching should escape his objections and he will be therefore given the freedom to grow on his own self-motivation. He will learn because he wants to learn, not because he must in order to gain money and prestige in a social order that is unable to distinguish between affluence and intelligence.

As this student participates more in his own education, he will learn more about how he works with others and will thereby develop insight into the nature of human relationships. Only in this way can we begin to learn that we need each other to survive, that we cannot continue to kill each other to save face, that we must understand in order to live.

Many people today, however, won't listen to the enlightened student due to their mistrust of change and their natural antipathy to the younger generation. But the change in society's attitudes and in its educational system will change because it must change. Harvard School's gradual transition to the new is a peaceful one . . . other institutions have not been as fortunate.

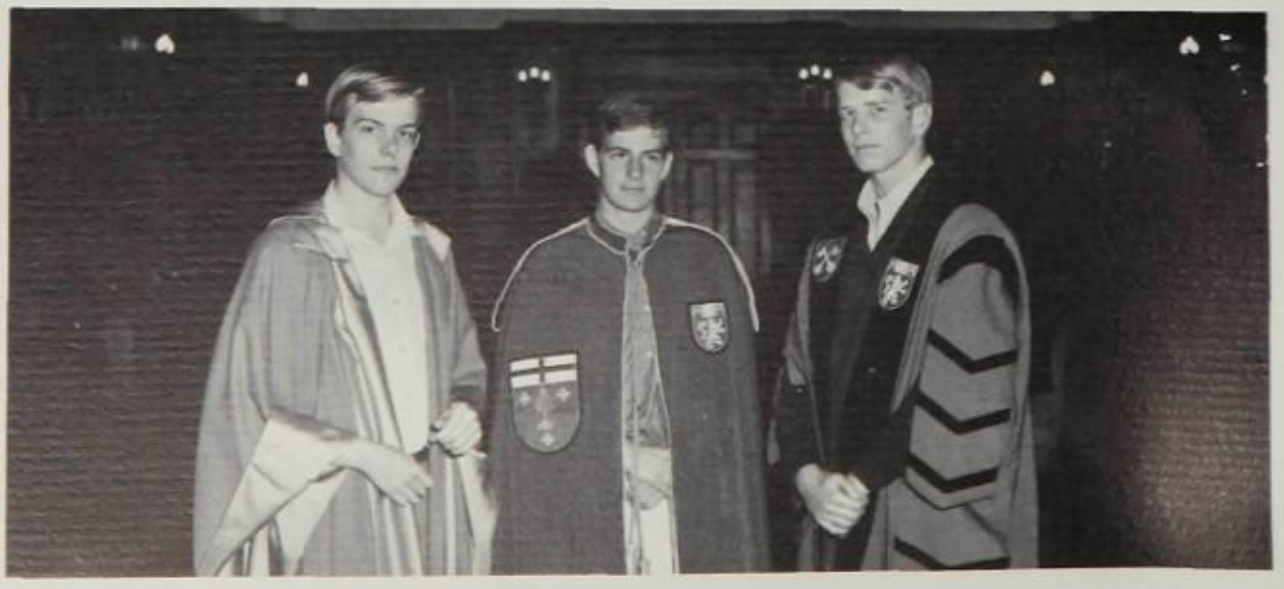
But the students will never retain this right to participate in decisions that affect them if they remain apathetic to the exercise of this right. By such indifference, the cause is lost. Student government, therefore, is not an "extra-curricular activity"; it is the forum where student opinion can be mobilized for effective use in the decision-*making process.*



ST. DUNSTAN'S GUILD — Johnston, R.; Myerson, J.; Shields, R.; Dewell, J.; Hawn, R. (Senior Guild Member).

CHAPEL

CHAPEL COMMITTEE—FRONT ROW: Morley, C.; Gilmore J.; Keene, D.; Dewell, J.; BACK ROW: Davis, P.; Shields, R.; Hall, D. (Chairman); Turpit, W.; Hawn, R.



Keene, D.(Organist); Hawn, R. (Senior Server); Hall, D. (Warden Verger).

BOTTOM ROW: Harmon, M; MIDDLE ROW: Branch, B; Hudson, J; TOP ROW: Hardekopf, W; Wick, C. Z.; Weber, D. (Not pictured: McCarter, T. and Lewis, T.)

RALLY COMMITTEE

BOTTOM ROW: Ramsay, B; Hudson, J; Hirsh, C; Johnston, R (President); Weber, D; MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Hoyle; Gilmore, J; Culver, A; TOP ROW: Perkins, P; Lockwood, W; Stodder, J; Leventhal, R; Schneider, C; Wagner, M.

FILM CLUB

FRONT ROW: Howard, S.; Thoburn, L.; Russel, W.; Mr. Clark BACK ROW: Mr. Humphrey; Maillian, J.; Asher, J.; Singleton, W; Andrews, K.

COOKIE TASTING CLUB

FRONT ROW: Hudson, J.; Weber, D. BACK ROW: Hardekopf, W.; Branch, B.

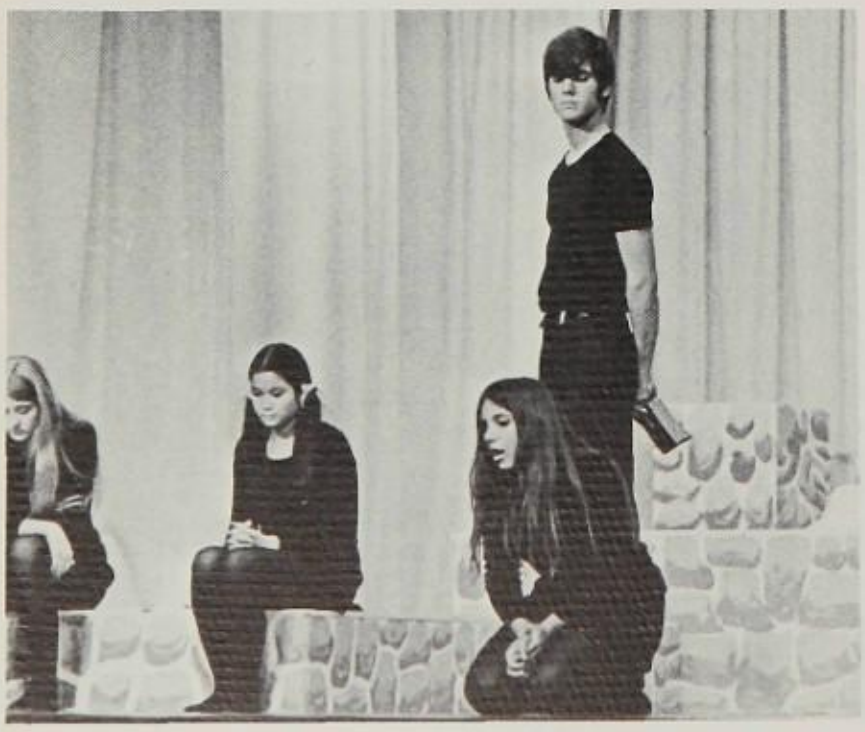
Wolever, T.; Howard, B.; Blocker, D.; Pick, L.; Mendel, C.; Lockton, A.

TRIVIA CLUB

CHESS CLUB

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Last Fall, certain members of the combined Harvard and Westlake Drama Clubs, together with their teachers, presented Dylan Thomas's play **Under Milk Wood.** The production was not only an experience for its viewers, but each of the players gained an insight into the beauty and the intense value of life itself. If ever there was a time when a human being could feel at peace with himself and hold a real love, appreciation and communion with the world around him, this was it. For some, this moment of personal ecstasy shall never be reached again.



BOTTOM ROW: Mendel, C; Harriman, J; Park, S; MIDDLE ROW: McCarter, T; Wagner, M; Park, V; Wasson, F; Von Gehr, G; Claiborne, R; TOP ROW: Hirsh, C; Crary, J. (Not Pictured: Davis, S.)

TUTORING GROUP

The **Sentinel Bulletin,** Harvard School's newspaper, underwent its first major change since its formation almost half a century ago. The **Bulletin** staff realized that their attempts to report school news were futile since the paper was published every four to five weeks and any news reported in the **Bulletin** was already outdated long before it appeared in print. This newspaper was obviously not a bulletin.

Thus, a new format was adopted for publication. Our new communication, nobly called the **Sentinel Review,** was an eight-page magazine that was released every six to eight weeks. in accordance with our new style, an Art Editor and a Cultural Editor were added to the old **Bulletin** staff. With these additions, and the worthy additions of record, book and movie reviews, the content of the magazine was greatly enhanced. All "controversial" articles were timely supplied by the editor-in-chief of another Harvard School publication.

Harvard was not deprived of "on-the-spot" news coverage, however. The old **Sentinel Bulletin** became a weekly publication, reproduced on the Xerox machine, and edited by **Review** junior editors. This **Bulletin** gave short summaries of the news of the week and reported sports scores. It also provided on-the-job experience for future **Sentinel Review** editors.

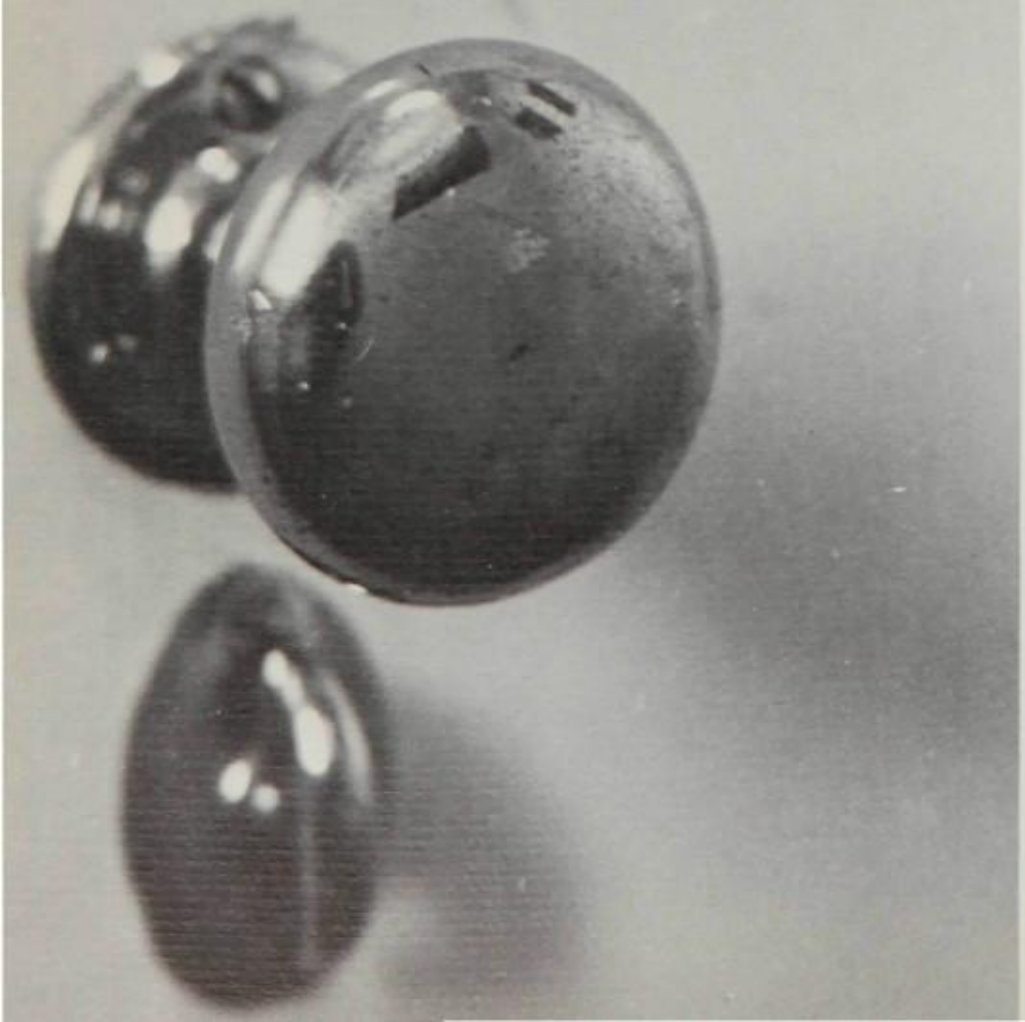
Although getting off to a rather slow start, the **Sentinel Review** has proved itself to be a worthy addition to Harvard's fleet of publications.

SENTINEL REVIEW

BOTTOM ROW: Brant, R; Harriman, J; Wick, C (Editor-in-Chief); Lockwood, W; Park, S; Davis, P; MIDDLE ROW: Mitchell, J; Kite, B; Weber, D; Bosler, J; TOP ROW: Wagner, M; Dewell, J; Park, V; Johnston, R; Wrather, C; Ramsay, B.

FRONT ROW: Mr. Hoyle (Faculty Advisor); Lowe, C; Davis, P (Editor-in-chief); Perkins, P; Lockwood, W; BACK ROW: Stodder, J; Wolever, T; Cushing, J; Gill, D; (Not Pictured: Barry, J; Laine, A; Breech, A; Hirsh, C; Hibbard, P; Chitiea, B; Davis, S.)

HARVEST



This is **Harvest's** ninth year of tenuous existence as Harvard School's student literary publication, although many students in the last nine years were never aware of that existence. **Harvest** has held on through bad times and worse, surviving its two founders, Dr. Cummins and Mr. Reynolds.

This is a year of minor, but pleasant, changes for **Harvest;** the annual budget was increased and the role of appointing next year's editor passed from the Headmaster to the editor and the advisor.

One must notice and acknowledge, however, if possible, that this is a year of great transition for **Harvest.** It has been brought down from Mount Olympus, where it was formerly published, and has been placed in the agora of student life. Translated into the vulgar—**Harvest** is no longer the private preserve of a small, like-minded group, and a copy of **Harvest** is obtainable by every student who is willing to stretch out a hand.

Where is **Harvest** going? Ignoring the flippant predictions of the **Sentinel** twins, **Harvest** is expanding from a mere literary magazine to a creative arts and intellectual magazine. Issues devoted to satire, the arts, and to political, sociological, religious, and philosophical themes will be added to the traditional collections of student literature. Although **Harvest** will not be able to feature this full repertoire this year, it is introducing a satire issue.

Special thanks are in order to Mr. Hoyle, Faculty Advisor, whose excellent advice was not always heeded; and to the Staff, who gave the Editor a million headaches and the best **Harvest** ever.

FRONT ROW: Camp, R (Asst. Sports Ed.); Preis, J (Business Manager); Meyer, M (Editor-in-Chief); Perkins, P (Chief Photographer); BACK ROW: Hawn, R (Sports Editor); Lockton, A (Junior Editor); Weber, D (Asst. Editor); Wagner, M (Photography Editor).

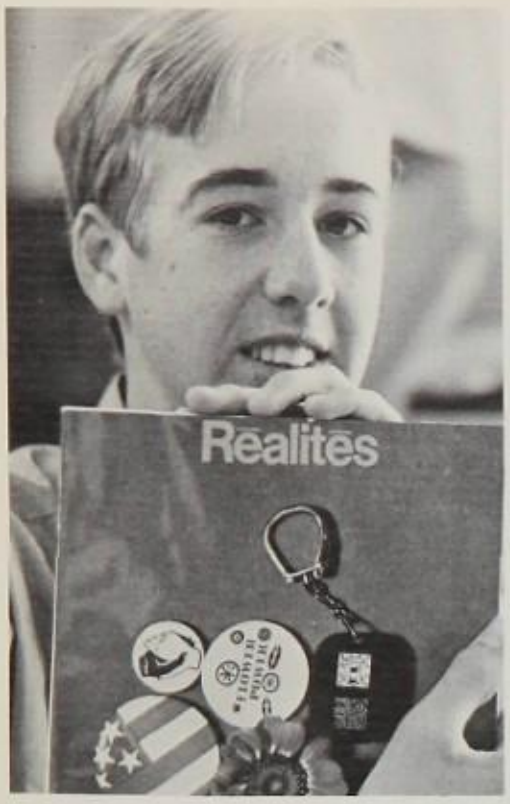
THE 1970 SENTINEL ANNUAL

"they said it couldn't be done . . ."

"Okay, Mike, it's all yours."

It seems like many a fantasy ago that Rick Kent, Editor-in-Chief of last year's **Annual**, glibly uttered these prophetic words, opened the office door, and walked out, never to return again. With my usual sense of the dramatic, I listened for his car to drive away and, finally, after three attempts at getting the motor started, his MG sputtered its way past the office and out of the field gate. For a moment I was still, but then, like the disciples of old, I was suddenly filled with great dreams of glory. "I, Michael Anthony Meyer, am Editor-in-Chief of THE yearbook." Imagine, no more drawing out senior pages, filling envelopes with letters to parents requesting more money; no more taking orders—"Now I am in charge." As the summer sun set in the west over Mr. Archer's "Dark Hills," I leaned back in my throne and benignly smiled.

It was on August first that the Four Oaks Farm Mobile next putted its way to the campus. As on all the following days leading up to the start of the school term, I went into the business office and pestered my hard-working friends, namely Mrs. White, Mrs. Sitch, Mr. Alvarez, and Mr. Burr, as to the whereabouts of the **Sentinel Annual** supplies. It seemed that nothing—no practice layout pages, no rulers, no picture-reducing gadgets, nothing—had arrived from our publishers. Swell. "Is there anything for the **Annual** yet, Mrs. White?" "No, Mike." "Why, Mrs. White, I need it desperately." "I don't know, Mike, why don't you check with Mr. Burr?" "But, heck, I've been waiting for, etc. . . ." All this was interrupted by the arrival of Bob Hawn with the straight-faced admission: "I ran away from home to come

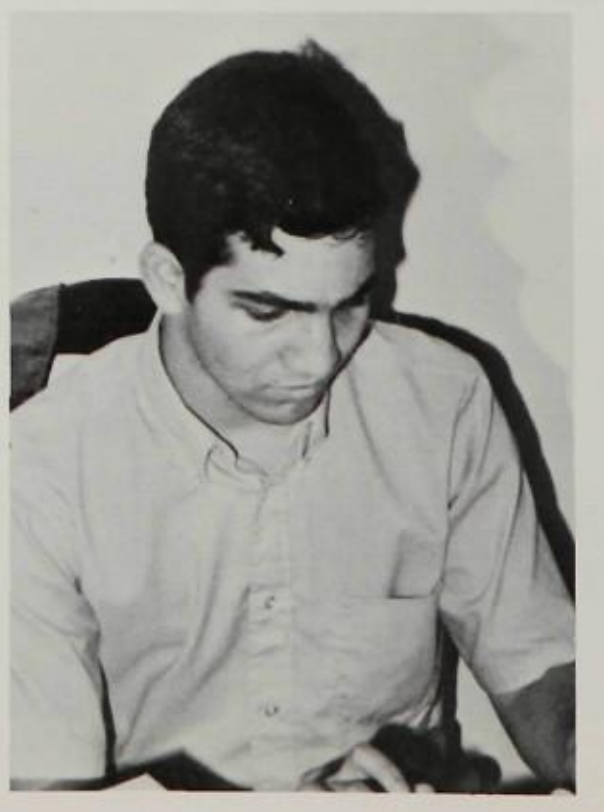


here to school to play football and work on the **Annual.** Can I stay at your house, Mike?" Sure.

Thump! Rap! "Ouch!" "Mrs. Baxter, is Mr. Ameer in? I'd like to talk to him . . . Oh sir, could I speak to you a moment concerning the **Annual.** It's October and there is still no advisor or supplies and I'm getting worried about when *the heck we're going to start. It's all planned, and . . .*" "Okay Meyer, don't get hysterical. I've talked with Mr. Berrisford and we've decided that you and my wife will choose your new publisher and everything'll be fine. Relax." "Relax!?! How can I relax when . . . who is our advisor? Mrs. Ameer?" "Yes, my wife." Oh. great . . .

"Wagner, tell Perkins to get more football pictures . . . Jim, could you get the polo team . . . Mr. McCosker, the cross country negatives, Gee, thanks . . . Wagner, more football. Bob'll be angry . . . Jim, Andy and I have filled and mailed all your envelopes. Please write to . . . That was good spaghetti, Mrs. Ameer . . . Seniors, please, oh please, get your wills in . . . Great pictures, Phil . . . I don't like the monkey . . . More essays . . . Dave, could you finish typing up . . . Good job, Andy . . . Hello, Mr. Ameer—Out, Meyer! . . . Pages, pages, senior wills, senior histories, senior blah, late hours . . . Can't come to class today, Mr. Read, Mr. Archer, Fr. Gill, Mme. Marissael, sorry . . . Jim Walton School Pictures . . . Meyer, where's my portrait, you're the Editor . . . Jesson's coming; move the deadline . . . Help! the first deadline."

"Tramping up and down Ventura selling ads . . . Wagner, more basketball . . . Phil, clubs! . . . Jim, money . . . Don't explode, Bob! . . . Good job, Andy. Here's some more for you to do . . . JV Basketball Rocklettes—make it funny! . . . Could I have your team essays, Randy, Chip, Steve . . . Do your own student government essays, Meyer; why should I waste **Harvest** time . . . Mr. Leslie, how can I ever—could you possibly do . . . Jim Walton School Pictures . . . Taylor Publishing Plant . . . 7 days, Bob, 70 pages . . . Hullo, Mrs. A—I'm sick . . . Kentucky Fried Chicken . . . Inge-Lise is a—" Second Deadline.



"Almost, Jim! . . . Andrew—fantastic; now do the . . . Wagner, more baseball, golf, track . . . Phil, arty but weird! . . . Remember March 21st, Bob. Not the 22nd, the 21st . . . Rocky, help Bob . . . Return of the Iceman . . . Jim Walton School Pictures . . . Mrs. Dickson, if Mr. A comes in, please tell him . . . Eric, no more milk! . . . Jesson, Taylor, Taylor, Jesson, one more day . . . Editor's epilogue . . . money, essays . . . Bravo, Leslie . . . Mrs. Ameer is a — . . . Salutations . . . We're done, no more, finished. What'll I do with myself?" Third Deadline.

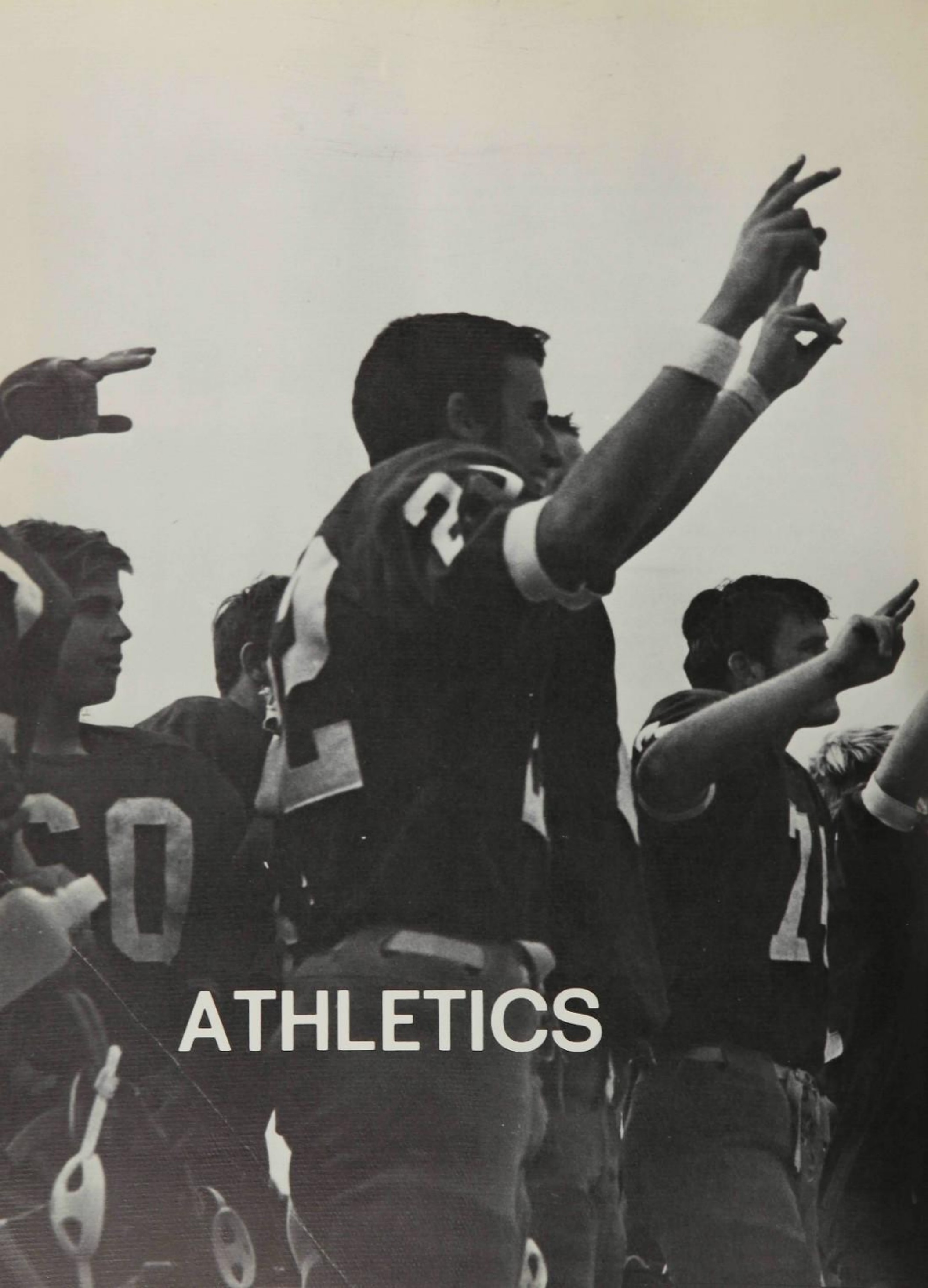
As I look back over our book, I can clearly see that it is the best **Annual** ever produced at Harvard School. For that we are proud. However, I hope that my successor, Andy Lockton, cuts out those . . . senior wills. I would like to thank the staff—Dave Weber for his invaluable service as typist; Jim Preis, "Snakeman," our photogenic Business Manager who did a great job in gaining our supplies. Jim was also our staff conservative; Bob Hawn, the guy who came through in the clutch (with a little help from his friends!); Mike Wagner, jester and dependable Photography Editor, who always did the job, whether with Tri-X or Polaroid; Andy Lockton, my protege, a hard worker, a fine person; Rocky Camp, Hawn's main "friend" and booster; Jim Bosler and Scott Howard, both trusted and needed photographers; and Phil Perkins, outstanding chief photographer and Mike Wagner's best audience.

None of this could have been accomplished, however, if it had not been for Mr. and Mrs. Ameer and Mr. Leslie. It's just that simple! How can one say thank you to people whose actions prove that they can never be sufficiently repaid?

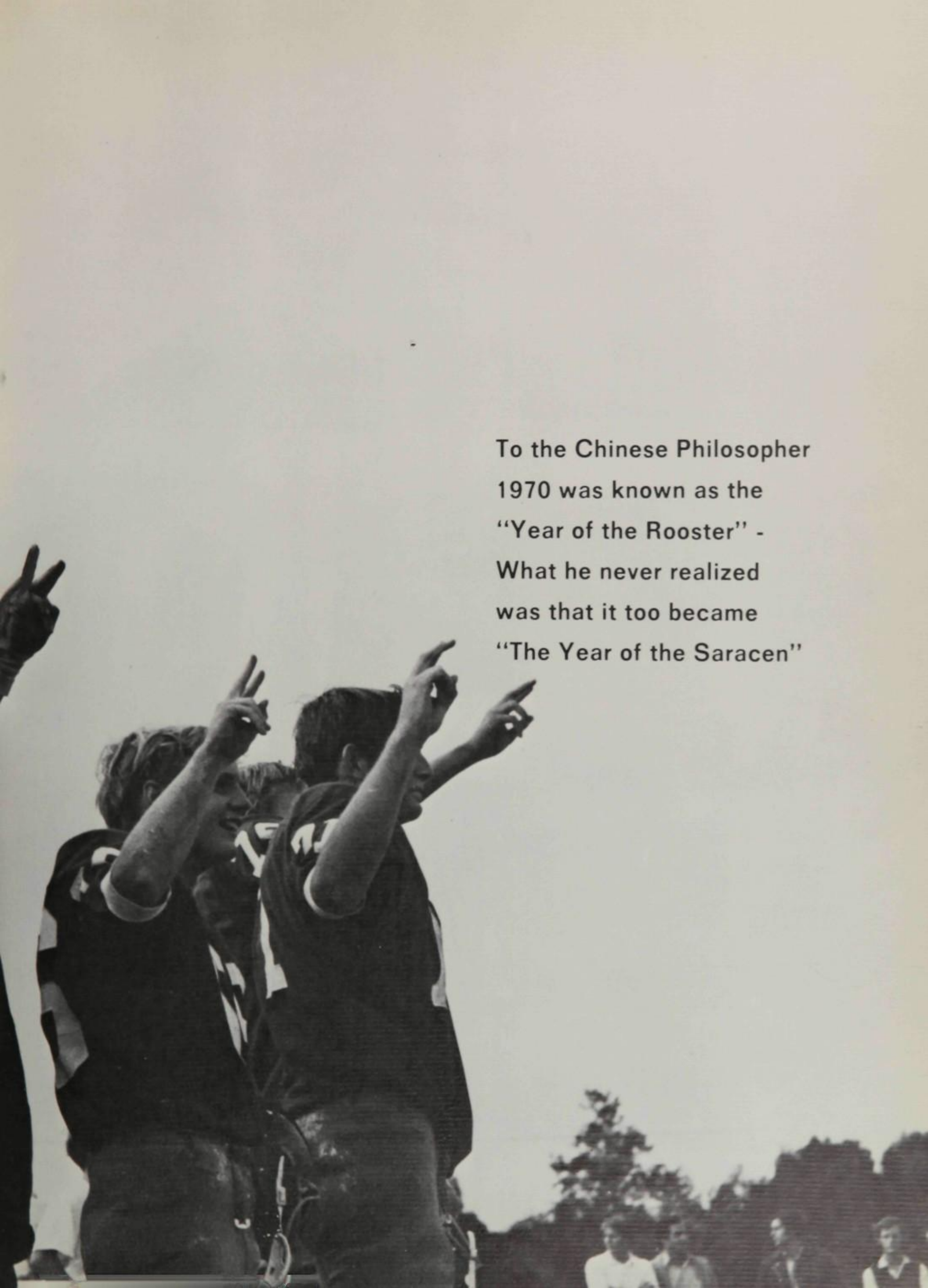
As I join the long-departed Rick Kent, I leave Andy Lockton a punch in the nose and the knowledge that Harvard's first artistic yearbook shall not be its last.

Keep the faith!

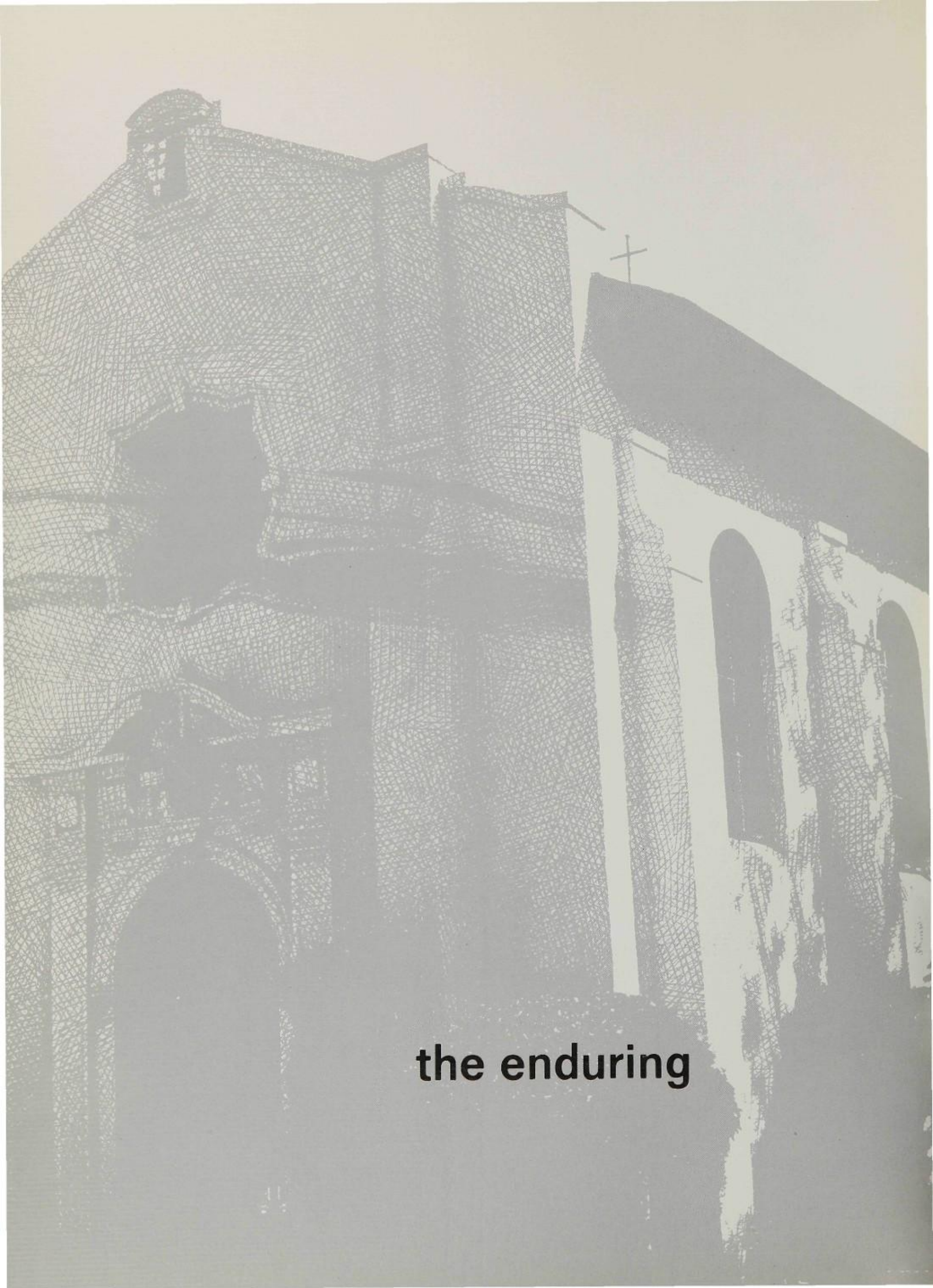
Now, what am I going to have to worry about?



ATHLETICS

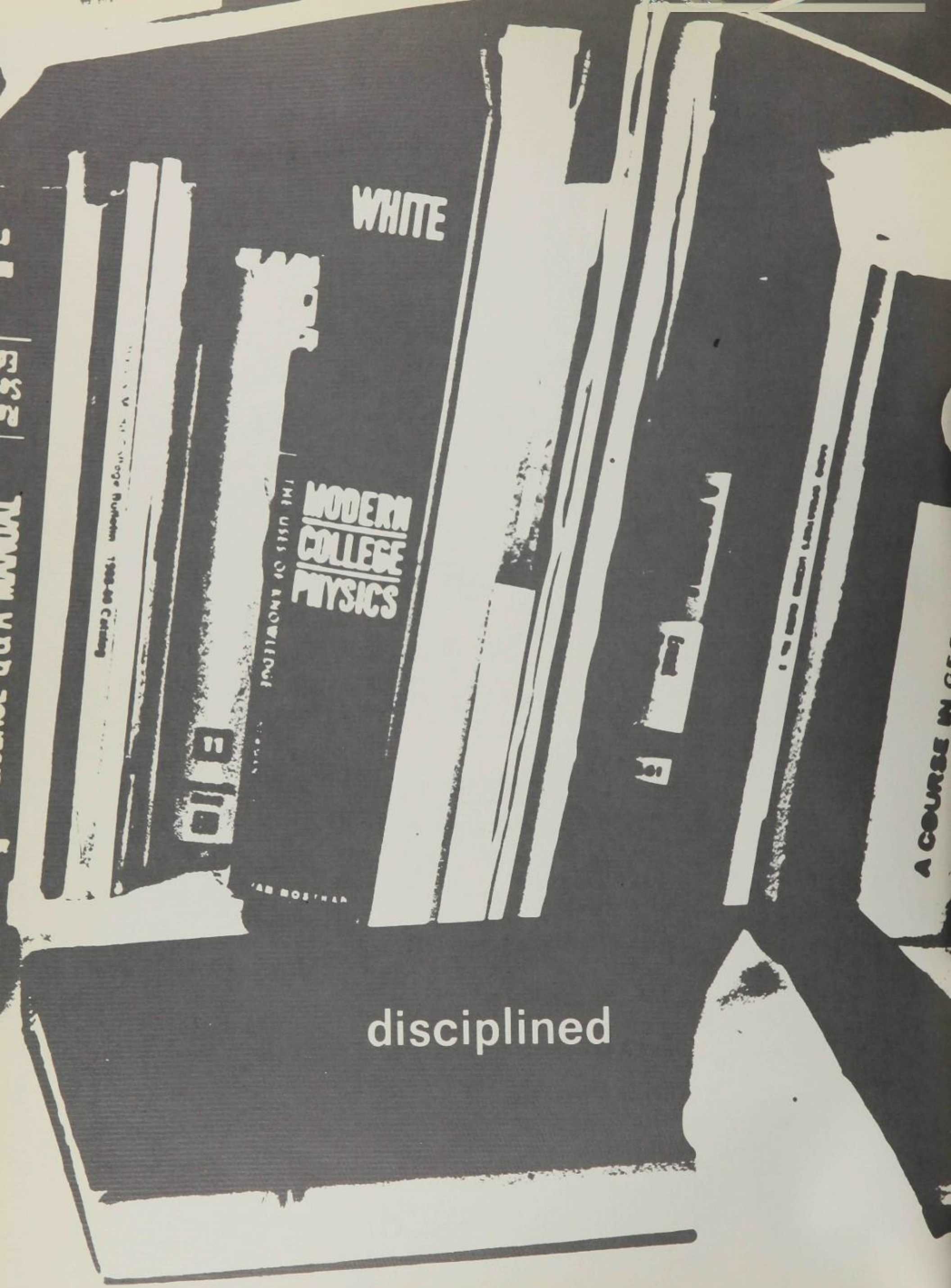


To the Chinese Philosopher
1970 was known as the
"Year of the Rooster" -
What he never realized
was that it too became
"The Year of the Saracen"

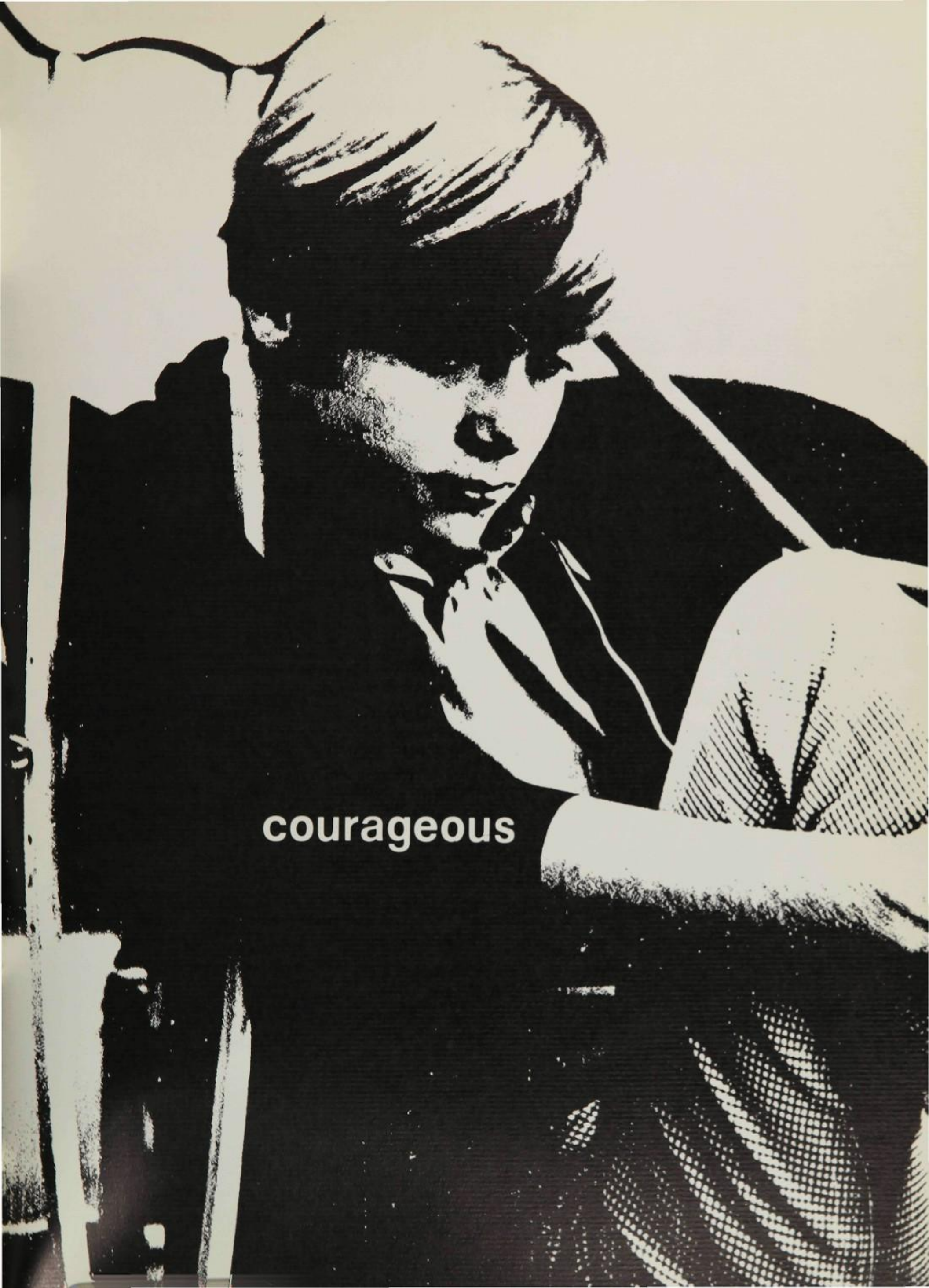


the enduring

determined



disciplined


courageous

maturing saracen . . .

VARSITY FOOTBALL

OLYMPIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

WON (7)		(3) LOST	
HARVARD	14	20	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	6	8	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	38	6	WEBB
HARVARD	22	6	BOULDER CITY
*HARVARD	38	6	LUTHERAN
*HARVARD	38	8	BELL JEFF
*HARVARD	24	6	ST. GENEVIEVE
*HARVARD	72	6	CHAMINADE
*HARVARD	44	0	VALLEY CHRISTIAN
*HARVARD	14	21	HEMET
(CIF—CLASS A)	310		87

ALL C.I.F.—CLASS A

FIRST TEAM

CHIP RAMSAY

MATT SINGLETON

ALL VALLEY

FIRST TEAM—BILL BECK

SECOND TEAM—

JOHN IRVINE

CHIP RAMSAY

MATT SINGLETON

ALL OLYMPIC LEAGUE

KIRBY ANDREWS

*BILL BECK

AL CULVER

BOB INGRAM

JOHN IRVINE

MARTY MERCER

RICK PORTER

*CHIP RAMSAY

MATT SINGLETON

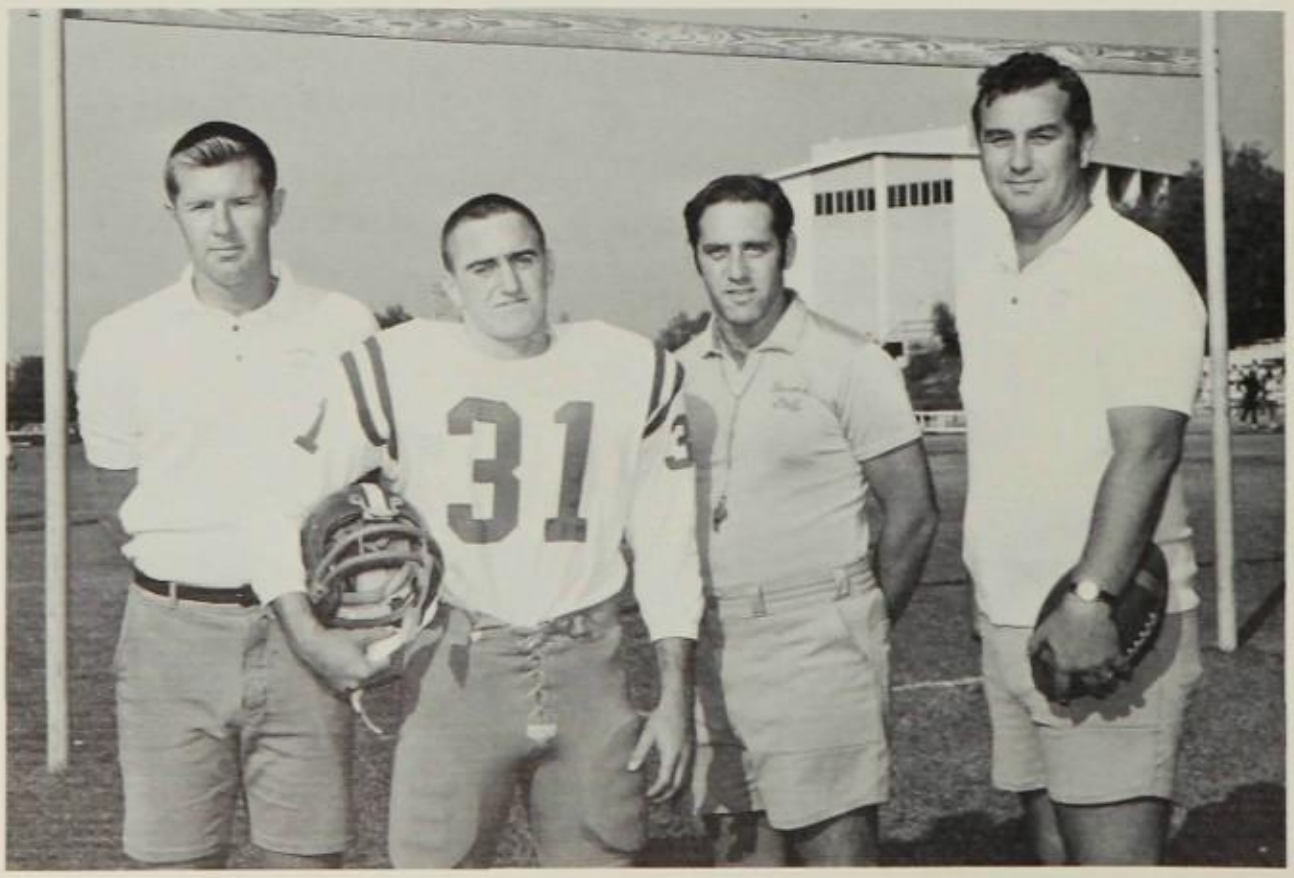
*CO—MOST VALUABLE PLAYER IN LEAGUE

40, Porter; 22, Econn; 46, Beck (Co-Capt.); 23, Swirles; 26, Ingram; 66, Morley; Kaplan, Mgr.; 68, Singleton; 70, Ingle; 85, DeYoung; 65, Stellar; 62, Crouch; 31, Ramsay (Co-Capt.); 71, Booth; Coach McFadden; Read, Mgr.; Head Coach Carlson; 20, Whittell; 87, Irvine; 74, Meyers; 75, Culver; 76, Hall; 88, Scott; Teal, Mgr.; Hamilton, Mgr.; Coach Ryave; Team Chaplain, Gill; 33, Andrews; 60, Asher; 78, Mercer; 54, Preis; 61, Gates; 67, Hawn; not pictured, Coach Willard.

What began for some 24 Harvard Juniors and Seniors on that hot 25th of August day, was not the somewhat typical high school task of initiating a football season which would be better than last, for surely no one could easily improve upon Harvard's previous season record of 9-0-1. On that day there existed for those 24 the far greater challenge of equalling that previous record, and, with a majority of the previous season's wins earned by a mere touchdown or two, such a challenge was not an easy one. In fact the more those 24 players thought about the forthcoming 1969 Football Season on that August day, the less they liked the thought of it. Though easily beaten in '68, most of the Miraleste team was returning. Knowing that Bishop Montgomery was a 3A squad, was enough to make one sweat. And, ah yes, Boulder City. In theory this would be an easy win, but, unfortunately, Boulder would not be the only thing on the mind of the team—Las Vegas!!! And that wasn't the worst of it. After Webb, a perennial rival, Harvard would then face five confident league title contenders: Lutheran, Bell-Jeff, St. Genevieve, Chaminade, and Valley Christian. Challenge indeed; this season would be a full-fledged threat to any squad.

It started at 8:30 A. M. on August 25, and ended mercifully at 5:30 P. M. on September 14—Hell, that is. How anyone, coaches or players, can endure 16 days of two, three-hour training sessions in 90 degree heat is a question often asked and rarely answered. Football teams just endure and this Harvard team was no exception, or maybe it was. After all, it could have been the only team in the Valley that didn't drop or lose a player from the start of the summer to the finish.

Coach McFadden; Capt. Ramsay; Coach Ryave; Head Coach Carlson; not pictured, Coach Willard and Capt. Beck.



A pre-season scrimmage with Royal seemed to serve up evidence as to Harvard's strong offensive potential, but the season opener against Miraleste on September 19 would be the big test for the Saracens. Each team member, after the grueling experience of the preceding three weeks, was physically prepared to play football, but, as Ramsay and Scott were quick to point out, there seemed to exist a definite lack of mental preparation. Miraleste proved the pair correct. Despite a quick, easily earned touchdown, Harvard presented a less than sparkling performance and found itself with a 13-7 deficit at half-time. Thanks to the half-time "inspiration" of Coaches Carlson and McFadden, Harvard quickly threw itself into the lead again in the third quarter, 14-13, only to have Miraleste run back the TD kick-off for one of their own. With a final of Miraleste 20 and Harvard 14, there seemed little doubt that the squad WAS lacking something mentally. Maybe spirit or maybe desire, no one was sure which. But it wasn't there; that much was certain.

Dejected, the Saracens put in a grueling week of practice in prep for Montgomery. The game, mis-match that it was, resulted in an expected loss to the 3A team, but several points proved more significant, the score particularly. A 6-8 score, or a 2 point loss, by any team to another, three times its size is certainly no disgrace. Although the Saracens suffered throughout the match with an offense that would cover ground in leaps and bounds until it got within 15 yards of a score, the Saracen defense proved itself, holding Montgomery to one score and a fewer number of yards offensively as well as fewer first downs. The fact that slips in refereeing resulted in a victory for Montgomery instead of one for Harvard must be considered. However, the most important factor, proven both on the field and in the locker room, was that the squad now had and was going to keep whatever it lacked mentally against Miraleste.

The remainder of the pre-league play went as it was expected to with a traditional victory over Webb (38-6) and a hard-earned victory over Boulder (22-6) in gale-force winds and desert dust-storms.

The regular league schedule opened less glamorously than Harvard would have liked with its 2-2 record; but the goal and challenge remained intact when the squad faced Lutheran and "Broadway Joe" Doucher for the Olympic League opener on October 17. An easy victory was the result (38-6) with offense and defense working with smooth confidence. Bell-Jeff was defeated with "somewhat less ease" but victory was "none the less sure and certain" (38-8) thanks again to a power-packed offense and decisive defense.

The "Big One" against Genevieve was preceded by one of the most demanding weeks of season practice, but no one seemed to mind as Saturday night seemed to be the only thing on anyone's mind. The Valiants, defeated by Harvard in '68 (6-0), were out for blood, and the newspapers thought they would get it. A slim 1 TD favorite, some said Harvard would be lucky to get that much and so it went, until that cool night of November 1. The result was a stunning 24-6 white-wash with the Saracens doing the painting to an unstoppable offense and to a phenomenal series of three goal-line stands by the defense denying the Valiants points. At the climax of that tremendous team effort, the road seemed paved to a second consecutive league championship, even according to the newspapers.

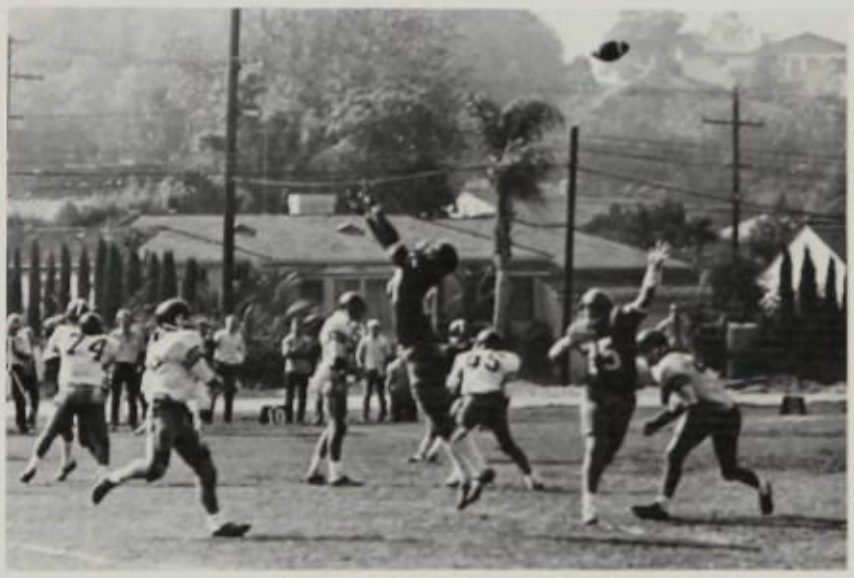
The team went on, with five injured players out of action, to bury Chaminade in the mud (72-6) to the delight of the Father-Sons Day crowd. This was followed by an even more decisive defeat (44-0) of the fast, big Valley Christian Crusaders, the Saracens first shutout.

Harvard had succeeded in beating the odds and reaching the goal it had set on August 25 by capturing the title with a perfect league record of 5-0. Yet there was little time for celebration, for there were the C.I.F. playoffs and there was Hemet. Who the hell was Hemet? The Saracens were soon to find out.

A relatively quiet, confident week of polishing and refining preceded the November 21 first-round playoffs, and the team was pre-occupied with not wanting to repeat last year's first-round defeat. The atmosphere among team members that Friday was one of contemplation right up to game time. After brilliant first-period play gave Harvard a stunning 14-0 lead, the only thing fate seemed to permit the Saracens was the frustration of watching its brave hopes melt to a newspaper-predicted defeat by one touchdown, 14-21, and a second consecutive first-round C.I.F. disappointment.

As with all championship teams, much can be said for each of the 24 who stood together from August to November and took the worst that the coaches, the opponents, and the odds had to offer. They came out on top as individuals and as a team. Recognition as outstanding players included a majority of the squad: Beck, Ramsay, and Econn who kept the offensive machine in motion; Asher, Andrews, and Porter who defensively left that offense little time to remain idle; and Mercer, Hall, Crouch, Singleton, Preis, and Irvine who gave the backfield a clear running path. These, with their tough, poised team-mates, gave Coaches Carlson, McFadden, Ryave, Willard, and Young reason to be proud and a memory not to be forgotten.

THE GAME . . .



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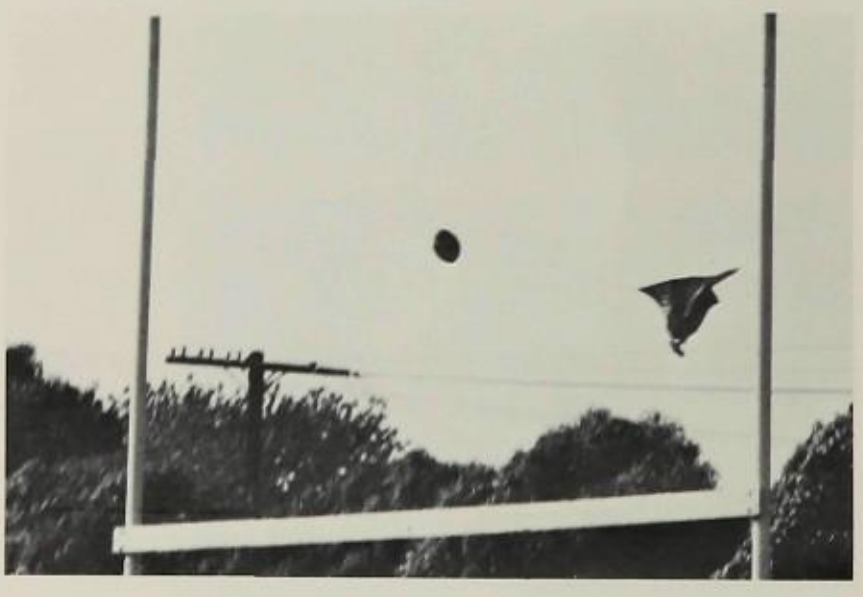

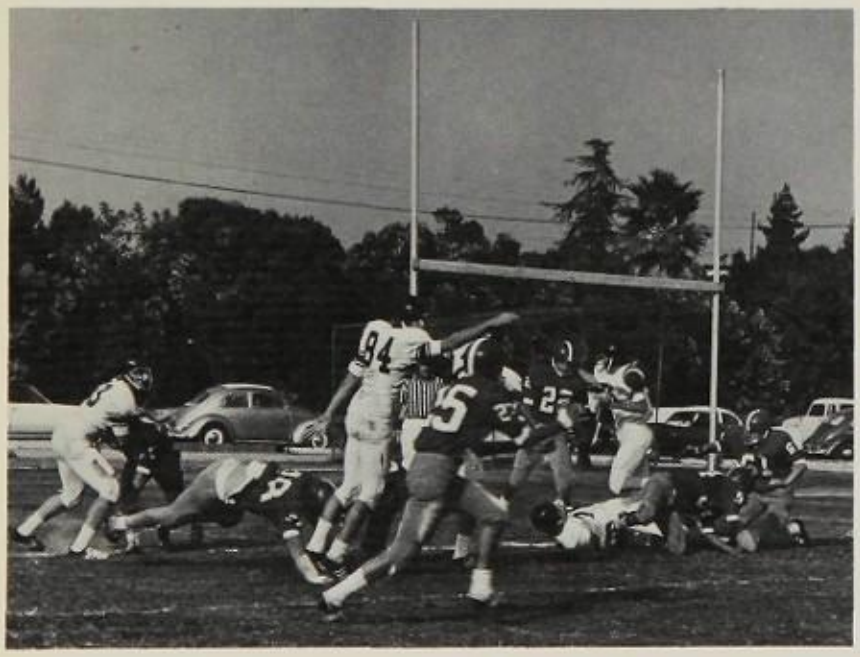

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"A" WATER POLO

HARVARD	4	17	BEVERLY HILLS
HARVARD	2	28	LA SUEAN
HARVARD	7	16	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	6	11	LA SALLE
HARVARD	6	16	VENTURA
HARVARD	7	3	ST. MONICA'S
HARVARD	4	21	OXNARD
HARVARD	1	21	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	10	11	ALEMANY
HARVARD	1	29	SERVITE
HARVARD	10	20	BISHOP MONTGOMERY

BOTTOM ROW: Breech, Wilson, Sanders, Meyer, Lockwood, Quinlivan, B. Howard, S. Howard, Shaw. TOP ROW: Comfort, Burr, Capt. Davis, Stodder, Brant, Brewer, Student Coach Covey, Coach Stewart. Not pictured: Mgr. Lockton.

In mid-November, the Water Polo team completed its second season of play at Harvard and its first as a letter sport. It has become in two short years an established and vital part of the Fall sports program.

If one were to measure a sport's success by its won-lost record, only the C team could be said to have had success (8-3), whereas both the B's and the Varsity were 1-10. However, the teams we played against came from schools several times larger than Harvard; and many of them were traditionally strong ones. Yet many of the games were nip-and-tuck. It is unusual for a newly-formed team to choose experienced and strong teams as opponents, but we did so and did remarkably well against them.

Considering its progress, then, the Varsity was successful. It improved upon the previous season's no-win record, and, as a team, played on the offensive as well as on the defensive, something its predecessors had been unable to do. The Water Polo team, through its half-time chairman, Laird Wilson, was extremely successful in enlivening those dull morning assemblies with droll and witty announcements.

The Varsity was a well-rounded team, consisting mostly of last year's exceptional B's. S. Howard and Wilson played the forward positions. Howard was the team's strongest shooter and most adroit ball-handler; his team-mates selected him Most Valuable Player. Wilson held the dubious distinction of being the team's only scrupulously "ethical" player. The Varsity were fortunate in having swift swimmers and good ball-handlers in the forward positions. Brant and Davis played at both forward and guard. Brant, the largest player on the team, delighted in making his opponents aware of that fact. Nate Brewer and Andy Breech adeptly played the guard positions. Breech was a smaller version of Brant in his mode of playing. Shaw and Quinlivan filled in quite well at the difficult and thankless goalie spot. Jay Sanders, substituting at both guard and forward, distinguished himself as an excellent down-sprinter.

Coach Walter Stewart, who originally accepted the post as a temporary coach and who later took upon himself the title of Permanent Water Polo Coach for Life, did an excellent job of egging the team on. The team was grateful for Coach Stewart's dedication and patience. Brent Covey was a benevolent despot as Assistant Coach and Manager Lockton did a good job of looking out for the team's interests at the scorer's table. He will be returning next year as a varsity player, if his knee-cap stays in its appointed place.

Captain Phil Davis, Coach Walter Stewart, Student Coach Brent Covey.

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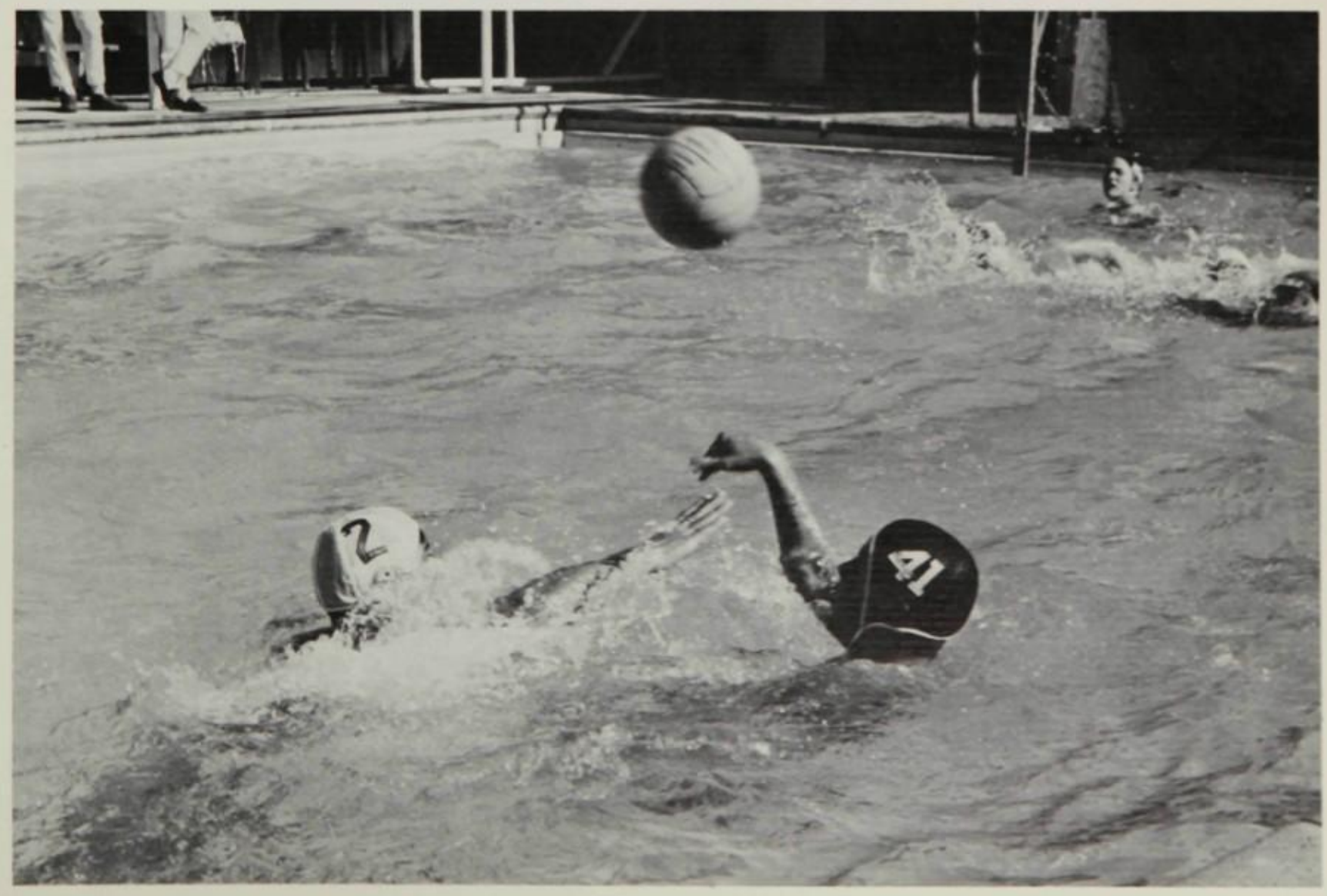


CROSS COUNTRY

OLYMPIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

WON (7) **(1) LOST**

HARVARD	25	31 CHAMINADE
HARVARD	27	28 EL SEGUNDO
HARVARD	15	50 L. A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	15	50 LUTHERAN
HARVARD	15	50 BELL-JEFF
HARVARD	34	24 PARACLETE
HARVARD	19	37 ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	19	38 VALLEY CHRISTIAN

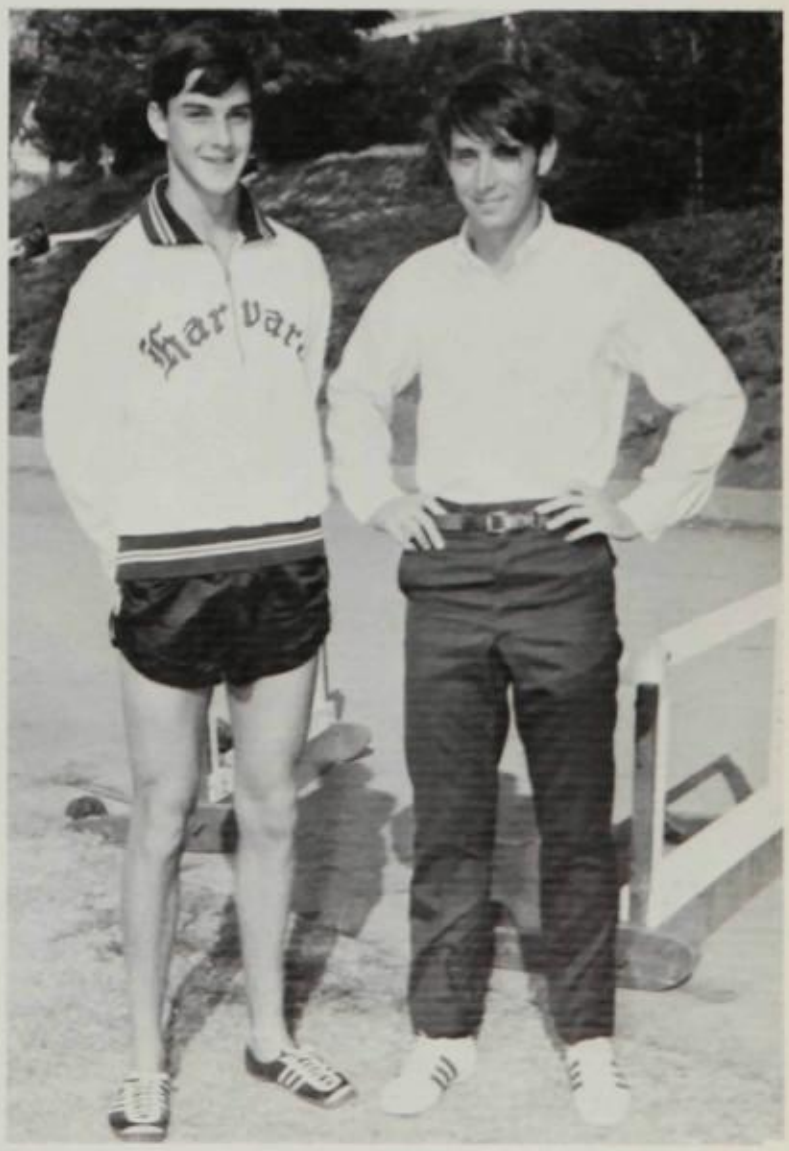
BOTTOM ROW: Chang, Wolever, Hathaway, Schonfield, D. DeYoung. TOP ROW: Mgr. Wasson, Capt. Carroll, Rand, Thoburn, Student Coach Sumner, Coach McCosker.

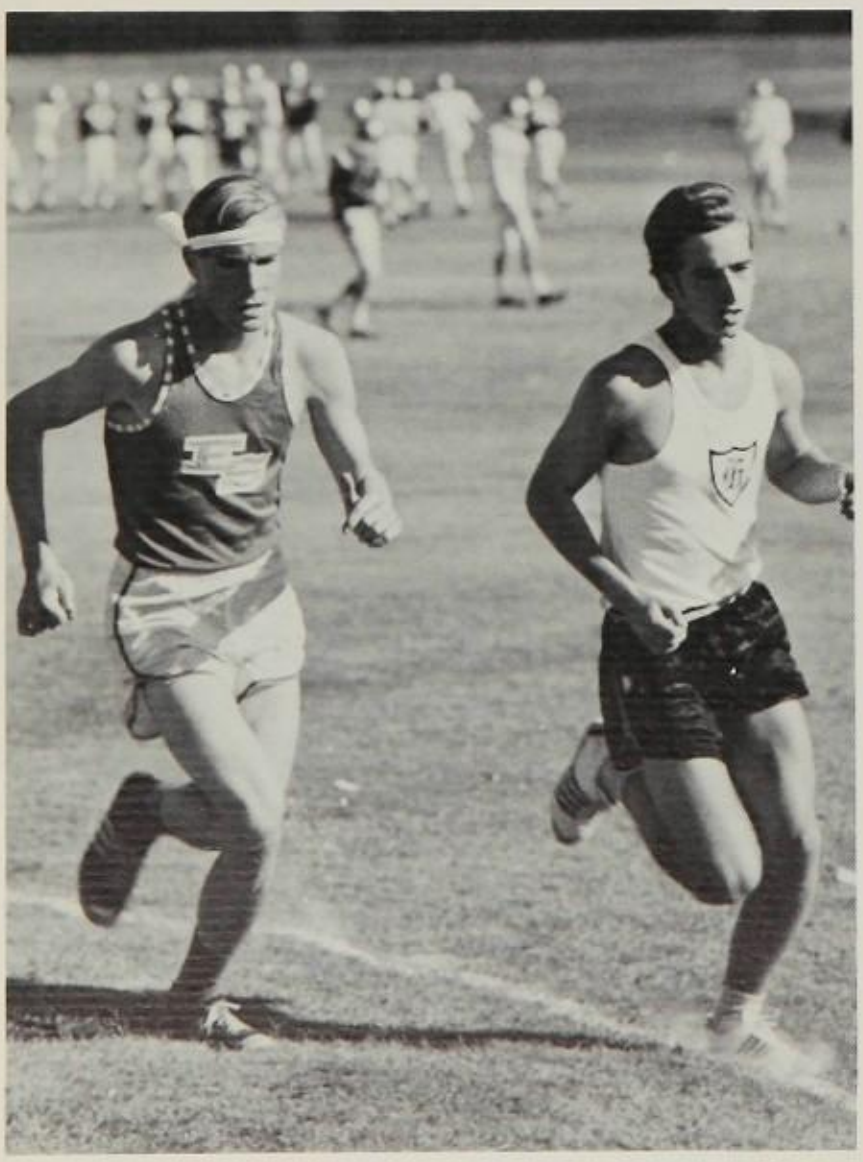
This year the Varsity Cross Country team returned the undisputed Olympic League championship to Harvard for the first time in three years. At the season's start it was doubtful whether or not the team would do very well, retaining only two varsity runners from last year's team. What the team lacked in depth, it more than compensated for in talent from John Hathaway (Most Valuable Runner), Jay Carroll, Tom Wolever, Doug DeYoung, Myles Schoenfield, Carl Rand, Jae Chang, and Randy Campbell.

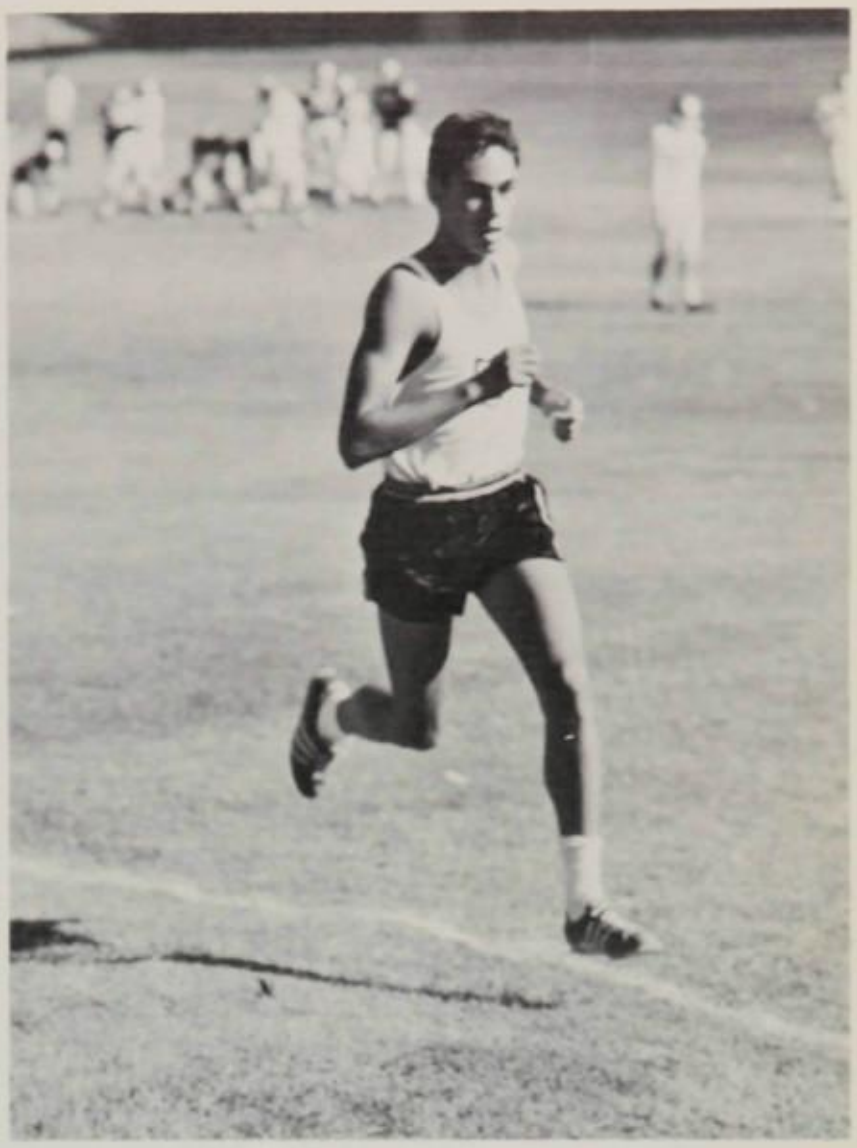
Although unknown at the time, the season's first meet against Chaminade, a newcomer to the league, proved to be the decisive race in deciding the '69 league title. In this meet Harvard found its only tough competition in the league, yet won by a margin of six points. In the following league meets the varsity trampled Bell-Jeff, Lutheran, St. Genevieve, and Valley Christian, nearly all by perfect scores. During this time John Hathaway twice broke the Harvard course record, now standing at 10:48 as a result of his outstanding running. He also won two trophies by placing high in the tough Mt. San Antonio College and in the Fillmore Invitational Meets.

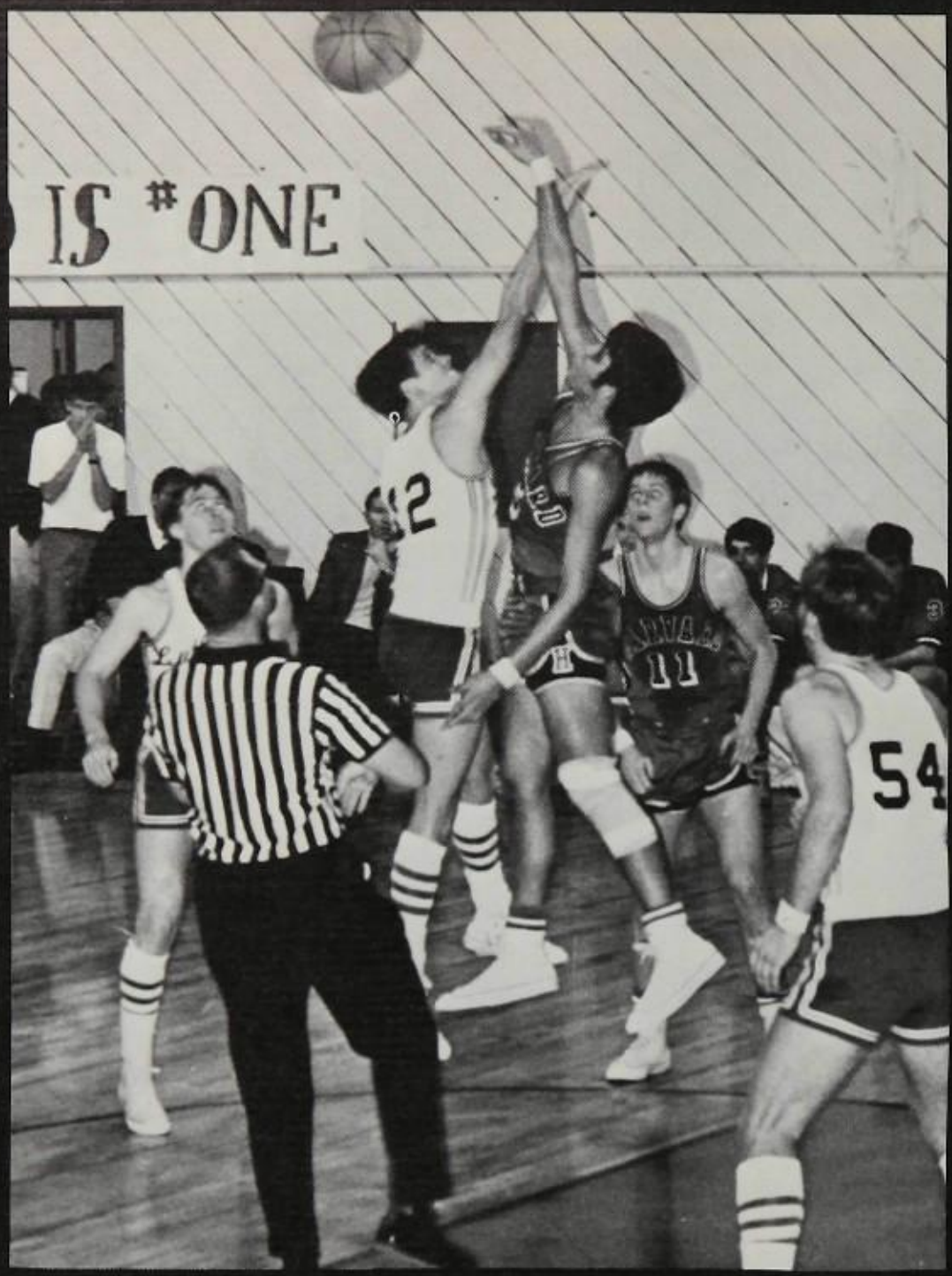
In the League Meet, Harvard proved its superiority for the final time in 1969 by capturing first, second, third, sixth, and eleventh places. Credit for this excellent season goes largely to Coach McCosker for his fine coaching and selection of workouts. The team also thanks Manager Sumner for taking training films and for helping with public relations.

Captain Jay Carroll, Coach Duncan McCosker.









VARSITY BASKETBALL

OLYMPIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

HARVARD	49	57	ST. MONICA'S
HARVARD	49	50	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
*HARVARD	66	44	AMBASSADOR
*HARVARD	89	67	CHAMINADE
*HARVARD	48	57	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	66	62	PASADENA POLY
**HARVARD	56	62	SALESIAN
**HARVARD	92	59	INGLEWOOD
**HARVARD	67	69	ST. BERNARD
***HARVARD	76	34	MOORPARK
***HARVARD	59	38	CARPINTERIA
***HARVARD	74	65	MORRO BAY
HARVARD	39	61	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	72	58	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	57	33	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	67	52	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	57	44	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	74	63	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	70	67	VALLEY CHRISTIAN
HARVARD	73	75	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	67	49	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	78	54	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	44	38	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	77	56	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	70	67	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

*PASADENA POLY TOURNAMENT: HARVARD PLACED SEVENTH
**DANIEL MURPHY TOURNAMENT: HARVARD PLACED SECOND
***CARPENTERIA TOURNAMENT: HARVARD PLACED FIRST

FRONT ROW: Manager Bokowski; Econn, D.; Mendell, C; LoPresti, J; Mommaerts, Q; Ingram, R; Manager Teal.
BACK ROW: Manager Leventhal; Baker, C; Hoch, S; Whitell, R; Irvine, J; King, M; Coach McFadden.

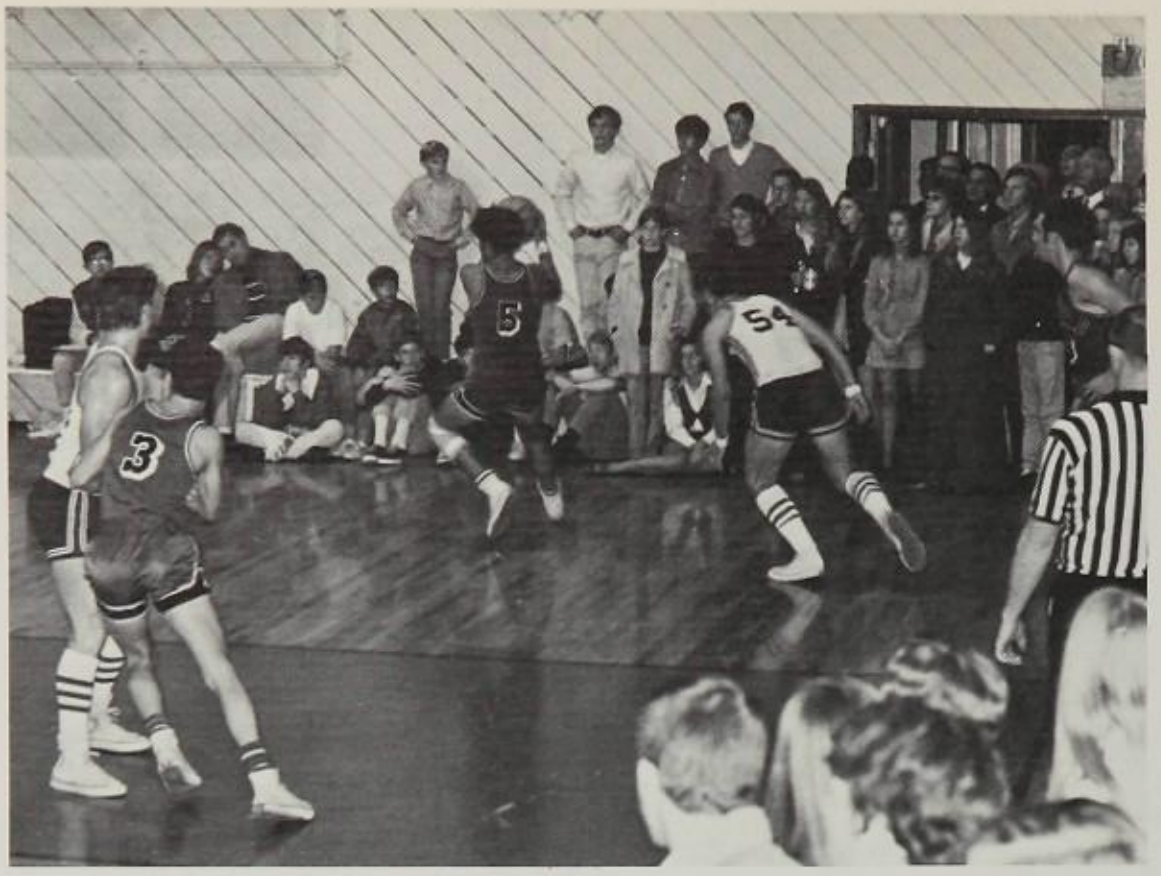
If one were to have stepped into the Harvard gym during a basketball game sometime in the last decade one might have thought that he had accidentally stumbled into a chess tournament. Not only was the movement of men about the board slow and often inept, but moreover, the crowd seemed to be deeply engrossed over which move would lead to checkmate and not at all interested in who would win the game. Harvard's gym was at times so quiet one could hear the beads of sweat rolling down the backs of players necks.

Up until last year, Harvard basketball was a one man show. It was a comedian with four jesters running helter-skelter around the gym trying to gain attention. And if the comic bombed, so did the Harvard team. Last year, however, those few die-hards remaining in the stands began to see a change on the court. The team still remained inconsistent, yet for once, the team seemed to be playing basketball. In fact, so improved was their basketball people began to cheer and maintain interest throughout the game.

Through a great deal of effort, a lot of free time, and forty long summer evening practice sessions, this season's Varsity Basketball players began to look like champions. During Christmas, following a pre-season which wasn't outstanding, but certainly not disappointing, they worked. When they reached the Carpinteria Tournament, the dividends came forth in the form of a championship.

The Saracen team is led by All-American Steve Hoch, Doug Econn, Malcolm King and their two captains, John Irvine and Randy Whitell. Rounding out the squad are seniors Bob Ingram, Craig Mendell, and John LoPresti along with future prospects Quinn Mommaerts, Curt Ullman, and Chris Baker. Together these talented teammates have dominated the Olympic League and rolled smoothly into the C.I.F. single A Basketball playoffs.

Co-Captain John Irvine, Coach McFadden, Co-Captain Randy Whitell.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HARVARD IS #ONE
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32
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20
23

Lutheran
10
12
Lutheran
54
13

Lutheran
42
5
25
30

RUGBY

UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONS

WON (8)		(0) LOST	
HARVARD	46	0	LA SALLE
HARVARD	39	3	ALEMANY
HARVARD	17	0	WEBB
HARVARD	67	0	LA SALLE
HARVARD	32	0	ALEMANY
*HARVARD	16	8	ALEMANY
HARVARD	16	6	CLAREMONT
HARVARD	8	6	SHAWNIGAN LAKE
	241	23	

*HARVARD "B" TEAM MATCH

SCORING: INTERNATIONAL RUGBY COMPETITION

HARVARD	21	6	BRENTWOOD COLLEGE '69
HARVARD	9	11	SHAWNIGAN LAKE '69
HARVARD	13	12	CLAREMONT '69
HARVARD	16	6	CLAREMONT '70
HARVARD	8	6	SHAWNIGAN LAKE '70

BOTTOM ROW: Gill, D; Pomeroy, D; Ramsay, B; Ralphs, D; Davis, S (Captain); Breech, A; Strange, W; Gates, W. MIDDLE ROW: Coach Drummond; DeYoung, R; Andrews, K; Baldwin, J; Harmon, M; Scott, S; Schuur, R; Porter, R; Oliver, G. TOP ROW: Trainer Booth; Preis, J; Wasson, F; Culver, A; Hall, D; Brookes, R; Asher, J; Singleton, M; Coach Carlson.

The Harvard Rugby Team has distinguished itself in several ways during the past two seasons. It has won the Southern California Championship two years in a row, remained undefeated in Southern California, and lost only once in international competition. Furthermore, the team has thoroughly participated in the traditional and camaraderie of international rugby, having hosted two Canadian touring sides, designed and performed their own hukah* and put on a thoroughly successful rugby party.

Unfortunately, the Rugby Team's local competition was woefully inept this year. La Salle refused to score any tries of their own, and instead, helped Harvard score their tries. Alemany refused to play rugby, and instead, attempted a strange mixture of street fighting and football. Webb refused to play Harvard at all, after losing 18-0 to a Harvard Team playing at half strength.

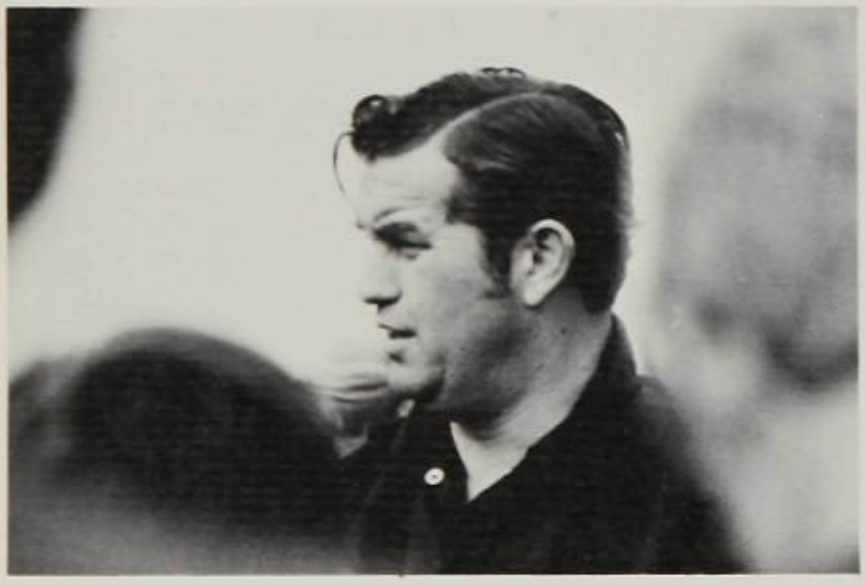
In order to find some challenging opposition, Coach Carlson invited two Canadian teams; Shawnigan Lake School, and Claremont High School, to journey to Southern California to play Harvard and Alemany. The visiting ruggers billeted with the Harvard players, and they soon revealed a concerted interest in the local liquor emporiums. Nevertheless, once the Canadians got on the field, they gave Harvard all the challenge they could handle.

Against Claremont, the score remained deadlocked at 6-6 until late in the second half when Kirby Andrews scored a try. Steven Davis added another several minutes later and Harvard won 16-6. Shawnigan's strong forwards and quick backs gave Harvard an even stiffer test in a match two days later, and Harvard suddenly found themselves trailing 6-3 late in the second half. However, Harvard finally penetrated into Shawnigan territory, and Mark Harmon cut by several Shawnigan defenders to score a try between the goal posts. Rodger DeYoung converted Harmon's try and Harvard won the match 8-6. The victory over Shawnigan Lake avenged last year's loss to Shawnigan and gave Harvard a perfect 7-0 record for the 1970 season.

As consolation for the losers, the Harvard Team hosted a traditional rugby party where the Canadians satisfied their curiosity as to the potence of certain American beverages.

***A Huckah is a Maori war chant, performed before the start of each New Zealand rugby match. Unfortunately, both the lyrics and the accompanying gestures are unprintable.**

Coach Carlson, Captain Steve Davis, Coach Drummond.



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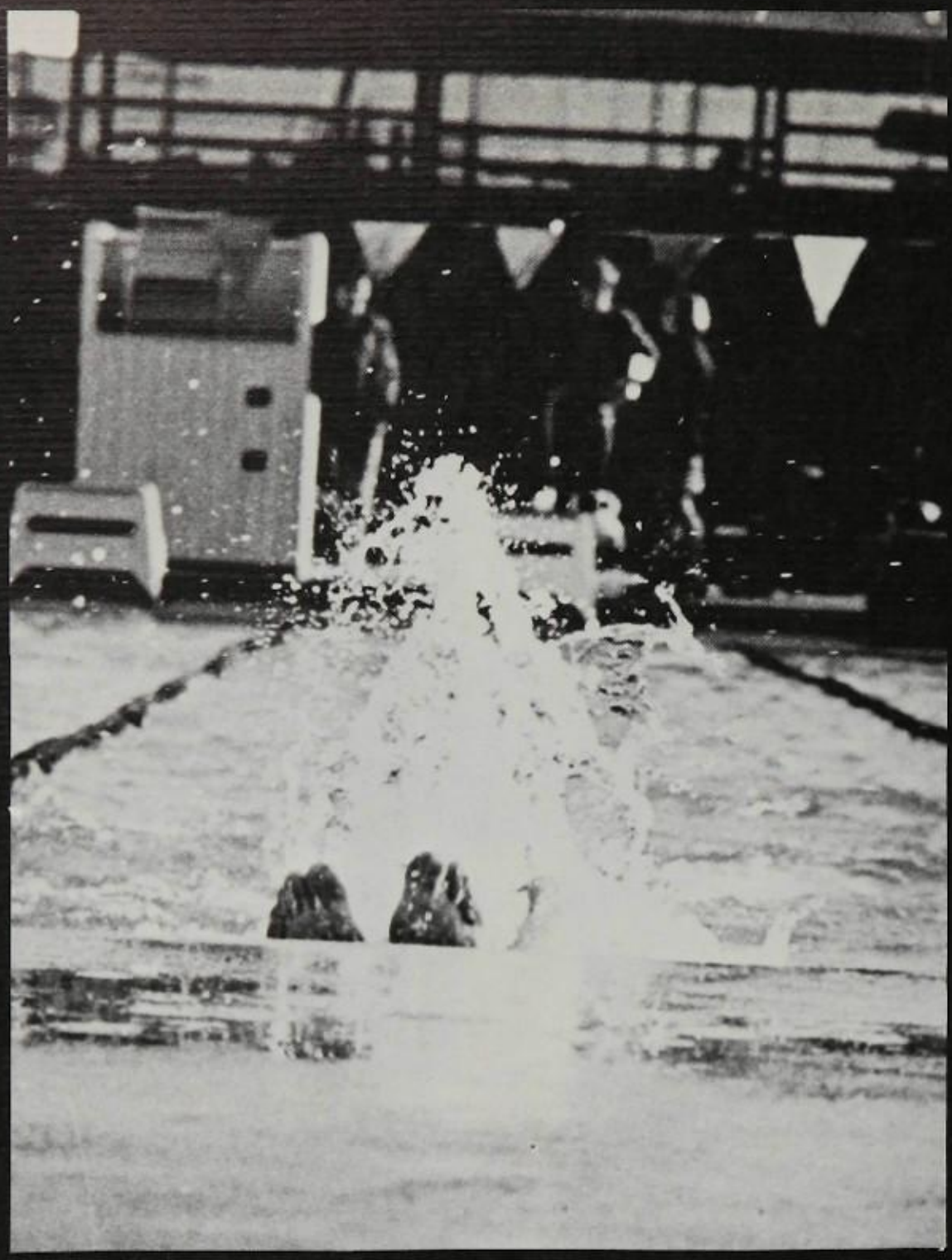
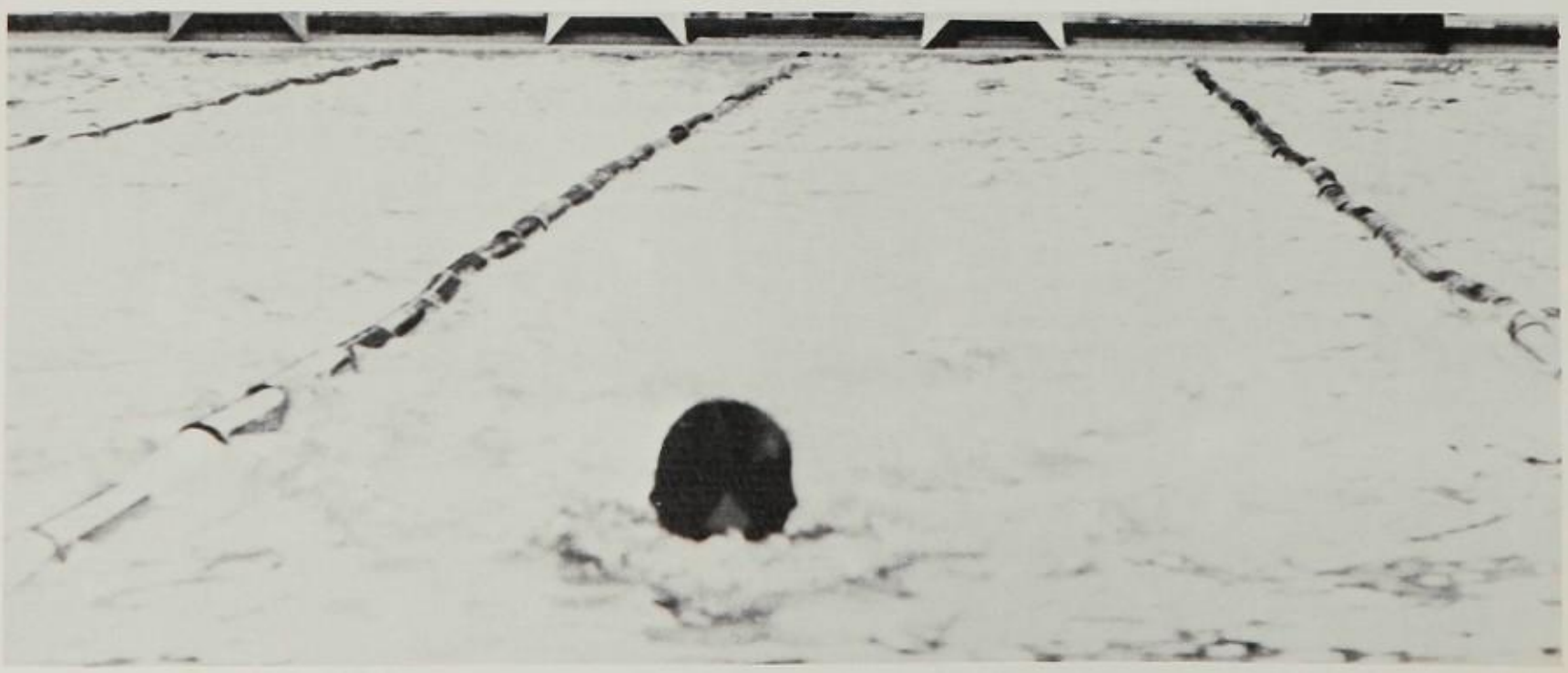


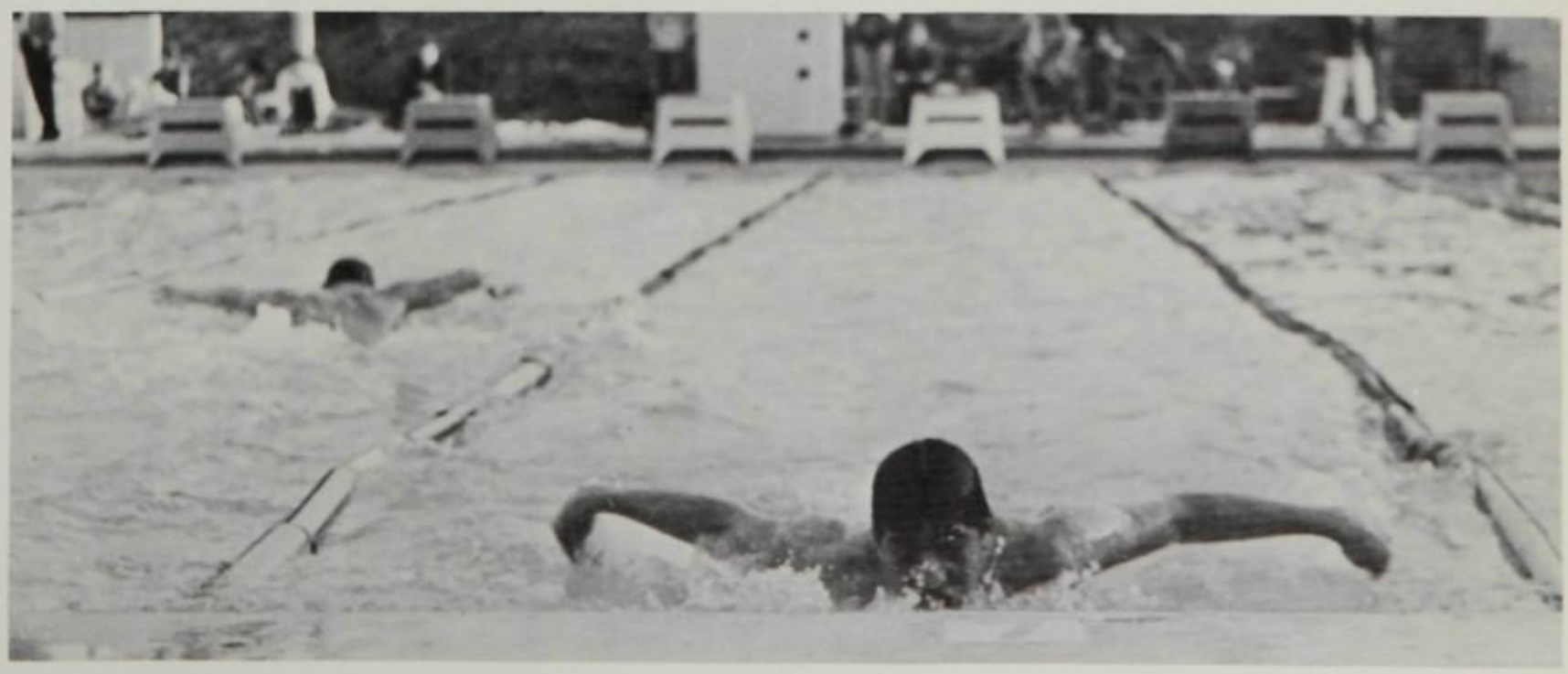
"A" SWIMMING

HARVARD	29	66	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	36	58	EL SEGUNDO
HARVARD	63	31	ANTELOPE VALLEY
HARVARD	36	58	BURROUGHS
HARVARD	35	60	SANTA BARBARA
HARVARD	70	23	FLINTRIDGE
*HARVARD	49	39	SERVITE
*HARVARD	23	72	NOTRE DAME
*HARVARD	67	28	WEBB
*HARVARD	76	14	ST. JOHN BOSCO
*HARVARD	58	37	LOYOLA
HARVARD	36	59	OXNARD

BOTTOM ROW: Sanders, J; Davis, P; Johnson, J; Wilson, C; Blakely, C. MIDDLE ROW: Howard, S; Lau, E; Wilson L (Co-Captain); Davis, Ph; Meyer, M. TOP ROW: Student Coach Covey; Brant, R; Comfort, M; Lynn, R; Allen, M; Coach Stewart. Not Pictured: Brewer, N Co-Captain; Mercer, M; Schoenfield, M; Crouch, C.

The 1970 Harvard Varsity Swimming Team was certainly not as bad as its record would indicate. Although they were the holders of a 2-4 league record at the time of this writing, the team still maintained great aspirations for winning the Olympic League title. These aspirations were held even despite the return of last year's powerful champions, Notre Dame. Behind the leadership of co-captains Nate Brewer and Laird Wilson, the Saracens took on the tough competition of 87 other swim teams in the C.I.F. Relays. Though the Saracen "C" team was able to qualify two relay teams, the varsity fared not so well with no qualifications. Not discouraged, the "A" team took on El Segundo where Myles Schoenfield shone with a .59.9 in the 100-yard backstroke. Marty Mercer was able to capture fifth place in the Beverly Hills Invitational with a time of 23.6 in the 50-yard freestyle. Other valuable swimmers included Phil Davis in the Breaststroke, Mike Meyer in the Butterfly, Nate Brewer and Scott Howard in the 200- and 400-yard Freestyle. As always, the Saracen "A" team successes were due to the careful winning placement of swimmers by their coach, Mr. Stewart. His coaching, along with that of Assistant Coach Brent Covey, proved an immeasurable aid to the team. To Mr. Stewart the Saracen "A's" owe a great deal for his tireless efforts in insuring that Harvard Swimming will remain a rugged, yet enjoyable sport. Sir, the 1970 Harvard School Saracen "A" Swim Team honors and salutes you!

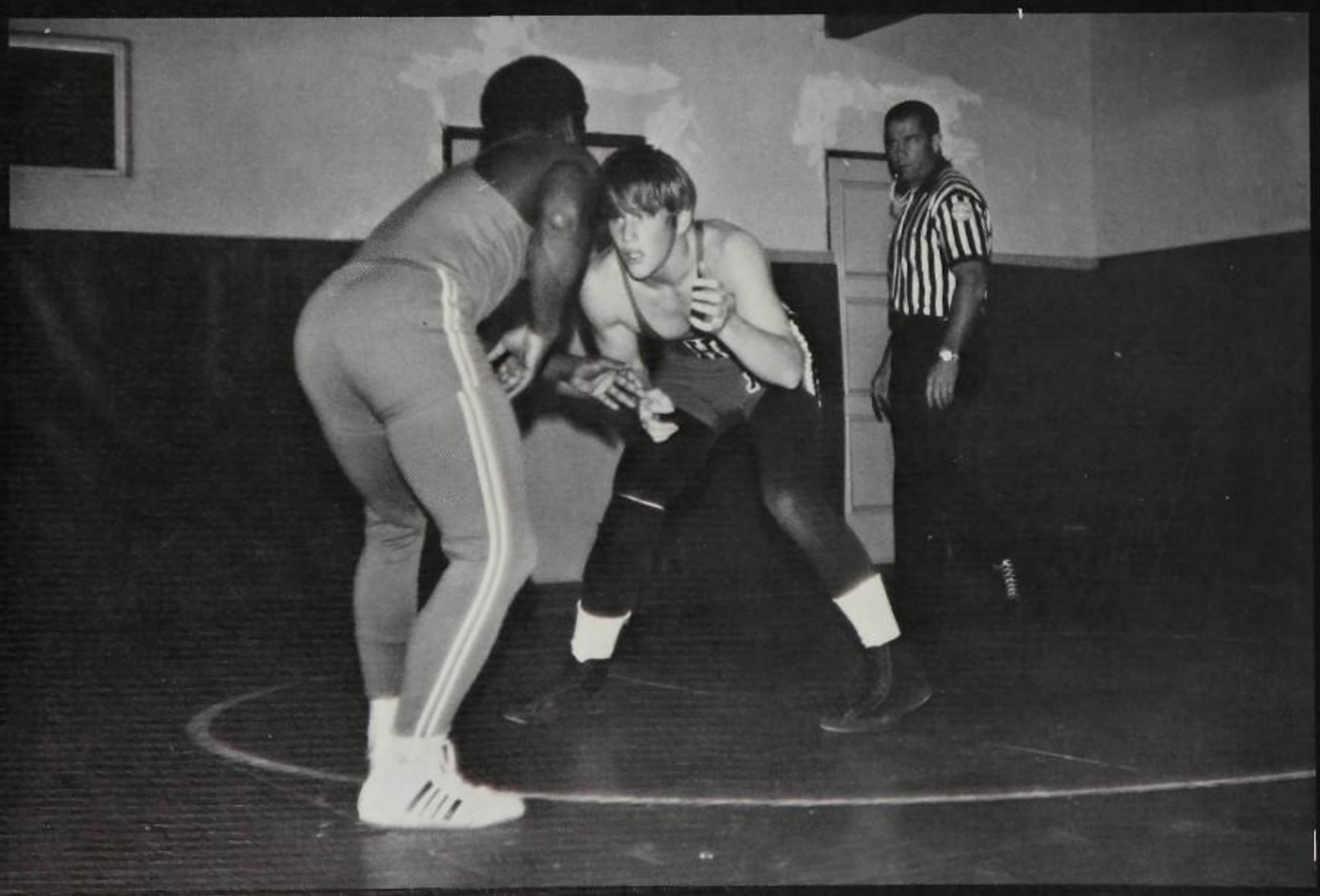




WRESTLING

HARVARD	21	40	QUARTZ HILL
HARVARD	26	27	PARACLETE
HARVARD	13	33	ST. JOHN BOSCO
HARVARD	13	46	SANTA CLARA
HARVARD	25	38	BISHOP AMAT
HARVARD	3	48	PIUS X
HARVARD	27	38	BOYS REPUBLIC
HARVARD	30	0	NORDHOFF
HARVARD	23	25	PARACLETE
HARVARD	30	0	NORDHOFF

When a wrestler goes to Heaven
To Saint Peter he will tell,
"Another wrestler reporting, Sir,
I've served my time in Hell!"



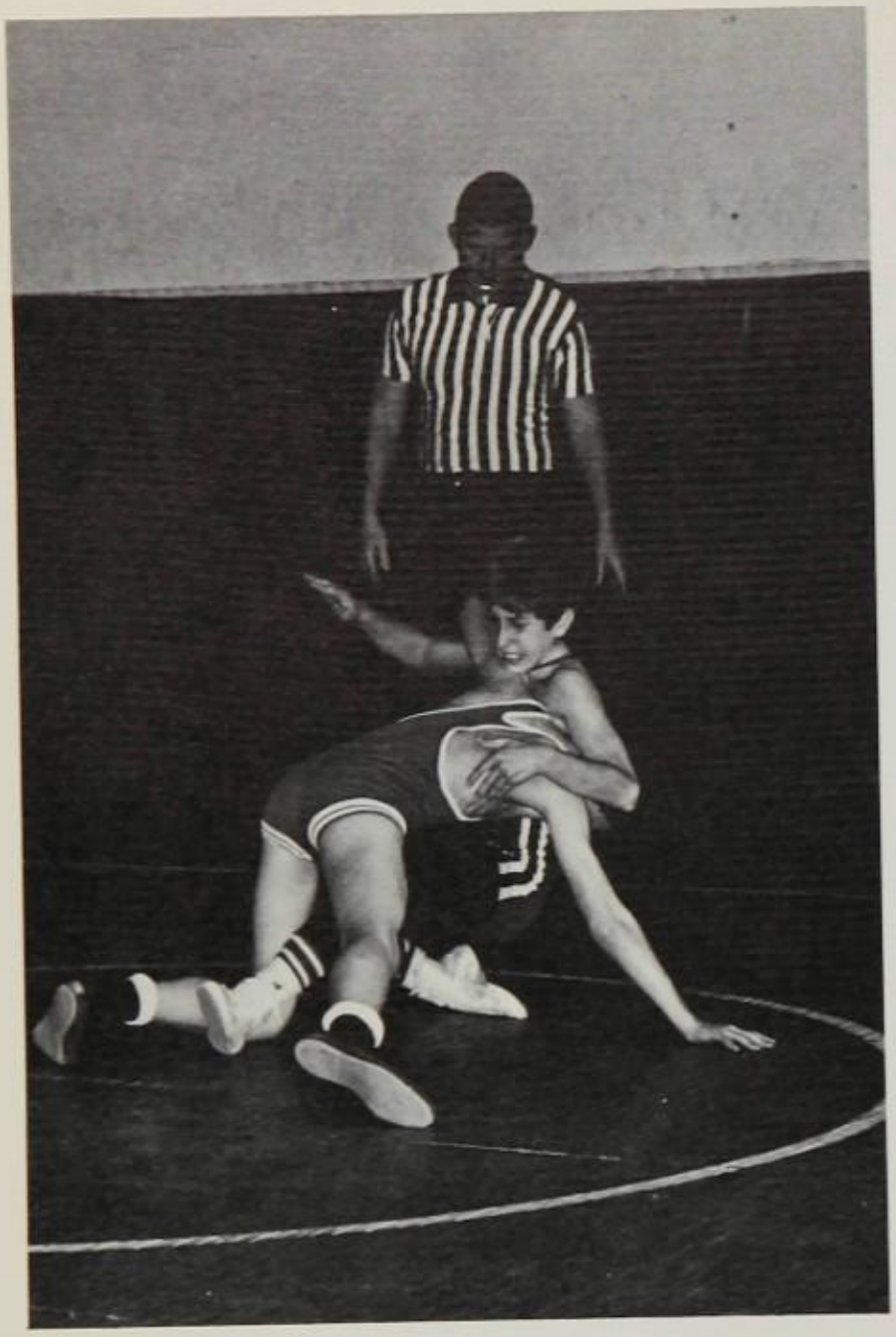
FRONT ROW: Mendel, D; Read, B; Barry, J (Co-Captain); Jones, S; Mendel, C. BACK ROW. Harriman, J; Russell, C; Ostrup, R; Stellar, S (Co-Captain). Not Pictured: Coach Bache.

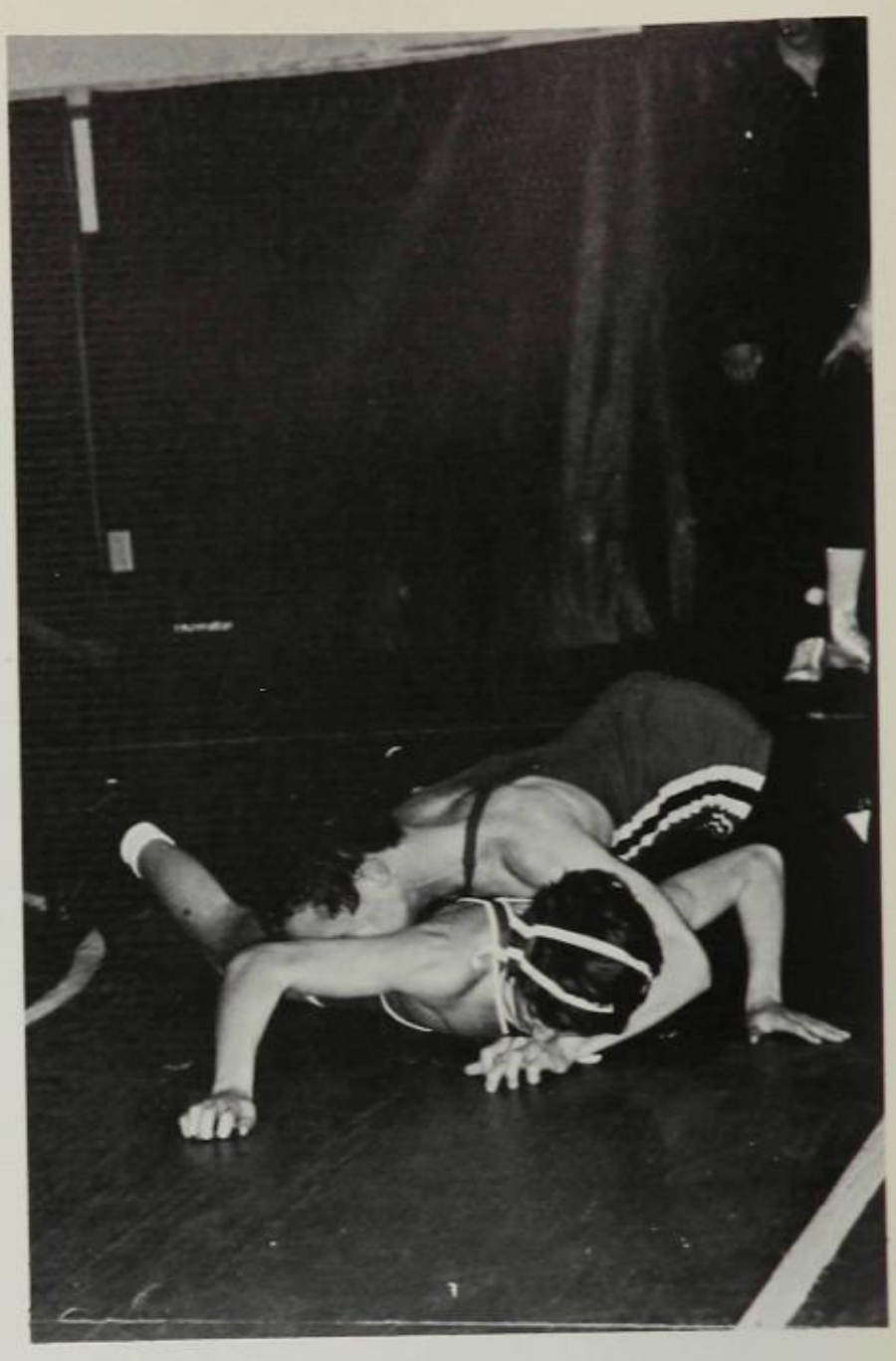
The Harvard Wrestling team still retains the same body-beating practices, in the same sweat-filled box, with the same inspiring quotes from our immortalized coach, Mr. Bache. The only thing it couldn't retain were bodies, which decreased in number to about eight dedicated wrestlers by the time the season started. In spite of this, the team still completed a full season of eight dual meets, a Quadrangular, and the Ventura Tournament.

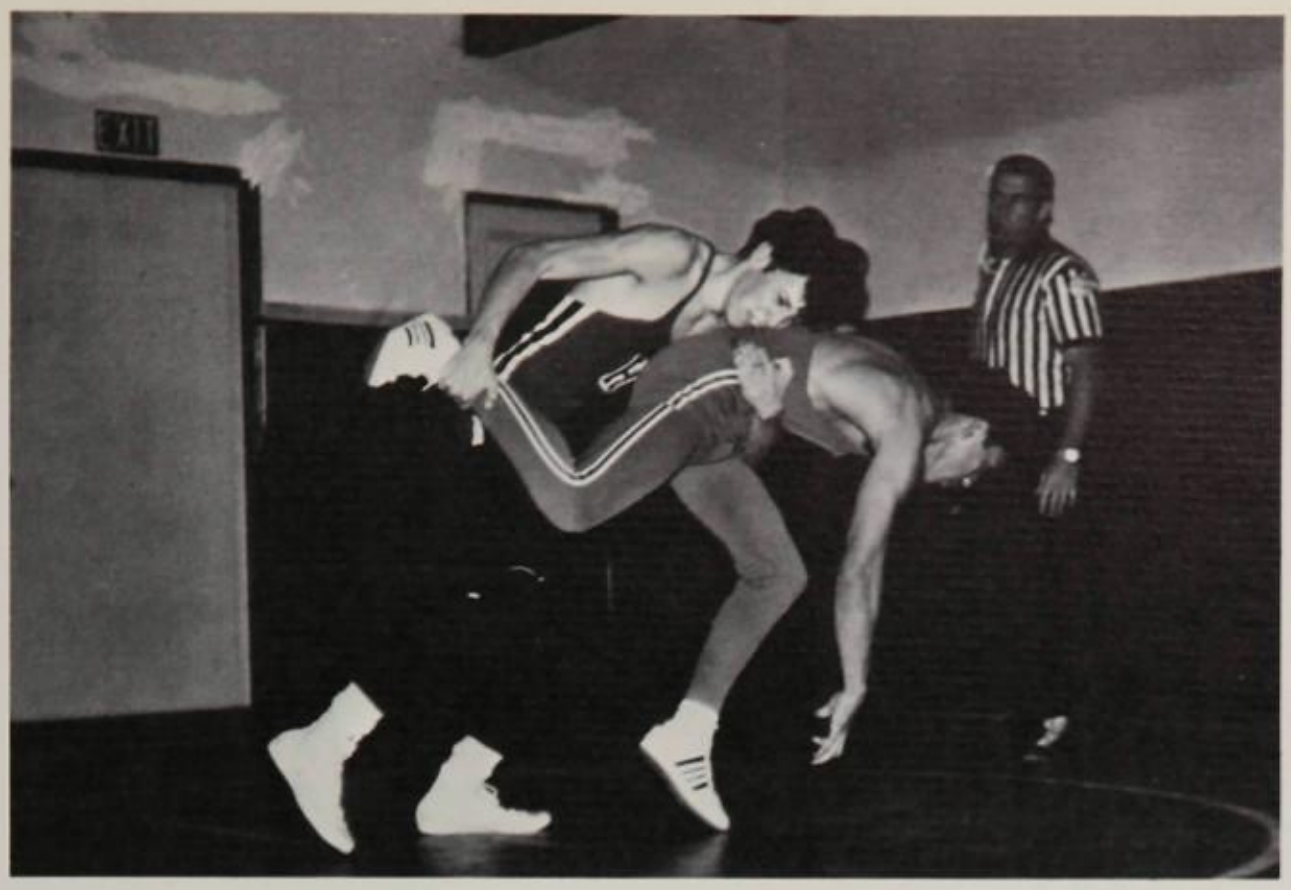
Only seven of the thirteen weight classes were filled in the varsity, the first six ranging from 98 lbs. to 136 lbs., as well as the 168 lbs. class. The situation meant that Harvard had nearly lost by forfeitures before it started. However, before these forfeitures were counted, the team contended against Paraclete, Quartz Hill, Nordhoff, Santa Clara, Boy's Republic, and Bishop Amat. Also, Steve Stellar placed second in the Ventura Tournament. There was no real J.V. team this season, but Dirk Mendel at 98 lbs. and Chip Clements at 106 lbs. wrestled exhibition matches throughout the season.

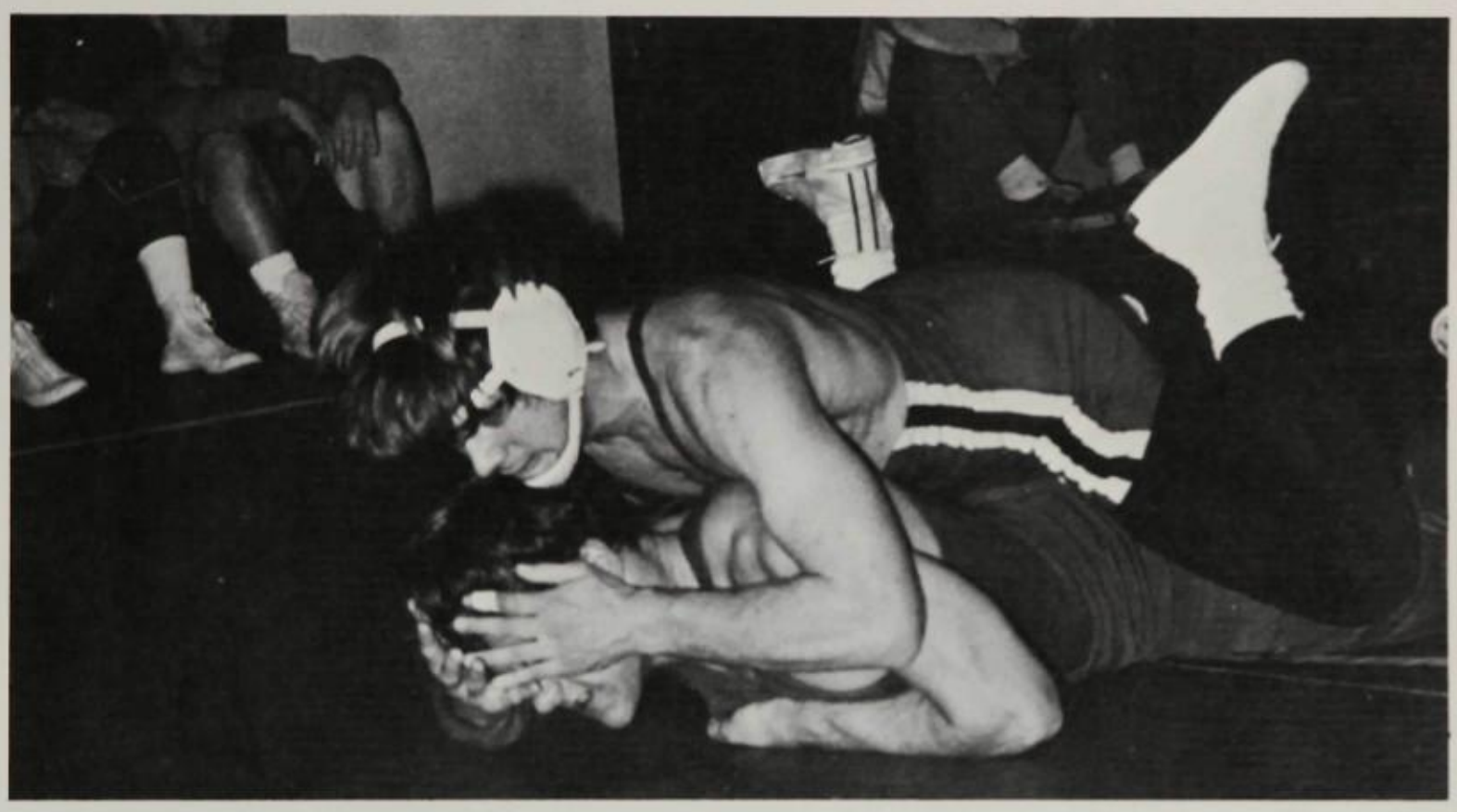
Wrestling, though, is an individual sport, and many of this team's members will place in the League Tournament. Regardless of the fact we didn't win as a team, each person, through his own hard work and dedication, may have achieved a little better understanding of himself. The team thanks Coach Bache for holding the team together through this tough season and hopes (although it looks unlikely) that Harvard will keep, build, and support their wrestling team next year.

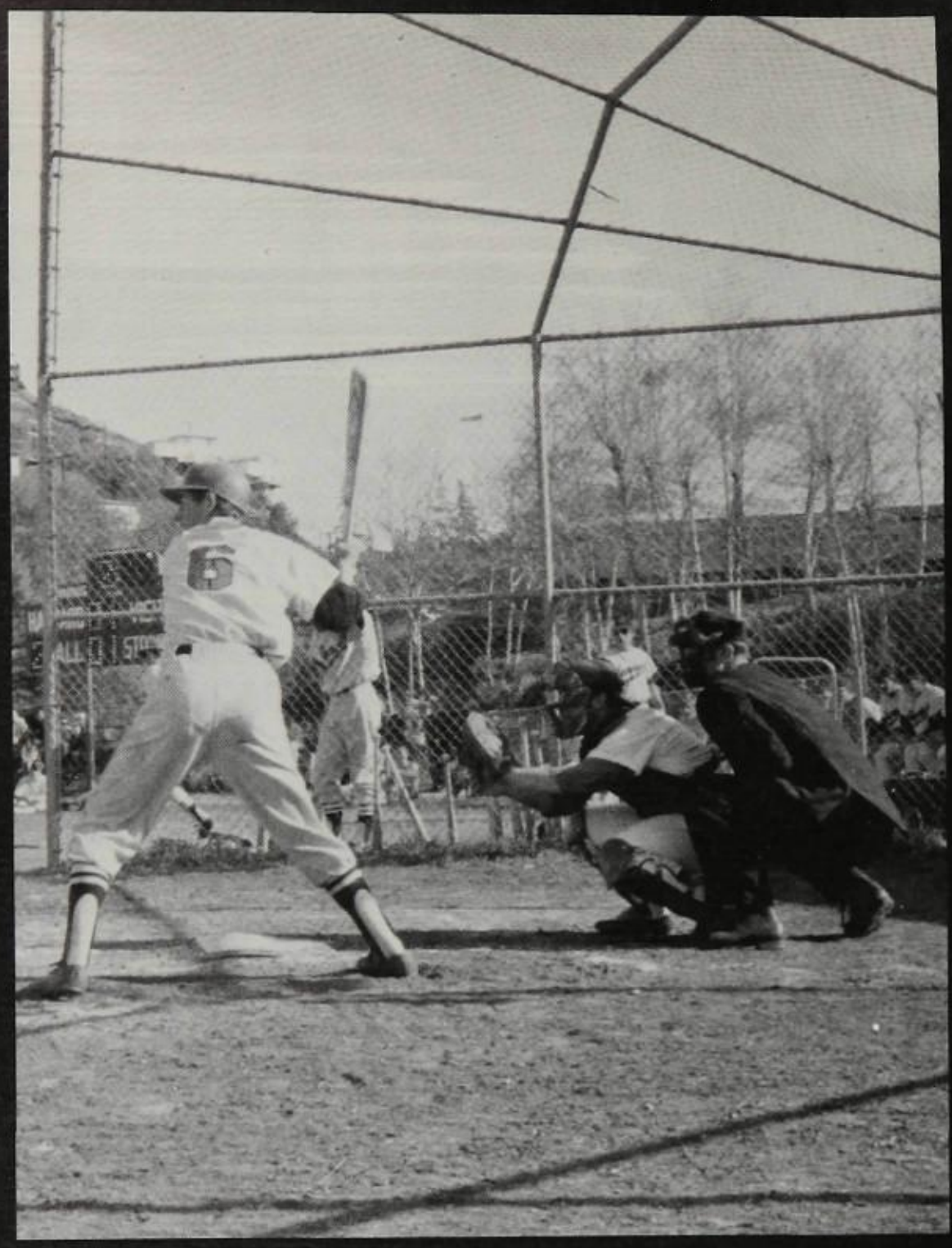
Bruce Read	98 lbs.
John Barry (Co-Captain)	106 lbs.
Brad White	115 lbs.
Carl Mendel	115 lbs.
John Harriman	123 lbs.
Charlie Russell	130 lbs.
Dick Ostrup	136 lbs.
Jose Cuervo	141 lbs.
Steve Stellar (Co-Captain)	168 lbs.











VARSITY BASEBALL

HARVARD	DANIEL MURPHY
HARVARD	ST. MONICA
HARVARD	CHADWICK
HARVARD	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	LENNOX
HARVARD	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	VALLEY CHRISTIAN
HARVARD	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	PARACLETE
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

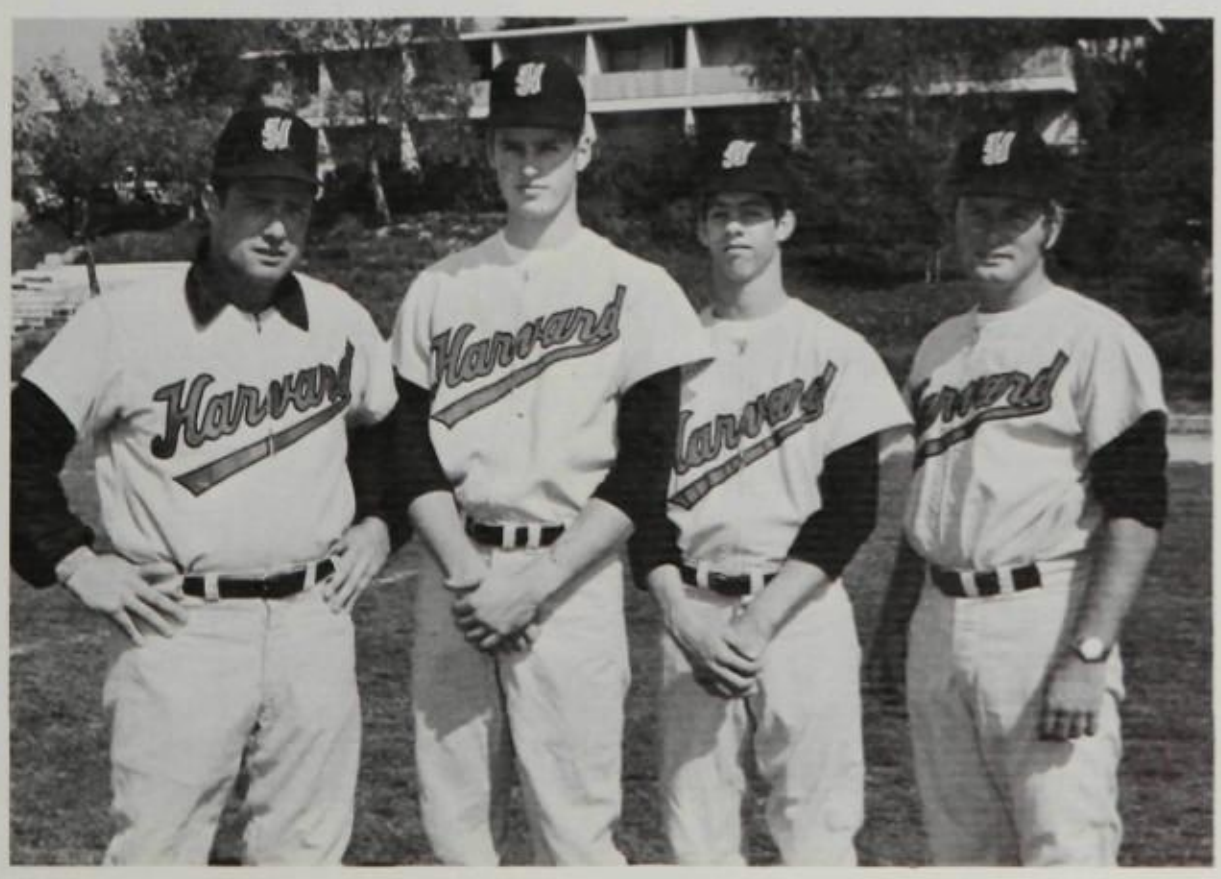
FRONT ROW: Manager Teal; Porter, R.; Hawn, R.; Hardekopf, W.; Breech, A.; Lynch, W.; Ingram, R.; Manager Kaplan.
BACK ROW: Coach Bowler; Green, J.; Gordon, T.; Whittell, R.; LoPresti, J.; Booth, B.; Covey, B.; Coach Drummond.
MISSING: Irvine, J.; Woodward, J.; Beck, W.

With five lettermen returning from the 1969 C.I.F. Runner-up squad and others coming up from last year's Junior Varsity to fill the gaps, Harvard should once again be a strong contender for the Olympic League baseball crown.

During the pre-season Harvard opened by beating Chadwick, but succumbed to the strong Daniel Murphy and Lennox teams. With only three pre-season games and the absence of an All-C.I.F. pitcher, Harvard met Chaminade in the league opener. In a closer game than the score indicates, Harvard lost 9-5. Harvard was, however, able to score an important 5-4 victory over L.A. Baptist under the same conditions in a second league game.

With ten games remaining, Whittell back on the mound, and a 110% team effort, Harvard's Varsity Baseball team could earn the right for a second shot at the C.I.F. title.

Coach Bowler, Captain Randy Whittell, Captain Bob Ingram, Coach Drummond.



VARSITY TRACK

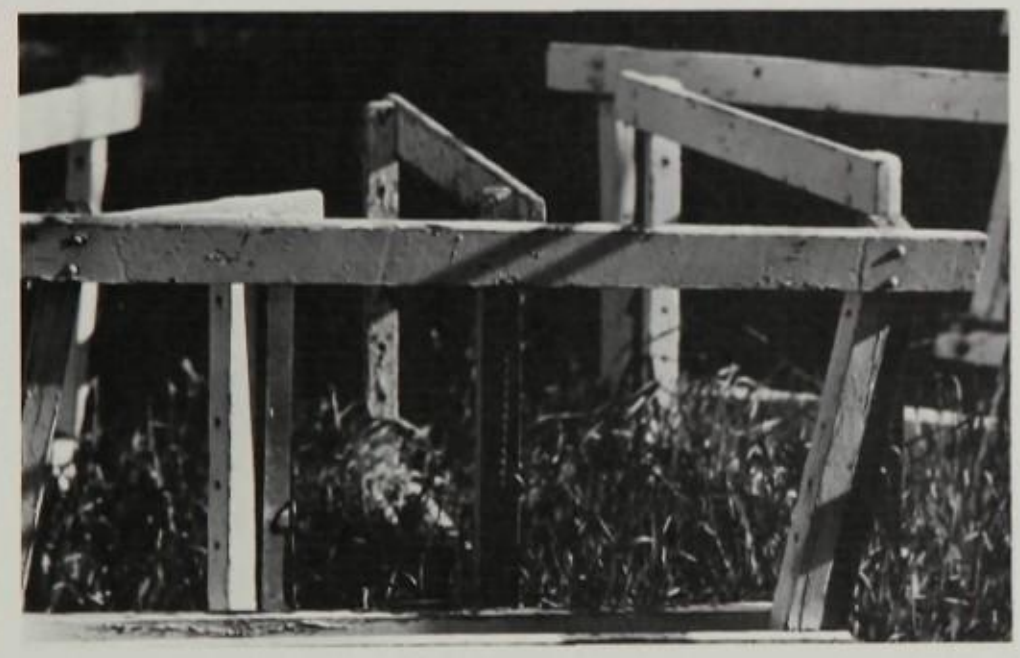
HARVARD	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	ALEMANY
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

BOTTOM ROW: Gill, D.; Banning, W.; Wick, D. Z.; Hathaway, J.; Wolover, T.; Lesnett, R; Strange, W.; Von Gehr, G. MIDDLE ROW: Carroll, J.; Davis, B.; Shields, R.; Gates, W.; DeYoung, R.; Dickinson, B.; Wasson, F. TOP ROW: Rand, C.; Carroll, J.; Hoch, S.; Anderson, P.; Brookes, R.; Baker, C.; Perkins, R.; Maxson, J.; Coach Bayless.

This year's Harvard Varsity Track Team was coached by one new man and one veteran, but both very dedicated men. Coaches McCosker with the distance runners and Bayless with the sprinters and field events may together yield one of the school's finest teams. Thus far, the team has ripped through both L.A. Baptist and Chaminade. However, there still remain four more league meets, as well as the challenging Alemany meet and the Russell Cup.

This year's Varsity team is composed of many outstanding athletes. The sprinters are Jay Carrol and Dave Gill who usually qualify in the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Dave Pomeroy and Roger DeYoung qualify in the high and low hurdles. Bill Dickenson rates in the 440 yard while Chris Baker and Tom Wolever dominate the 880 yard run. Harvard's greatest distance runner, John Hathaway, is backed up by Charles Russell, Doug Wick, and Clark Mitchell in the long distances. In the field events Steve Hoch has completely dominated over league for two years and is now strongly backed up by John Carrol and Roger Perkins. Heaving the shot are Channing Lowe, Roger DeYoung, and Carl Rand. The long jumpers are again sprinters Carrol and Gill along with Fred Wasson. Finally, Varsity pole vaulting is represented by Bob Lesnett and Bob Brookes.

With the fine performances of these individuals Harvard should again capture the league crown, a feat which would give Harvard a sweep of championship titles in every Varsity sport in the Olympic League during the 1969-1970 athletic season.



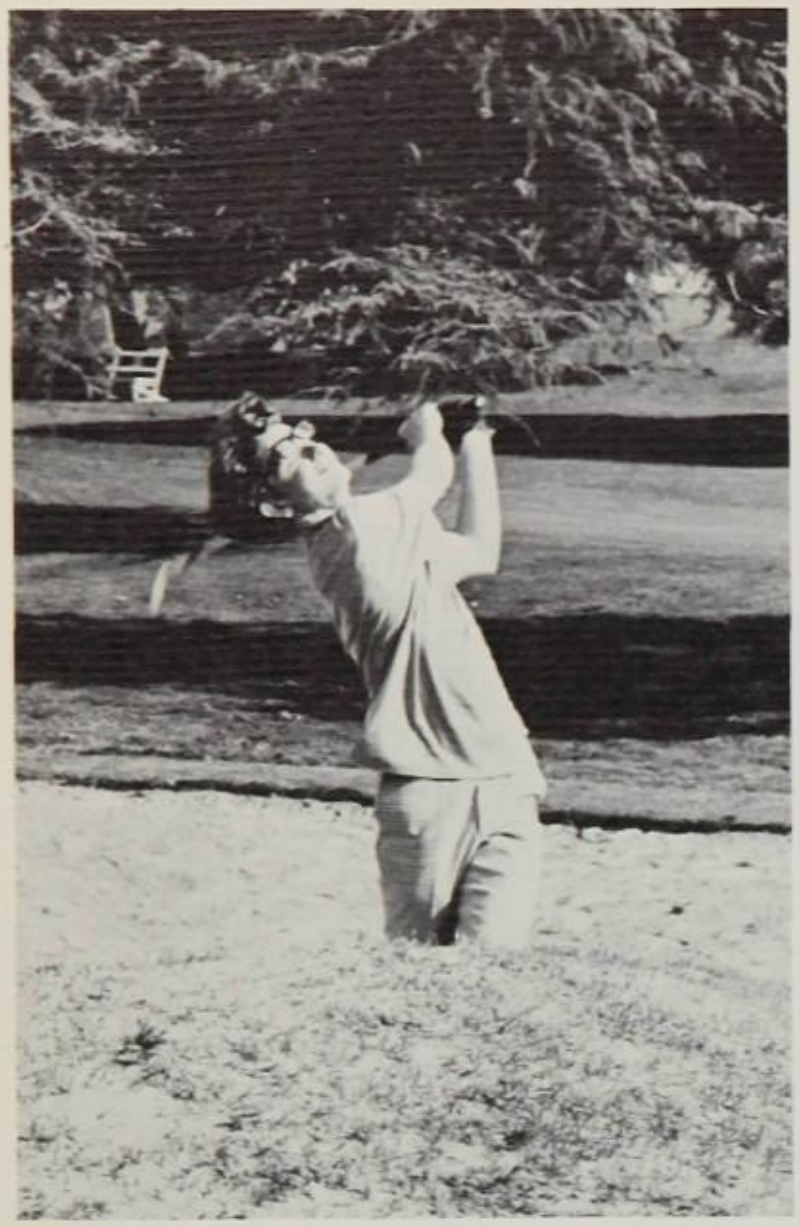
GOLF

HARVARD	SANTA MONICA
HARVARD	RESESDA
HARVARD	EL CAMINO
HARVARD	EL CAMINO
HARVARD	VERDUGO HILLS
HARVARD	BURBANK
HARVARD	BURROUGHS
HARVARD	BURBANK
HARVARD	GARDENA
HARVARD	GARDENA
HARVARD	GARDENA
HARVARD	SANTA MONICA
HARVARD	BURROUGHS
HARVARD	FLINTRIDGE
HARVARD	FLINTRIDGE

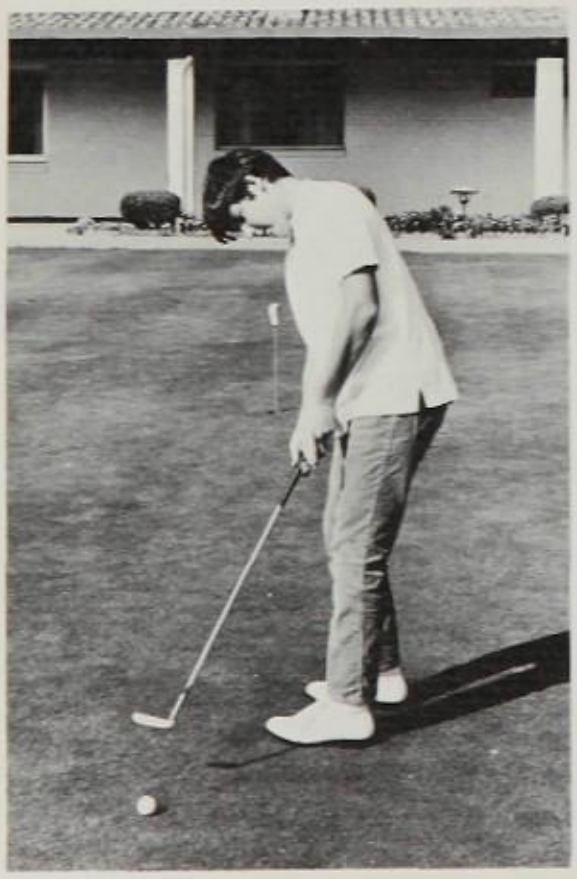
Burr, B.; Van Dusen, R.; Luke C.; Riordan, M.; Johnston, R.; Escher, J; Coach Burr. NOT PICTURED: Brewer, N.; Chang, J.; Campbell, R.; Branch, B.

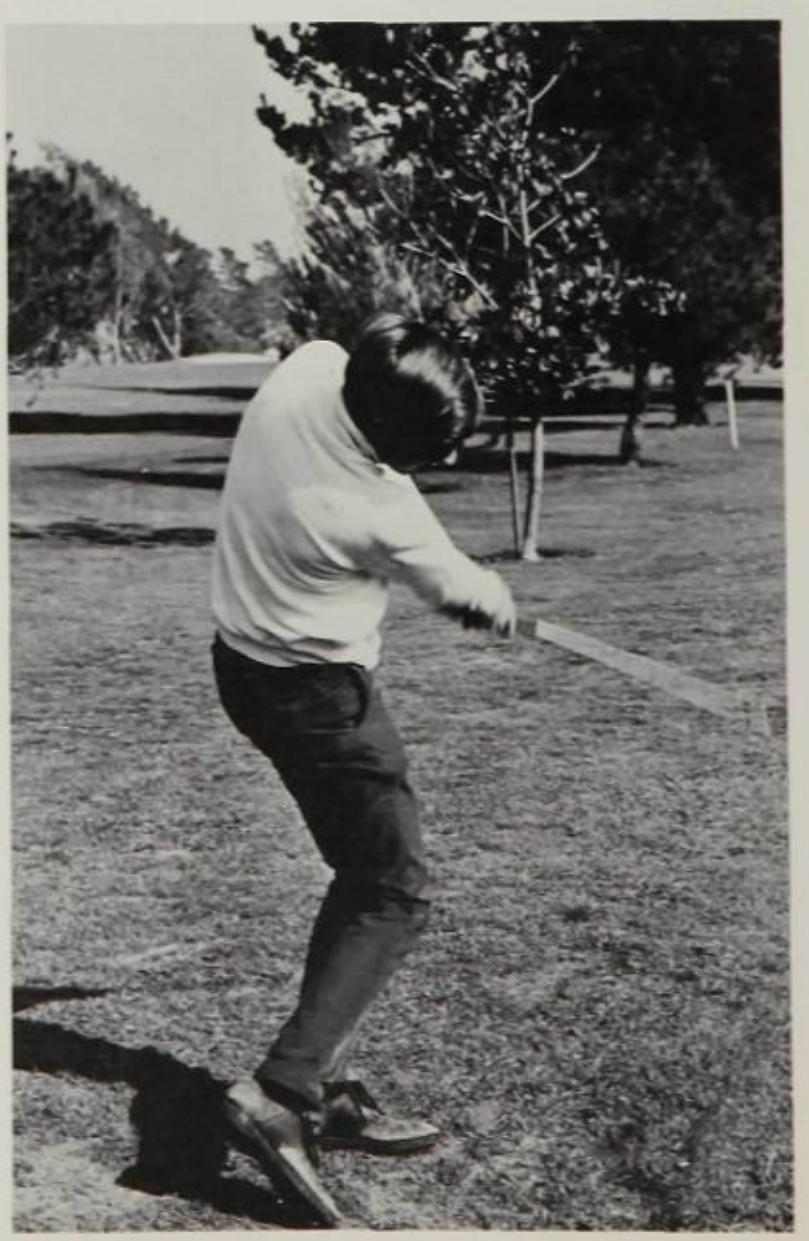
This year, the Golf Team "ain't what it used to be". In the past years, the Harvard Golf Team has never matched up to the other Harvard athletic teams from the stand point of season records. In 1968, the Golf Team went 0-15, in 1969, it went 1-14, and yet, at this writing, the team has already established a record of 4-1-1. The reason for this improvement is simple. Some very important young talent has helped immensely along with the improvement of the older members of the squad. This year, the first three playing slots on the team are filled by two sophomores and a freshman; Chuck Luke, Bob Van Dusen, and Mike Riordan. Joe Esher, a senior and four year veteran on the links is a consistently strong player, playing well as fourth man. The fifth man, Randy Campbell, another sophomore, is nearly always a sure winner and a key member of the squad. The sixth man slot has varied some between the remaining team players; Nate Brewer, Mike Smith, Bob Johnston, Brad Burr, Doug Driver, Brad Branch, and Jai Chang. Needless to say, the talented coaching of both Mr. Burr and Mr. Hoeland have been major contributions to the teams sudden upsurge in ability.

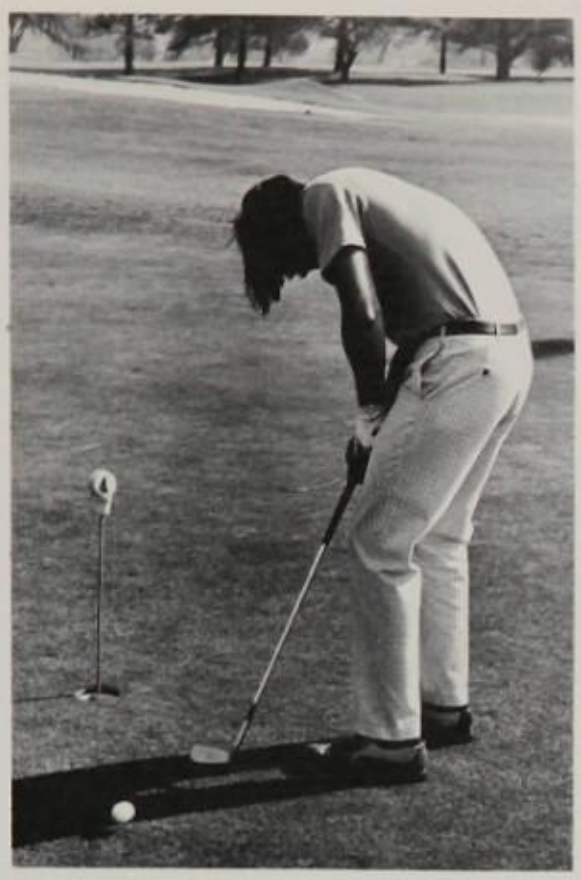
The Harvard Golf Team is very good this year and is not merely set on establishing the best season golf record in the last ten years, but preparing itself for an even better record next season.

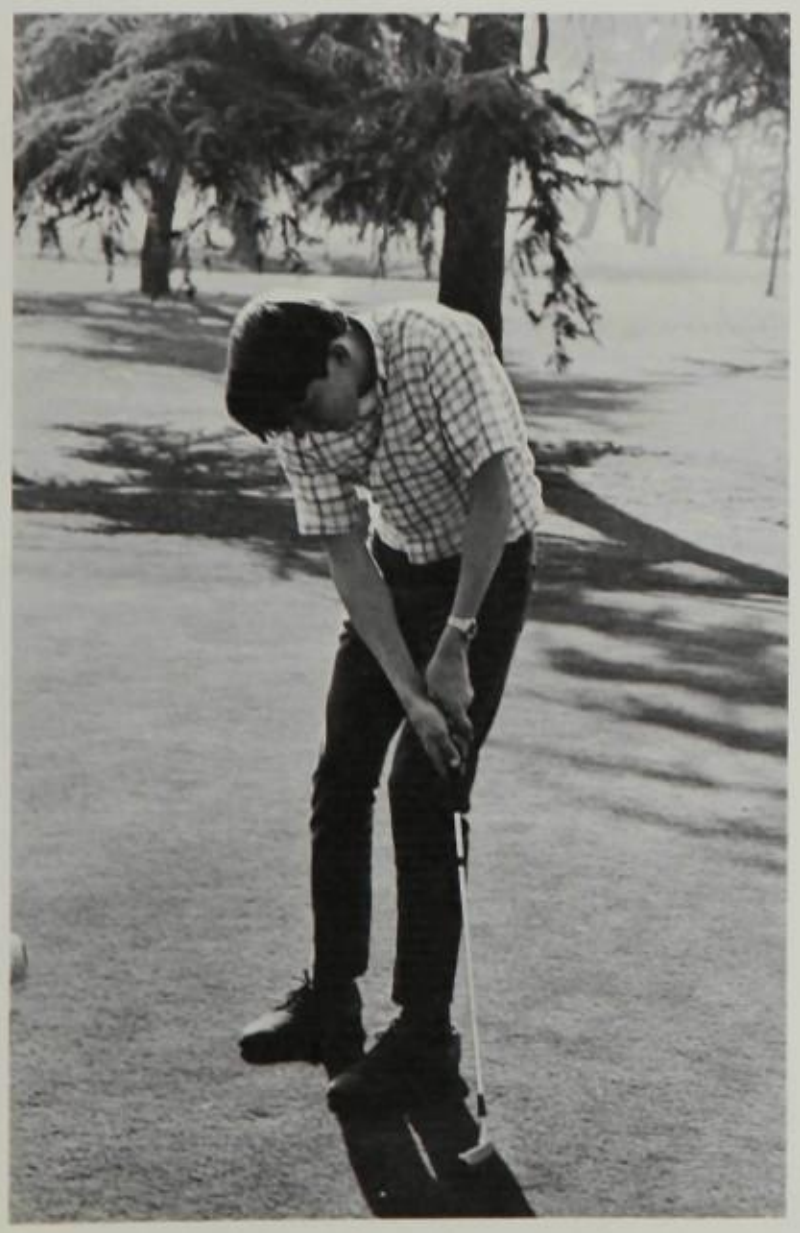


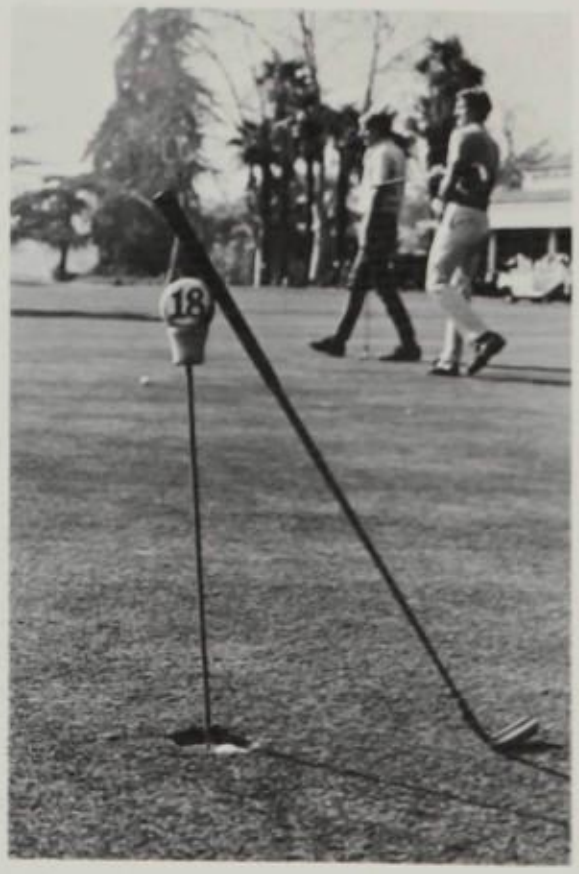
LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB







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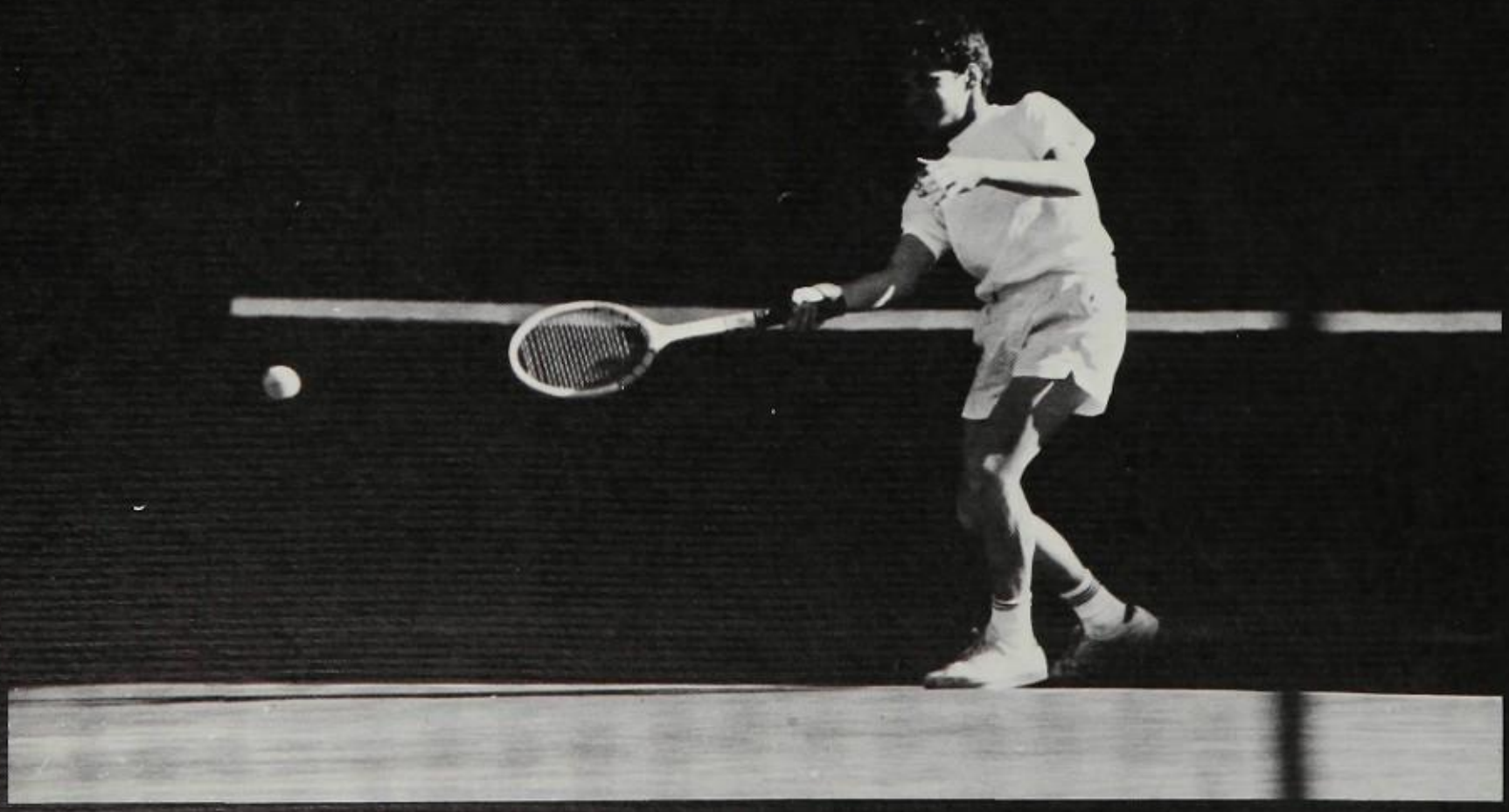
VARSITY TENNIS

HARVARD	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	THACHER
HARVARD	PASADENA POLY
HARVARD	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	WEBB
HARVARD	LOYOLA
HARVARD	PASADENA POLY
HARVARD	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	ARROYO GRANDE
HARVARD	WEBB
HARVARD	THACHER
HARVARD	LOYOLA



FRONT ROW: Shaefer, M.; Morley, C.; Ullman, R.; Buckingham, J.; Lewis, T. SECOND ROW: Issacs, J.; Prater, J.; Ganz, T.; Wright, L.; Jenks, D.; Coach Hoyle.

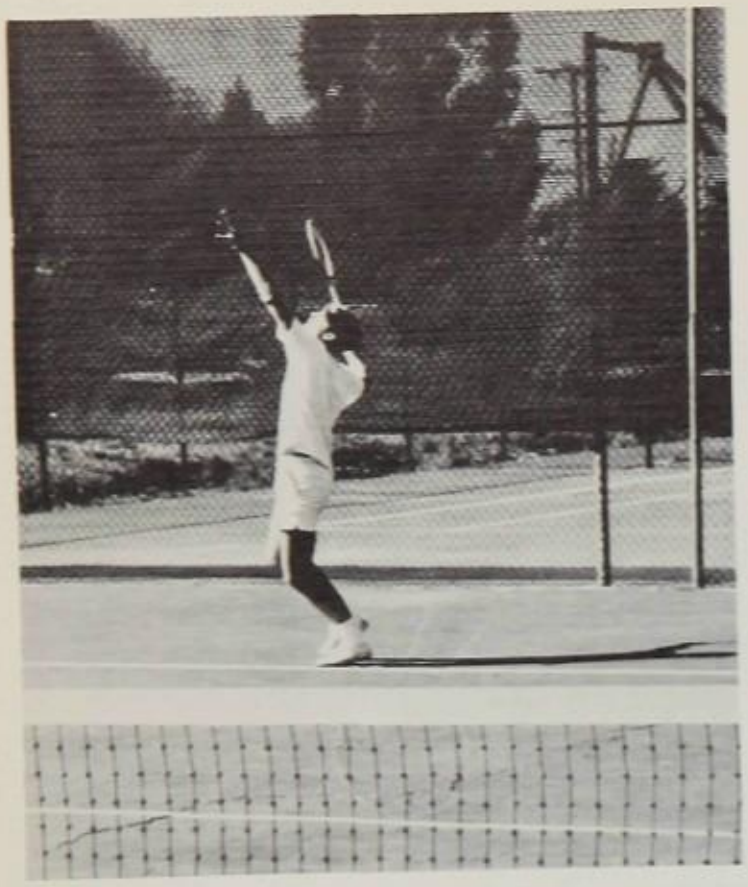
The nine stalwarts pictured above compose the Harvard Varsity Tennis Team.

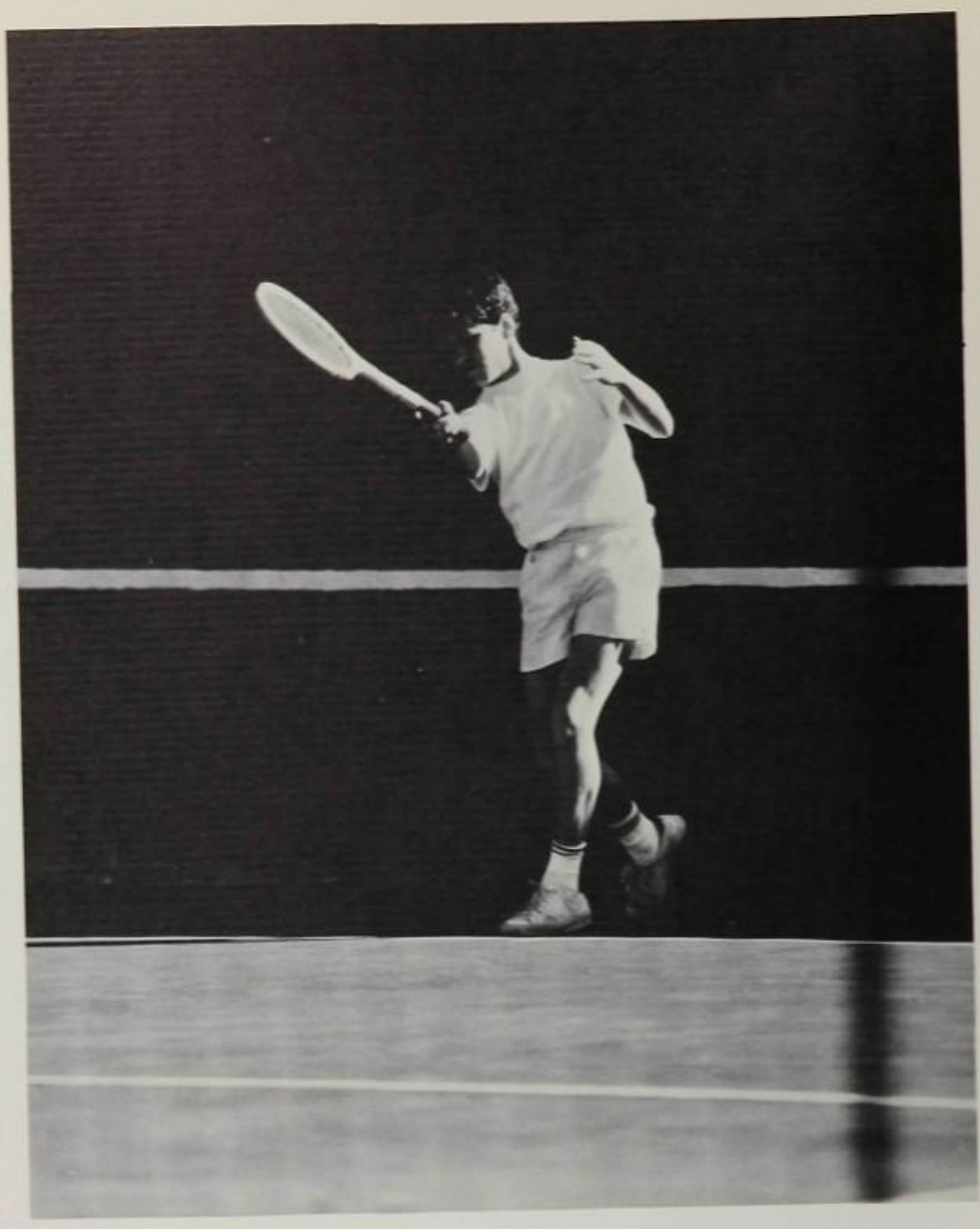
This year the team has an excellent chance of nabbing the Olympic League crown (as they have for the last thirty-eight years). The noxious nine (or nueve as the case may be) are dedicated to Coach Hoyle as sons to a father.

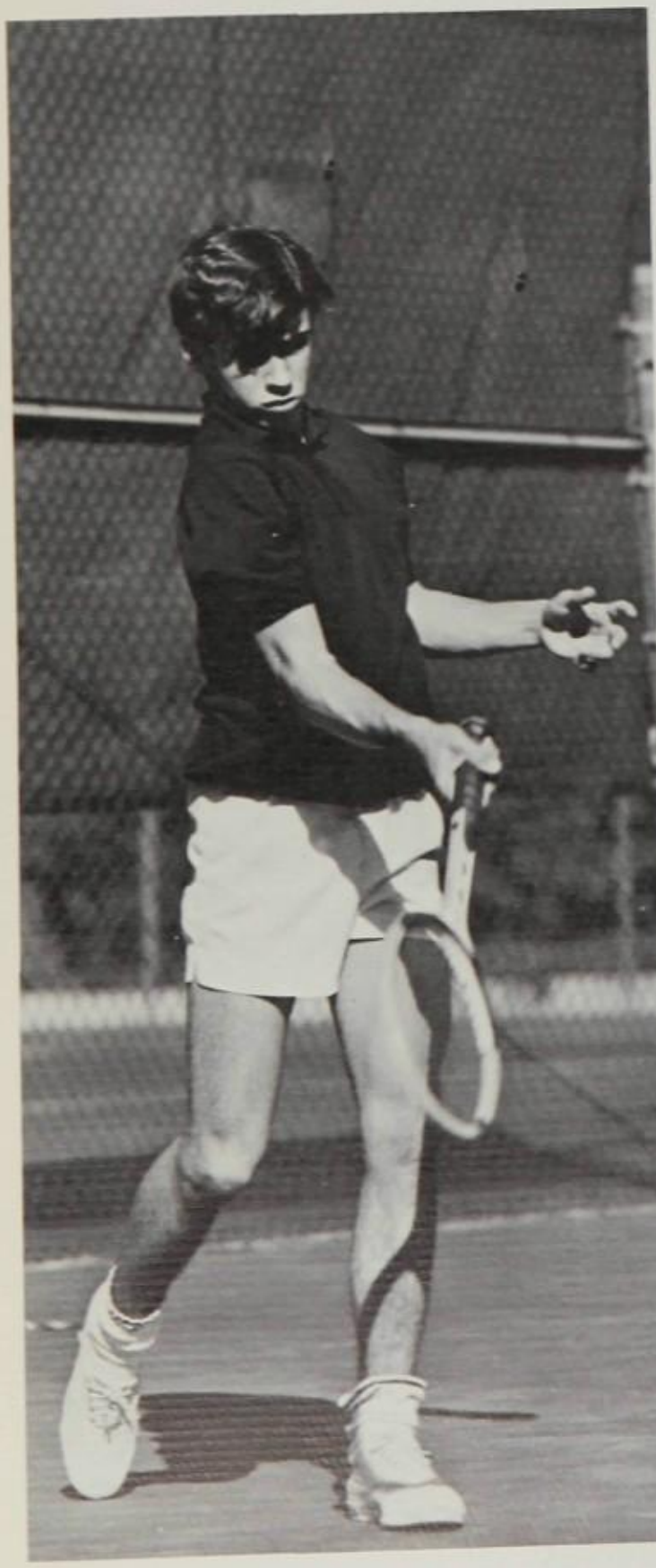
At the writing of this article, the basketball team had just won the C.I.F. "A" title so there exists no need for a proper definition of "basketball". However, it is felt that the same does not hold true for Tennis. Hence, what is tennis?

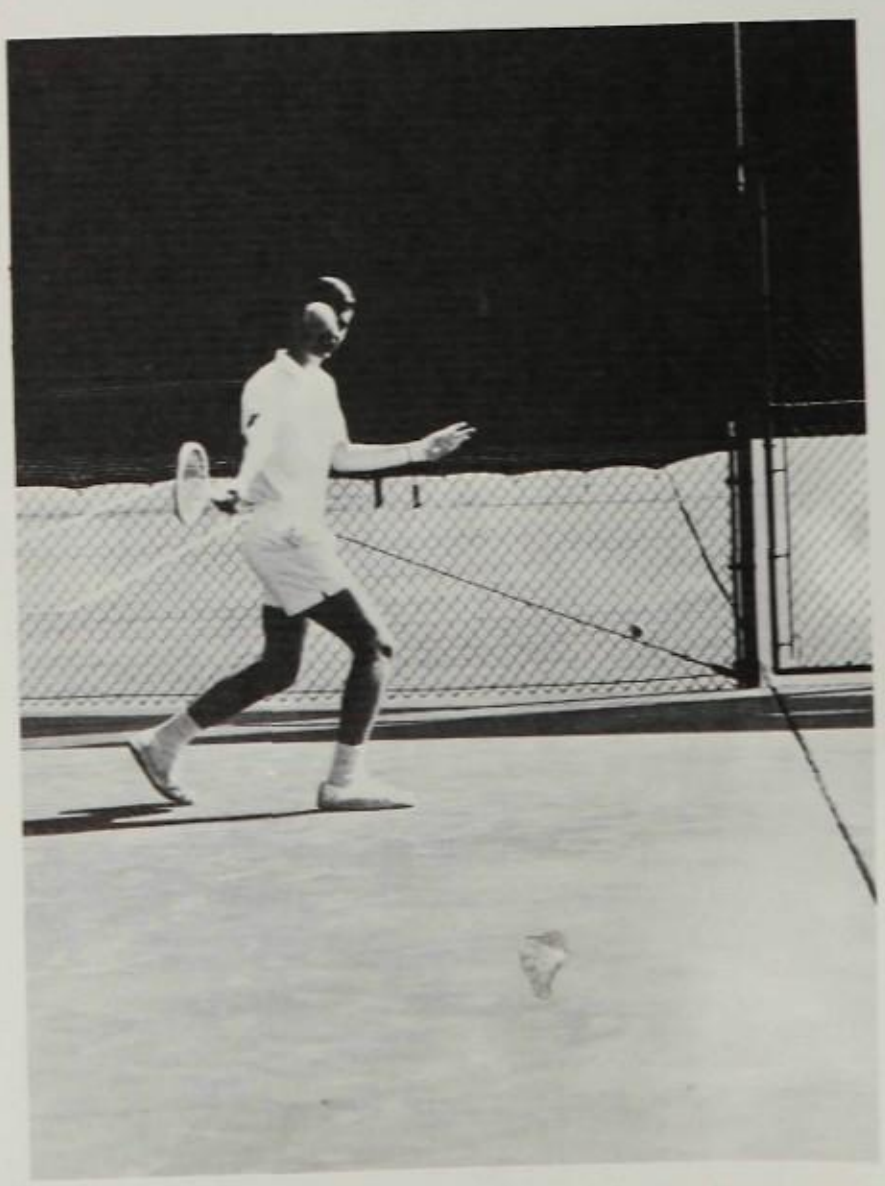
Tennis is a game of facets. As in all other sports, quickness is vitally important. Otherwise, how could Tay Ganz be near the top of the ladder? (See the chubby one above?) Also, power is important. If Tim Lewis had his jacket off (See the little one with the black hair above?) one could see an unadulterated specimen of masculinity. Devotion, too, is necessary (How else could six of the nine members be suspended for two weeks?). The last important aspect is mental ability (See Dave Jenk's untied shoestring above?).

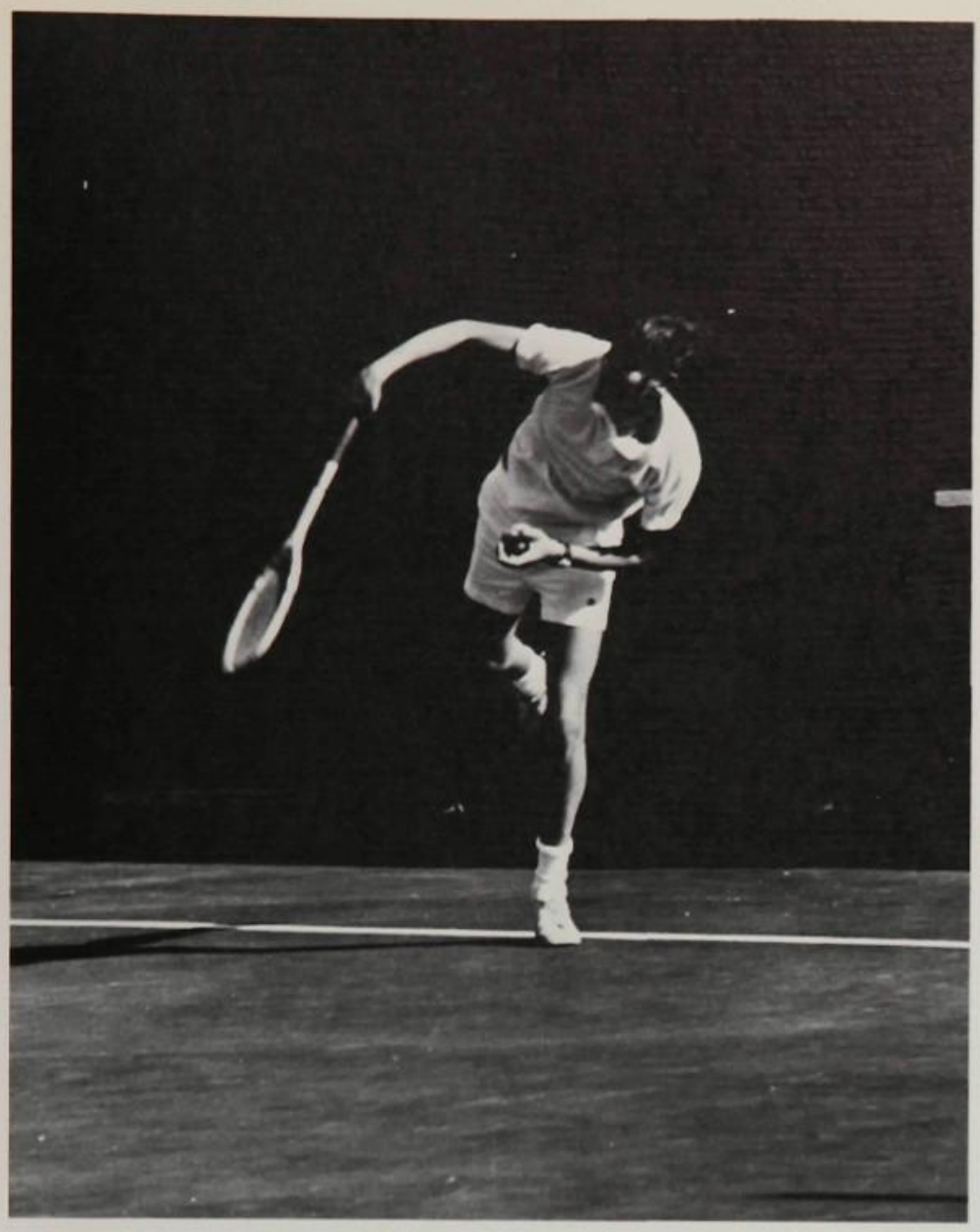
What is Tennis then? Basically it is four things: quickness, power, devotion, and mental ability. What then is Harvard Varsity Tennis? It is all of the above, manifested into nine identities which in turn make up the team.

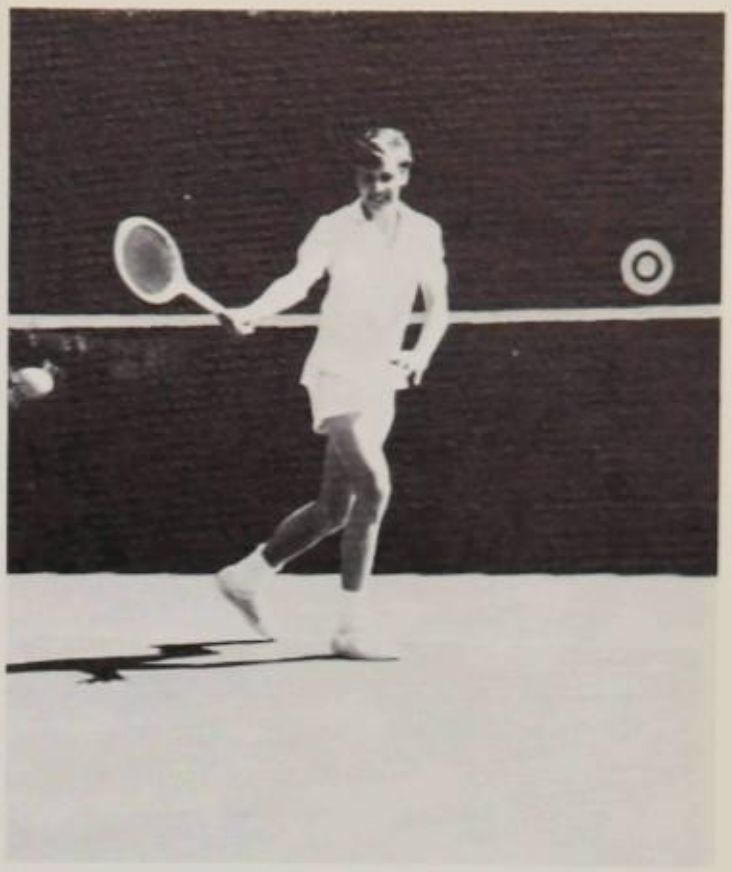


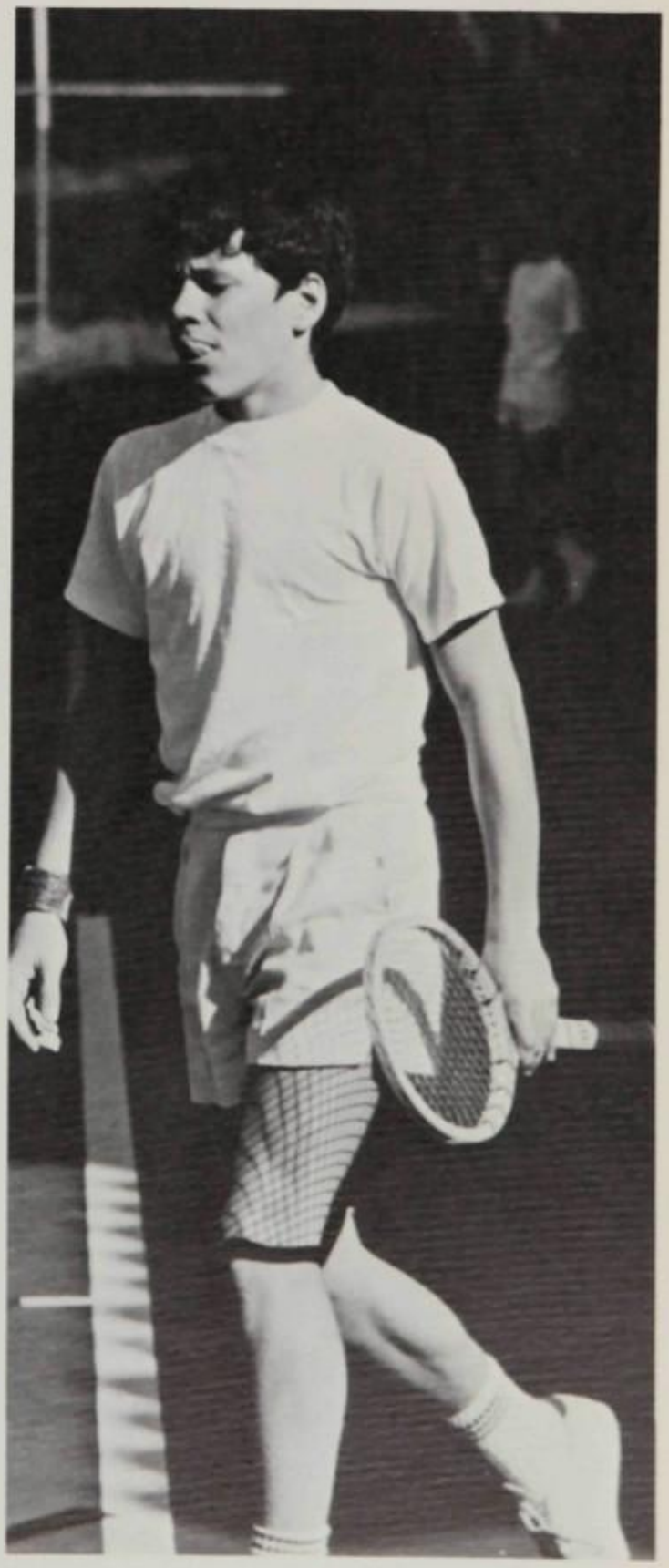












FRONT ROW: Mme. Marissael (Chef d'Epee); von Keszycki, M; Campbell, J; Generales, J; Rosenquest, N (Captain); Dickerson, W; BACK ROW: Maillian, J; Alcorn, S; Driver, D; Brechner, E; Leung, S; Van Dusen, R; Schulkins, M; Not Pictured: Blanton, B; Carsten, P.

FENCING

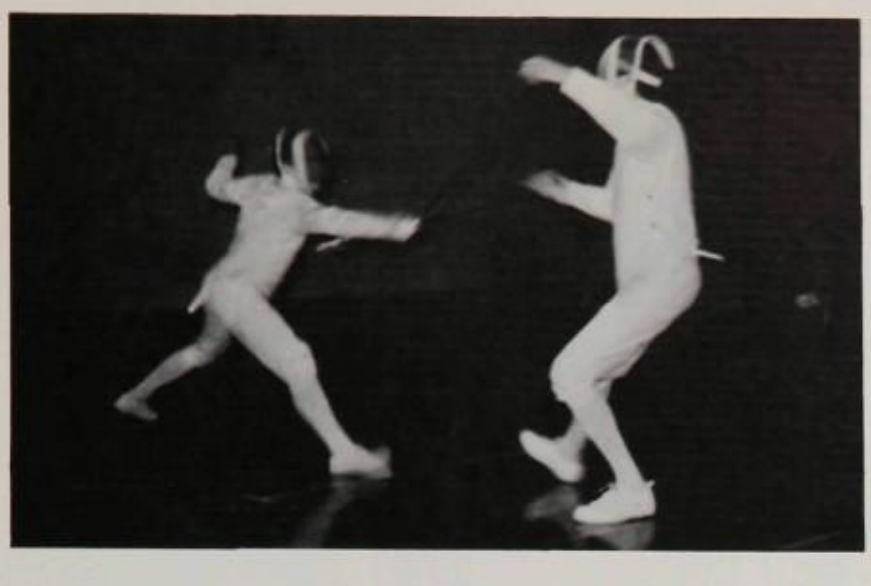
The story of Fencing at Harvard began five years ago when two seniors, Paul Clinco and Hugh Elder, held daily mock duels in front of the entire morning assembly. This was the extent of Harvard's experience with this sport until Eric Pommer, a skilled Fencer and student, gathered together a few interested students and founded the Fencing Club last year. With the services of Madame Marissael as "Prevot d'Armes" (coach), the ten members of the team practiced twice a week behind the curtain of the auditorium stage. The clashing of the blades, however, disturbed the study hall being held below so Madame and her students were chased down to old room 3, now known as the "Salle d'Arme." Although the room is under the required length of 42 feet, the team managed to survive, due to the willingness, interest, and drive of those directly involved, not to mention the tireless efforts of Madame Marissael.

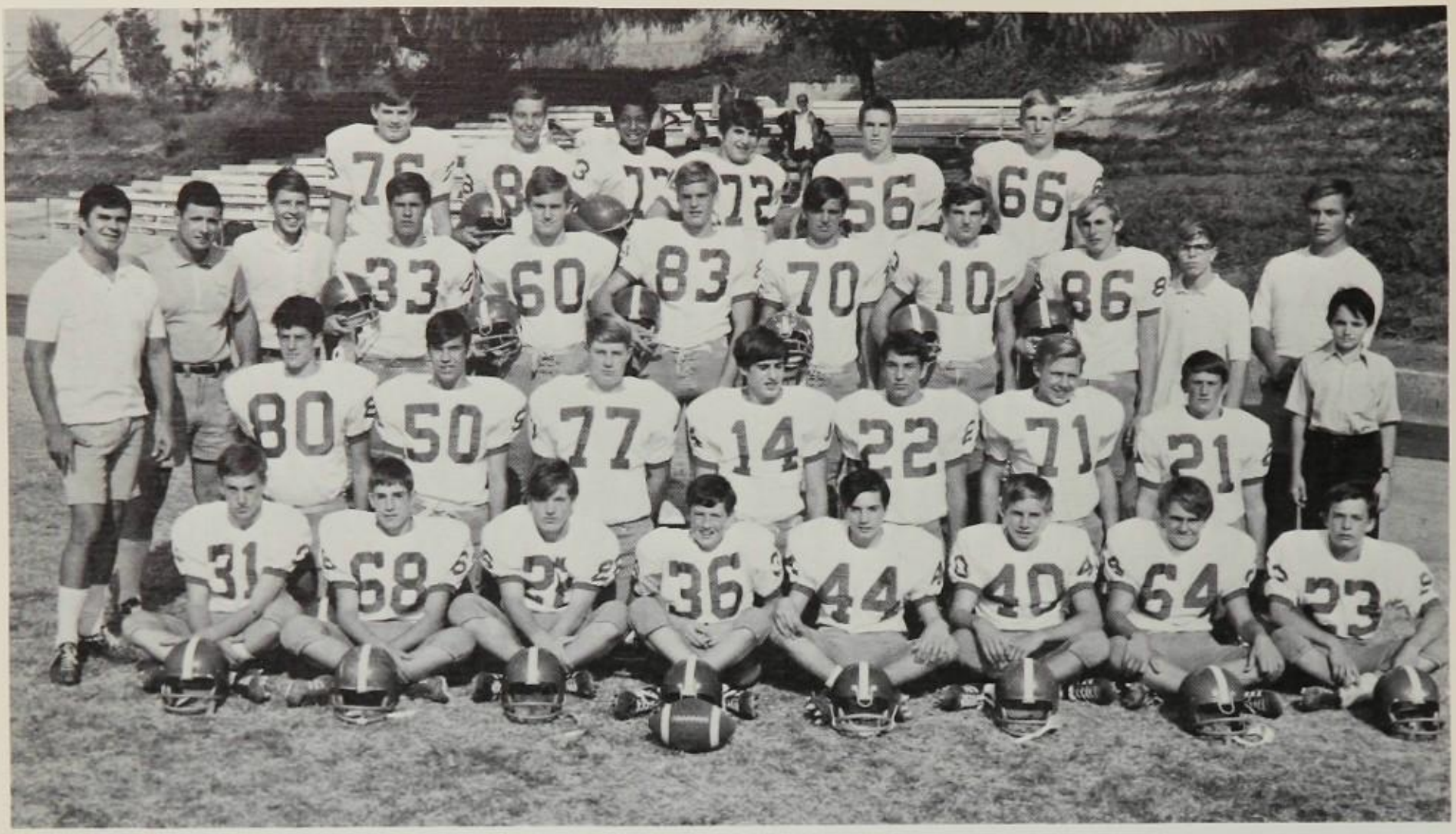
This year, the team members participated in their first match, the First Annual High School Inter-Scholastic Fencing Competition, sponsored by Santa Monica High School. In this meet, held on January 17, two Harvard students, Buzz Blanton and Phil Carsten, reached the semi-finals after together meeting and defeating ten other fencers. Both Blanton and Carsten had fenced only since the fall, but due to Madame Marissael's coaching expertise, they beat several competitors with two or three more years' experience.

The team practices three times a week, a fact that requires all players to be in top physical condition. A fencer must have stamina, coordination, skill, reflexes, quick thinking, speed, and confidence. Unlike other sports, a participant doesn't have to show force in order to win. All that is needed by the fencer is a certain agility and elegance.

The sport of fencing, itself, develops power of concentration and self-discipline. It gives one poise, balance, and a sense of muscular control. Fencing is a fighting sport which provides a means of achieving mental alertness and physical agility through the harmonious form of movement.

The team owes a great deal to Prevot d'Armes Marissael, whose love for fencing has inspired all who know or have known her well. She is deserving of more than all the praise that we can give her.





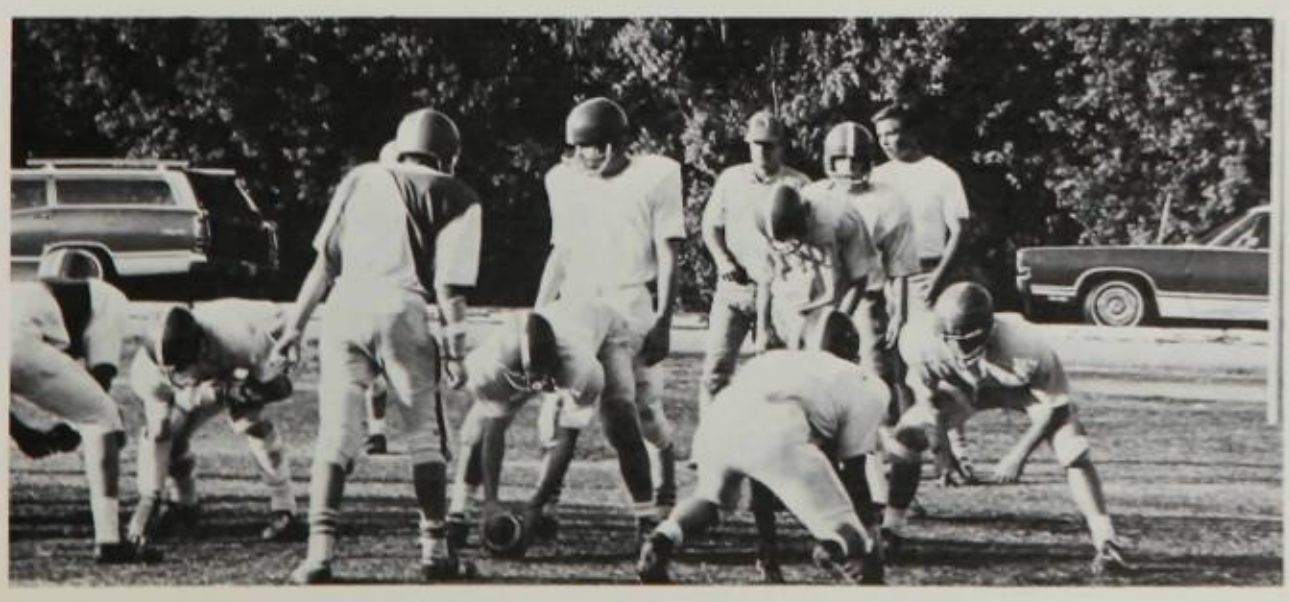
BOTTOM ROW: Wilson, C; Swirles, T; Pomeroy, D; Funk, J; Divoli, D; Wick, D; Camp, R (Co-Captain); Barber, B; SECOND ROW: Coach Shriver; Bodeck, H; Prater, J; Schuur, R; Spivack, T; Bateman, J; Trewhitt, S; Ostrup, R (Co-Captain); Bokowski, S; THIRD ROW: Head Coach Bowler; Redding, F; Keith, W; Green, J; Carroll, J; Davis, R; Gordon, T; Morgan, W; Freedlander, K; Coach Bayliss; TOP ROW: Emrich, M; Gerrity, W; Chippey, R; Anderson, P; Irvine, S; Shields, R.

JUNIOR VARSITY FOOTBALL

OLYMPIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

HARVARD	0	16	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	0	36	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	26	6	WEBB
HARVARD	24	0	ALEMANY
HARVARD	38	6	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	24	6	BELL-JEFF
HARVARD	20	0	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	32	6	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	36	6	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

"No other team works as hard as we do, and no other team wins as much as we do." This is a quote taken from a statement made by ex-Packer coach Vince Lombardi after his team won the NFL Championship. It typifies the feelings of this year's Junior Varsity Football Team. We felt and we knew that if we worked harder and hit harder than anyone else, we could go through league undefeated. And we did.



Barry, J; Ducommun, J; Turpit, W; Ellis, P; Park, S; Smith, M (Captain).

"B" WATER POLO

HARVARD	3	21	BEVERLY HILLS
HARVARD	4	12	LASUEN
HARVARD	2	14	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	3	15	LA SALLE
HARVARD	2	16	VENTURA
HARVARD	4	20	OXNARD
HARVARD	3	27	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	17	0	ALEMANY
HARVARD	1	11	SERVITE
HARVARD	9	10	BISHOP MONTGOMERY

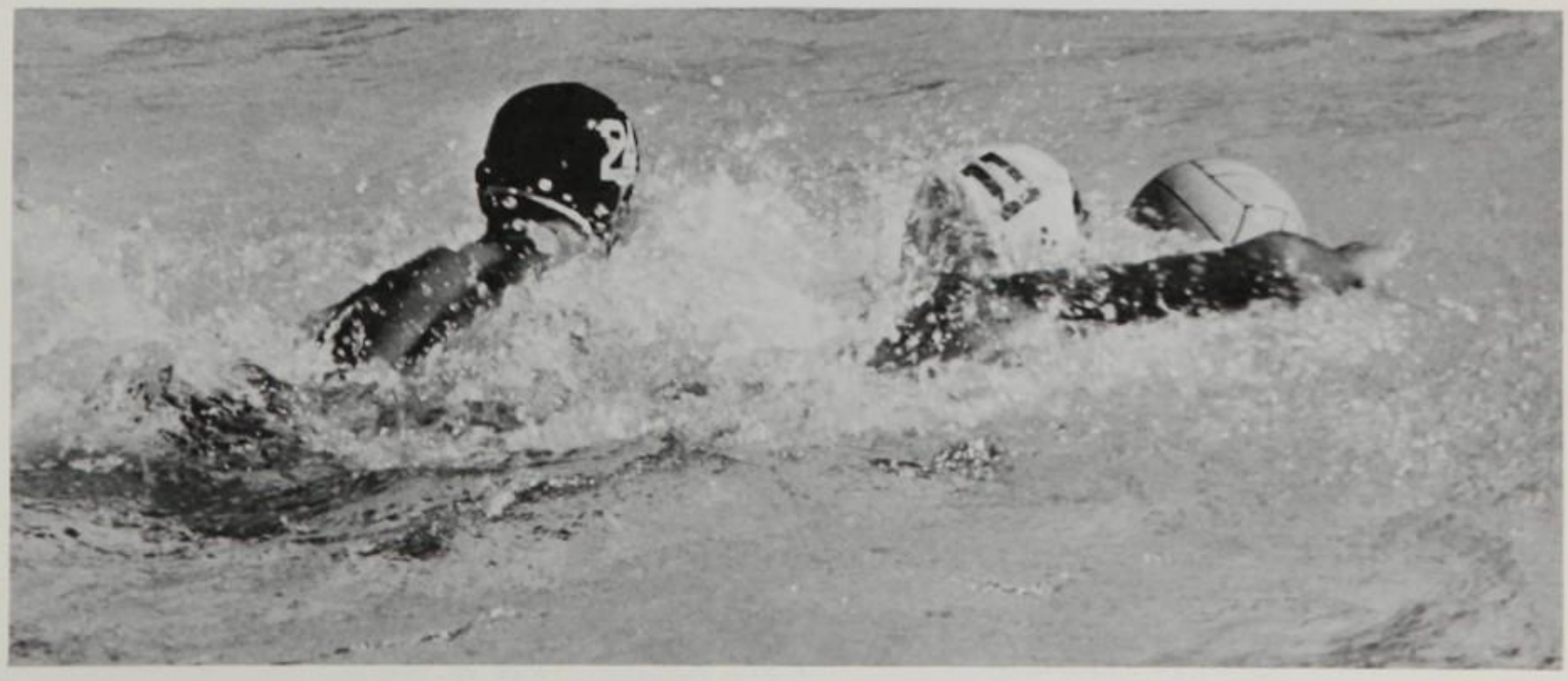
As the 1969 Water Polo season came to a splashing end, the B team found their overall record to show a triumphant one win and a scraggly nine losses. Although this was an admittedly decrepit season, one cannot deny that various unavoidable factors contributed to our unsuccess.

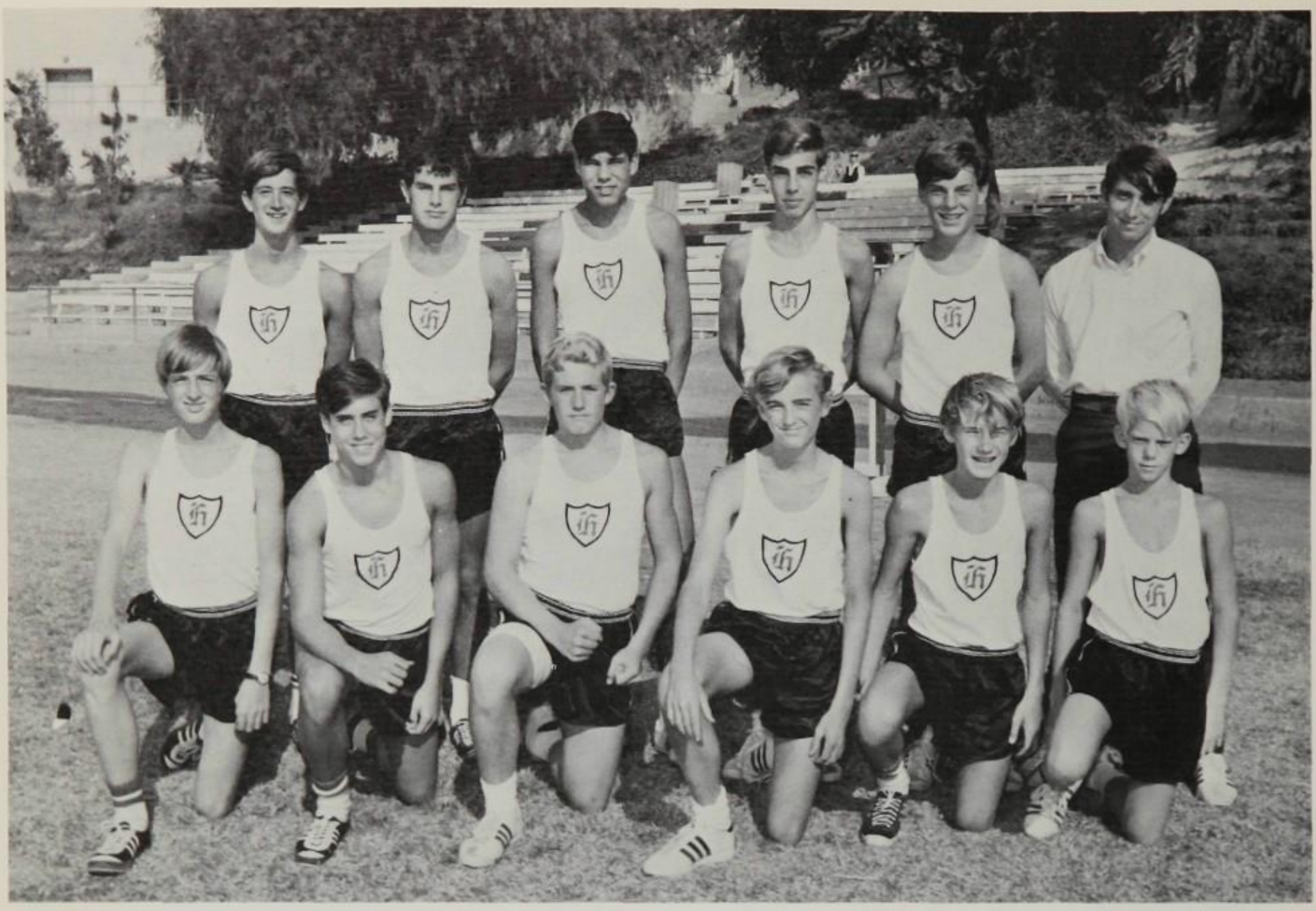
First of all, before each game, the team never knew if there would be enough players present to make up a complete squad. Often times, if the C's didn't have enough players, John Barry was extracted from our line-up and put into theirs while, at the same time, four eligible B's played Varsity regularly.

With our depleted squad, we proceeded to tackle vicious opponents like Notre Dame, Ventura, and Oxnard. Though we were consistently slaughtered in the majority of these encounters, we retained our undying spirit which led us up to the climax of our season, a 17-0 win over Alemany. For all our defeats, this year's B team attained the distinction of being the only water polo team in Harvard School history to have ever shut out its opponent.

As with all losing seasons, ours must not be measured in terms of a win-loss record but rather by the experience gained. Our outstanding players included Peter Ellis, a sharp Freshman shooter, Bill Turpit, the team's most valuable player, Scott Carpenter and Scott Park, fine guards, Jeff Duccommun and Peter Meyer, fast forwards, Captain Mike Smith, team "funnyman" and star, and Senior Mike Meyer, the synthetic A, who was the hero of the Alemany game.

Although all our efforts really didn't show much for this season, we are confident that all lost ground will be made up in the future.





BOTTOM ROW: Peppard, B; Shipp, C; Strange, W; Gill, J; Sheldon, K; Lau, M; TOP ROW: Ballon, J; Swaebe, G; Maxson, C; Robertson, L; Myerson, J; Coach McCosker.

JUNIOR VARSITY CROSS COUNTRY

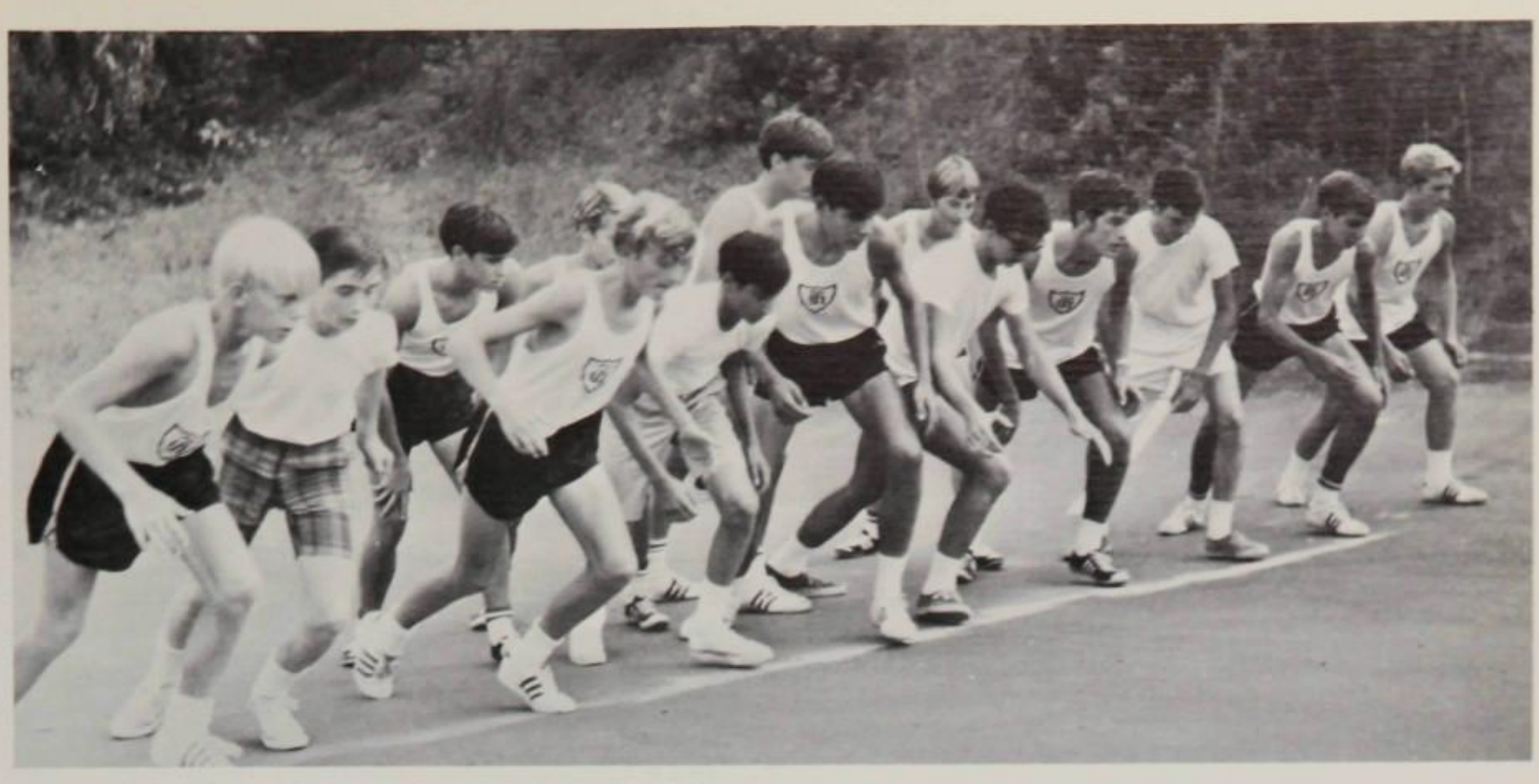
OLYMPIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

HARVARD	25	30	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	25	30	EL SEGUNDO
HARVARD	15	50	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	15	50	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	30	25	PARACLETE
HARVARD	15	50	BELL-JEFF.
HARVARD	28	29	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	15	50	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

With the superb coaching of Mr. McCosker and to the growing frustration of the other teams in the Olympic League, the Junior Varsity Cross Country Team captured its seventh consecutive league title. Though smaller than some of its predecessors, the JV's fielded a strong team led by Mark Maxson, *Geoff Swaebe, and Kevin Sheldon.*

After several weeks of the fire roads and "Just one more 220," the team was ready for its first league meet against Chaminade. Braving 90° weather, we won in a close race by 5 points. We then travelled to El Segundo, a triple "A" school, and beat them by a score of 25-30. (Note: In Cross-Country, the lowest score wins.) Next we faced L.A. Baptist and Lutheran in consecutive home meets. We ran them both under with the perfect score of 15-50, finishing our first five men before any of their team had *appeared. Following the only blemish on our record, sustained at Paraclete, we polished off Bell-Jeff at* Harvard with another 15-50 win. Our task was set out for us as we travelled to Alemany for our toughest league meet against St. Genevieve. Even though we were minus the services of flashy Jon Gill, the team pulled out a close victory, 28-29. With emotions running high, the team crushed its remaining opponent, Valley Christian, again with a perfect score. Everyone anticipated the league meet with the fighting spirit that characterized our team. The meet turned out to be a titanic Harvard-St. Genevieves struggle and when the dust had cleared, the Harvard Saracens were once more on top. Jon Gill, Mark Maxson, Jim Myerson, Kevin Sheldon, Bill Strange, and Geoff Swaebe all finished in the first 15. The team was rounded out by strong performances by Jeff Ballon, Mike Lau, and Laird Robertson.

In retrospect, it is clear that in the future Harvard's tradition of excellence in cross country shall be continued.



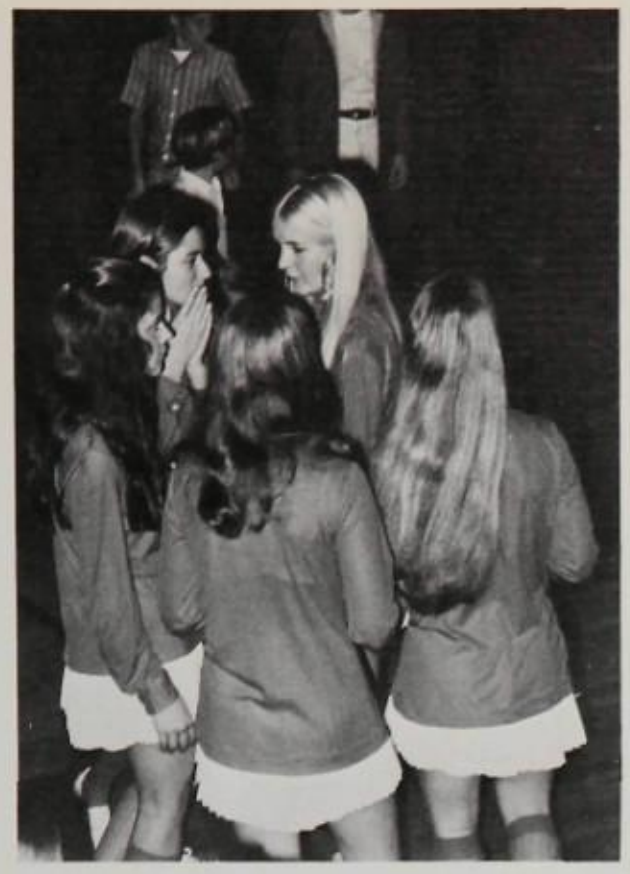
FRONT ROW: Manager Williams; Ketchum, S; Ellis, P; Irvine, S; Chippey, R; Davis, R. Isaacs, J; Coach Hoeland; Manager Leventhal. BACK ROW: Gordon, T; Gerrity, W; Miller, A; Milton, W; Power, T; Keith, W; Carroll, J.

JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL

HARVARD	38	28	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	58	23	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	51	56	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	62	36	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	46	48	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	24	30	VALLEY CHRISTIAN
HARVARD	45	42	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	51	17	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	44	48	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	51	36	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	56	52	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	51	40	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

Led by the great announcements of John Isaacs, the "B" basketball team had a fantastic season. Although the "B's" did not have as much success as their counterparts in the varsity, one could easily perceive by their improved play that they too responded to the presence of a large, friendly audience. The "B" team, composed mostly of sophomores, showed great promise. The star performers on this team were Tom Gordon, Stuart Irvine, and John Carroll. The reason for all this, of course, was undoubtedly John Isaacs' ability to draw a crowd.

The moral: Everybody loves a "ham."



HARVARD
12
31

FRONT ROW: Smith, M; Wilson, L; Shaw, S. BACK ROW; Sanders, J; Pratt, C; Turpit, W; Camp, R.

"B" SWIMMING

HARVARD	45	39	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	39	43	EL SEGUNDO
HARVARD	66	14	ANTELOPE VALLEY
HARVARD	26	65	BURROUGHS
HARVARD	31	54	SANTA BARBARA
*HARVARD	35	47	SERVITE
*HARVARD	44	42	NOTRE DAME
*HARVARD	73	11	WEBB
*HARVARD	36	50	ST. JOHN BOSCO
*HARVARD	48	38	LOYOLA
HARVARD	31	53	OXNARD

The B Swim team, led by 50 yard and 100 yard freestyler and co-captain Laird Wison, has a 2-3 record. Yet the "B's" lost one of their meets by a very narrow margin, four points. The "B's" are basically a junior team, they have only two sophomores and one senior. They are led by Pratt in the butterfly, Wilson, Shaw, and Sanders in the freestyle, and Turpit in the breaststroke.

They try hard.

5
4
3
2
1
SHALLOW

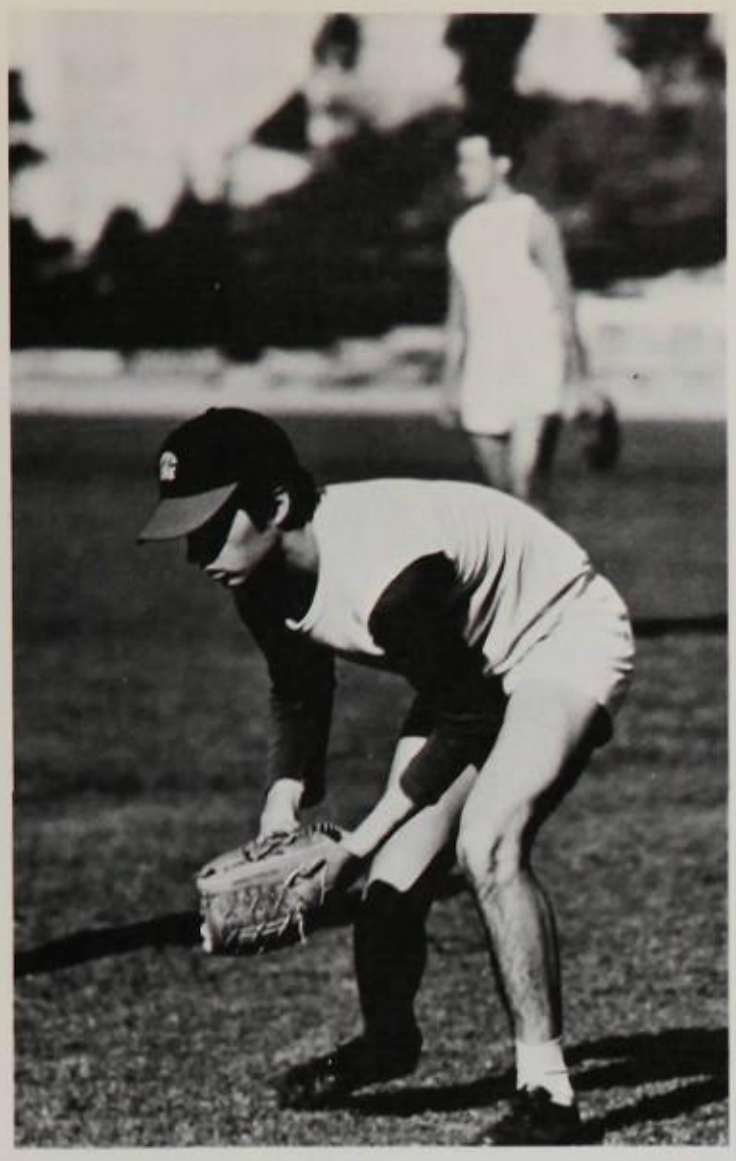
15

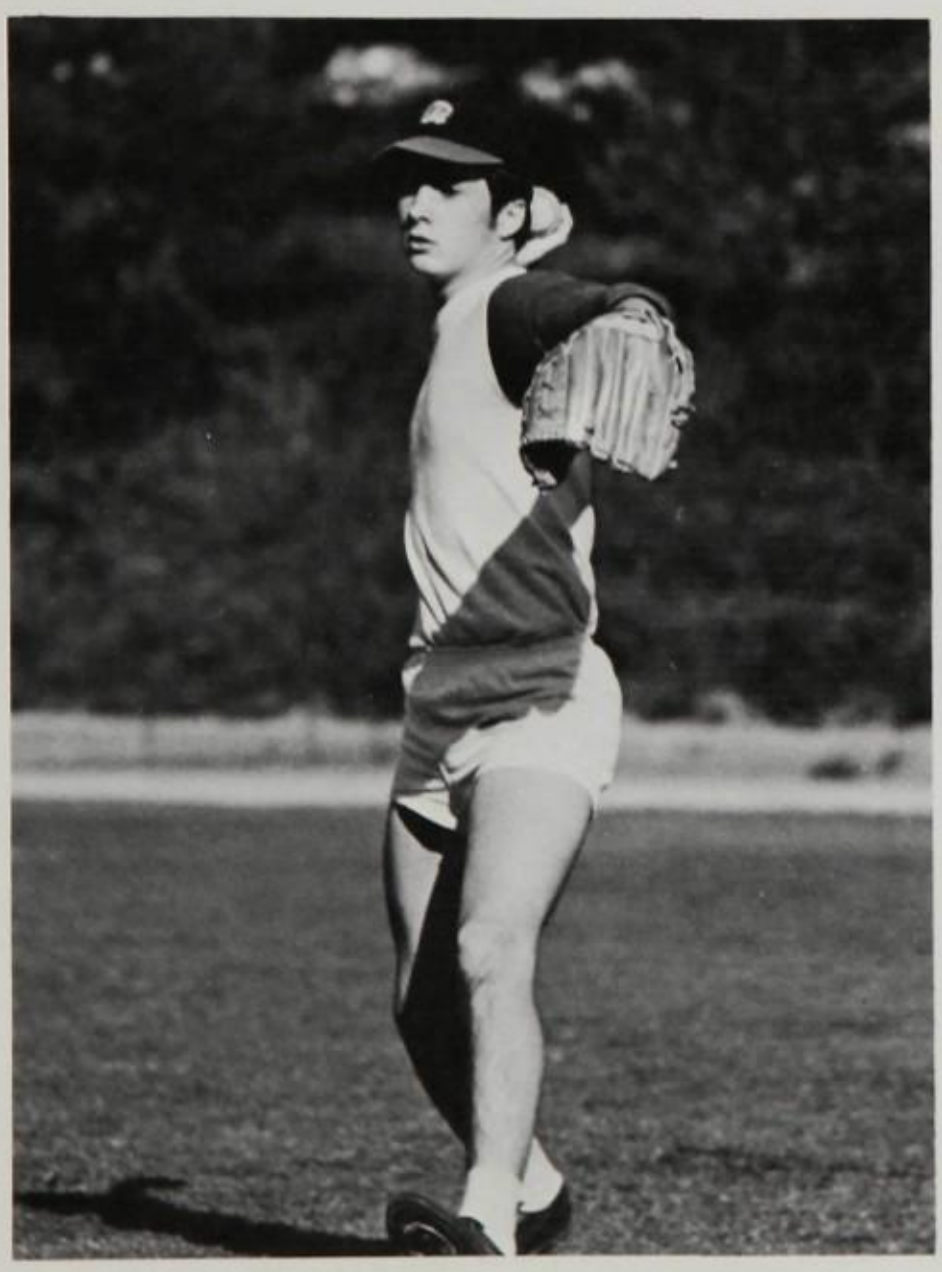
BOTTOM ROW: Barber, B.; Devoli, R.; Skoby, P.; Cowan, P.; Walker, L.; Manager Priver. MIDDLE ROW: Truex, P.; Stevenson, T.; Jamison, M.; Dickerson, J., Haddad, B.; Ketchum, S. TOP ROW: Smith, R.; Irvine, S.; Paul, T.; Gerrity, W.; Freedlander, K.; Ingram, T.; McCourt, M.

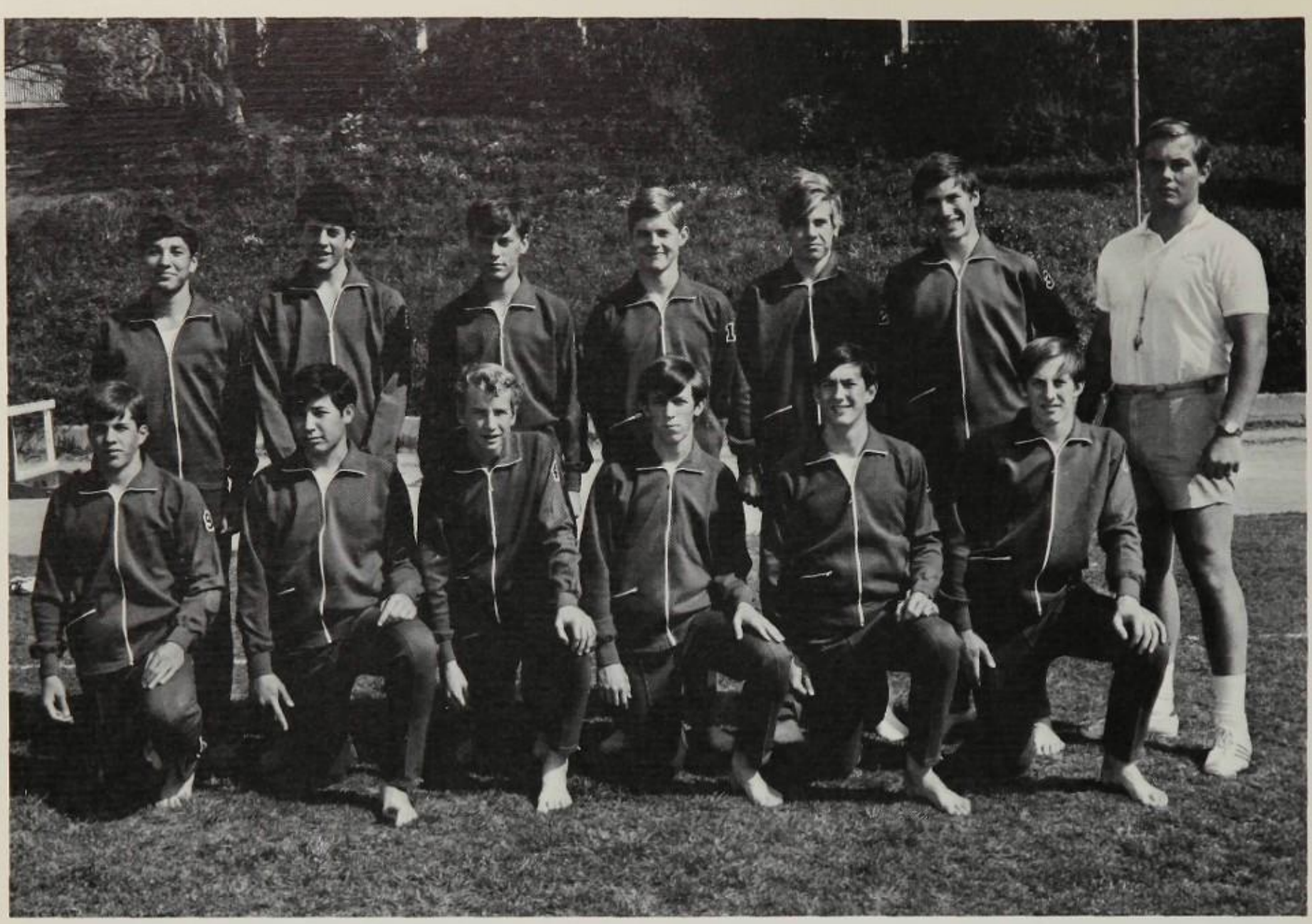
JUNIOR VARSITY BASEBALL

HARVARD	ST. MONICA
HARVARD	CHADWICK
HARVARD	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	LENNOX
HARVARD	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	VALLEY CHRISTIAN
HARVARD	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

It seems that this year's Junior Varsity Baseball Team found itself with an abundance of those "intangibles" which coaches always seem to speak of, but despite a lack of training and experience, they played with hustle and spirit characteristic of only the most successful of teams. Much of this spirit as well as many of the antics was provided by such eager Freshmen as Lynch, Walker, Haddad, and Skoby while much of the vocal support was found in rookie Sophomores Ketchum, Barber, and Swirles, as well as in returning lettermen Irvine, Gerrity, Freedlander, and Ingram. Led by their own Coach Drummond and highlighted by an amity found only on a baseball field, this year's J.V. team provided an unforgettable amount of excitement and hope for some successful Varsity careers.





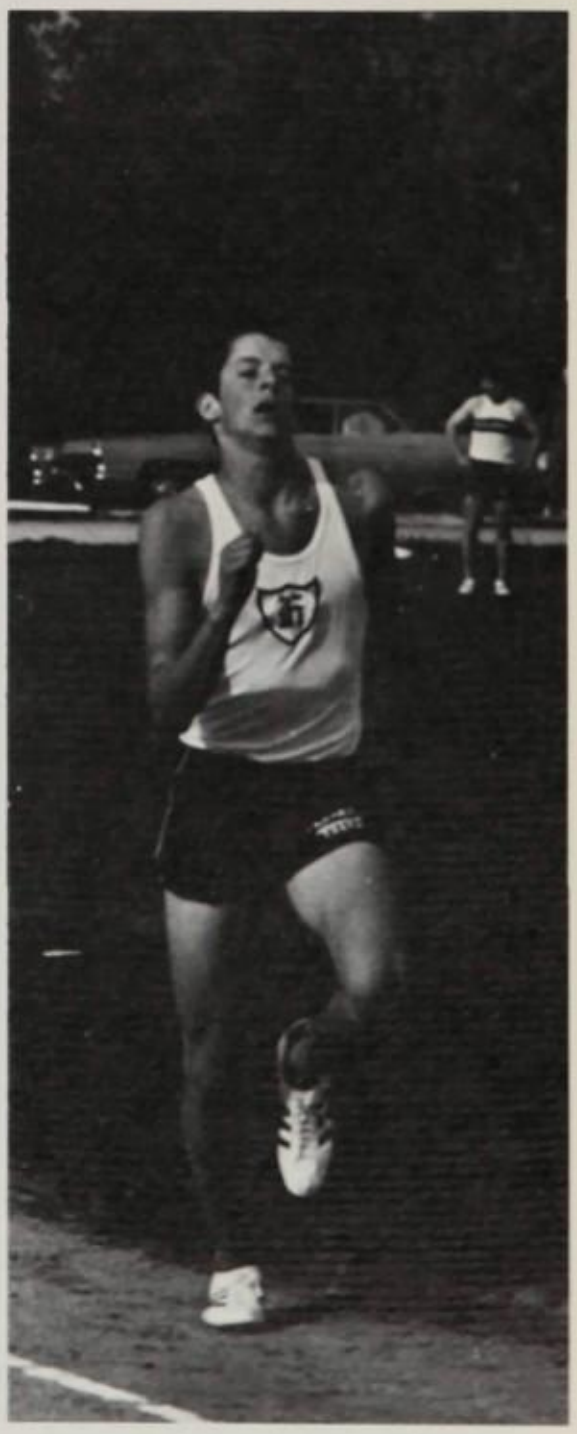


FRONT ROW: DeYoung, D.; Cuddy, P.; Swift, J.; Russell, J.; Carpenter, S.; Morgan, M. BACK ROW: Bateman, J.; Bodek, H.; Myerson, J.; Ingram, T.; Fletcher, R.; Cooper, C.; Coach Bayless.

"B" TRACK

HARVARD	**CHAMINADE**
HARVARD	**L.A. BAPTIST**
HARVARD	**ALEMANY**
HARVARD	**LUTHERAN**
HARVARD	**BELL JEFF**
HARVARD	**ST. GENEVIEVE**
HARVARD	**VALLEY CHRISTIAN**

The "B" teams have always represented the high hopes for the future in Harvard athletics. This year's "B" Track Team is certainly no exception. After winning their first track meet against L.A. Baptist, the team has already demonstrated its great potential. In that meet, John Hathaway broke Harvard's "B" 1320 yard record with a very impressive time of 3:12.5. The team is also strong in the hurdling events which are headed by Battle Davis, Doug DeYoung, Hanley Bodek, and the team's captain, John Bateman. The field events are led by John Swift and Craig Cooper in the pole vault, Kinsey Carpenter in the long jump, Richard Ostrup in the shot put, and Battle Davis in the high jump. This season's "B" 880 yard relay team anticipates breaking the school record. Needless to say, this year's "B" Track Team looks forward to a winning season as well as to the development of next year's Varsity talent.

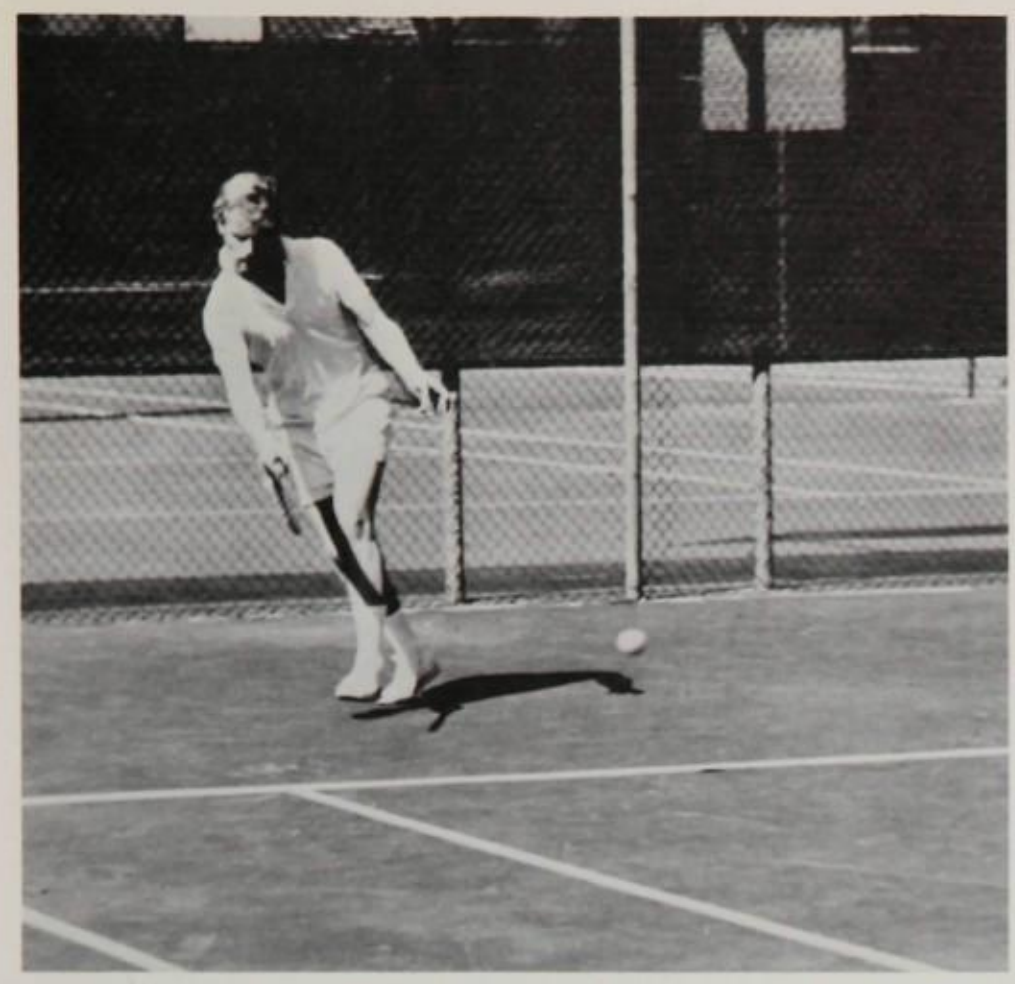


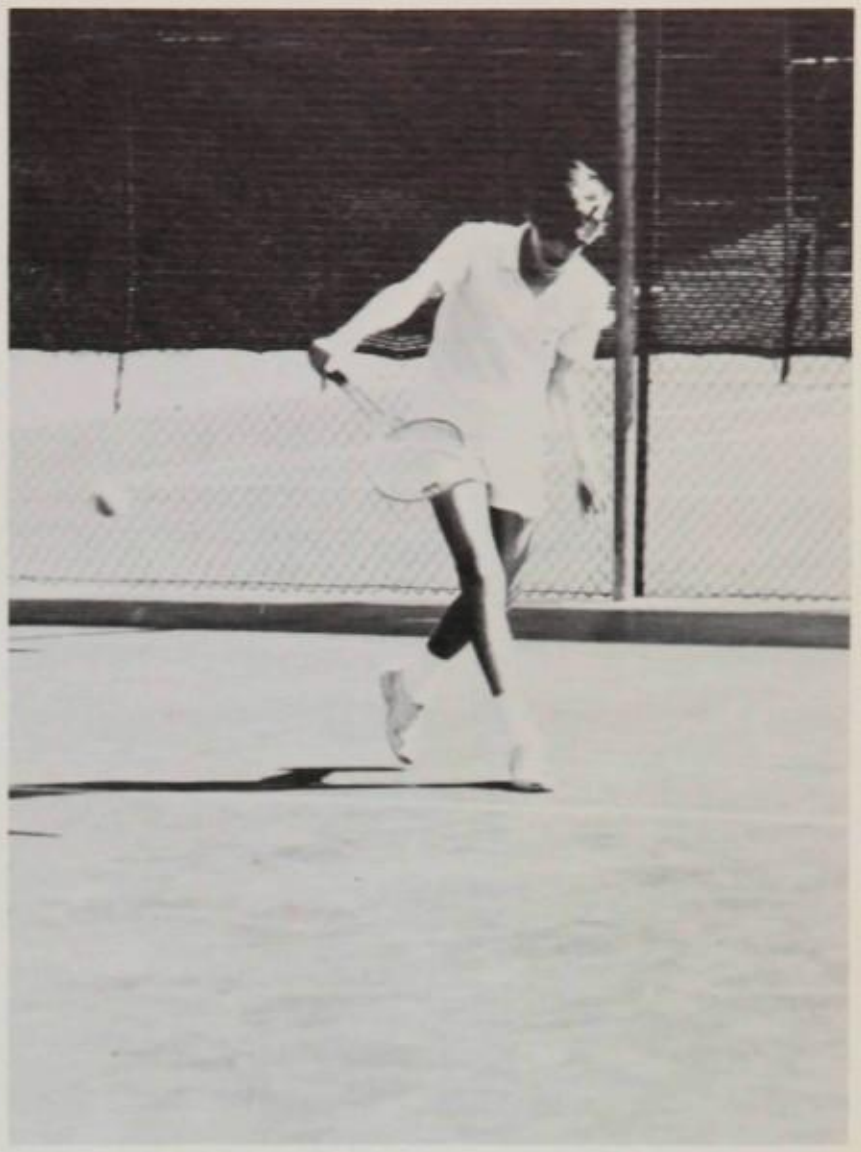
FRONT ROW: Wishon, K.; Clements, C.; Read, B.; Pick, L. SECOND ROW: Coach Hoyle; Ralphs, D.; Ellis, P.; Heston, F.; Robertson, L.

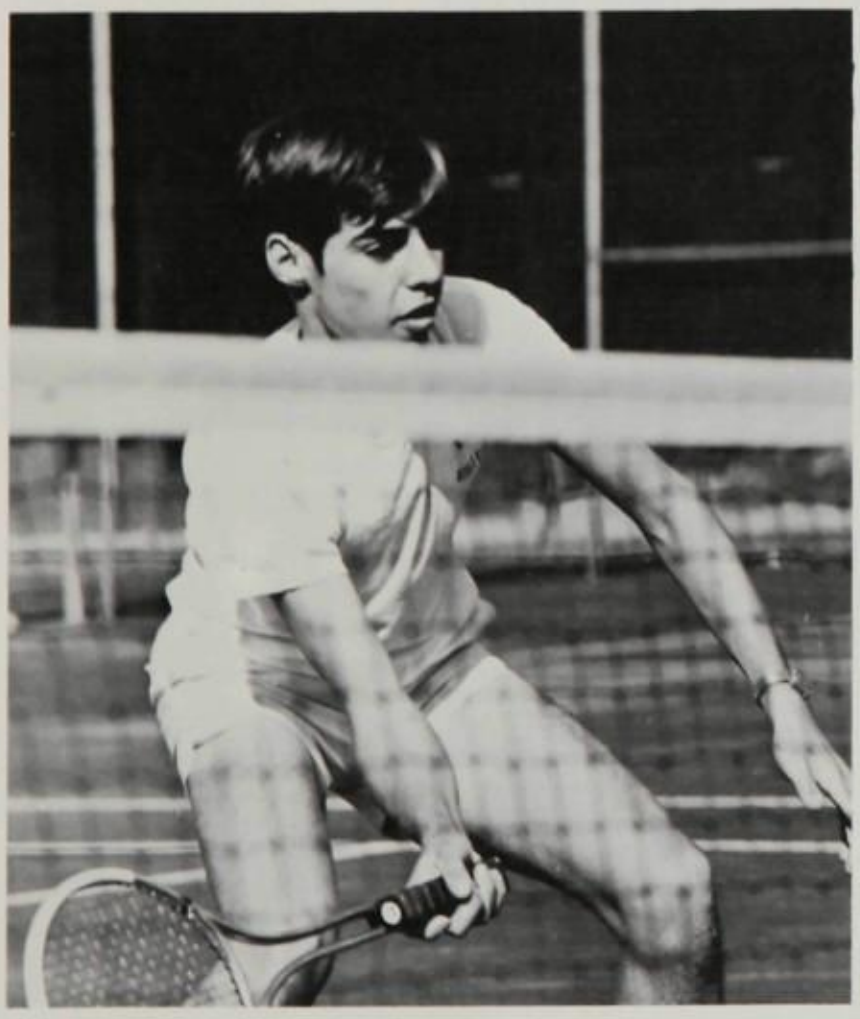
JUNIOR VARSITY TENNIS

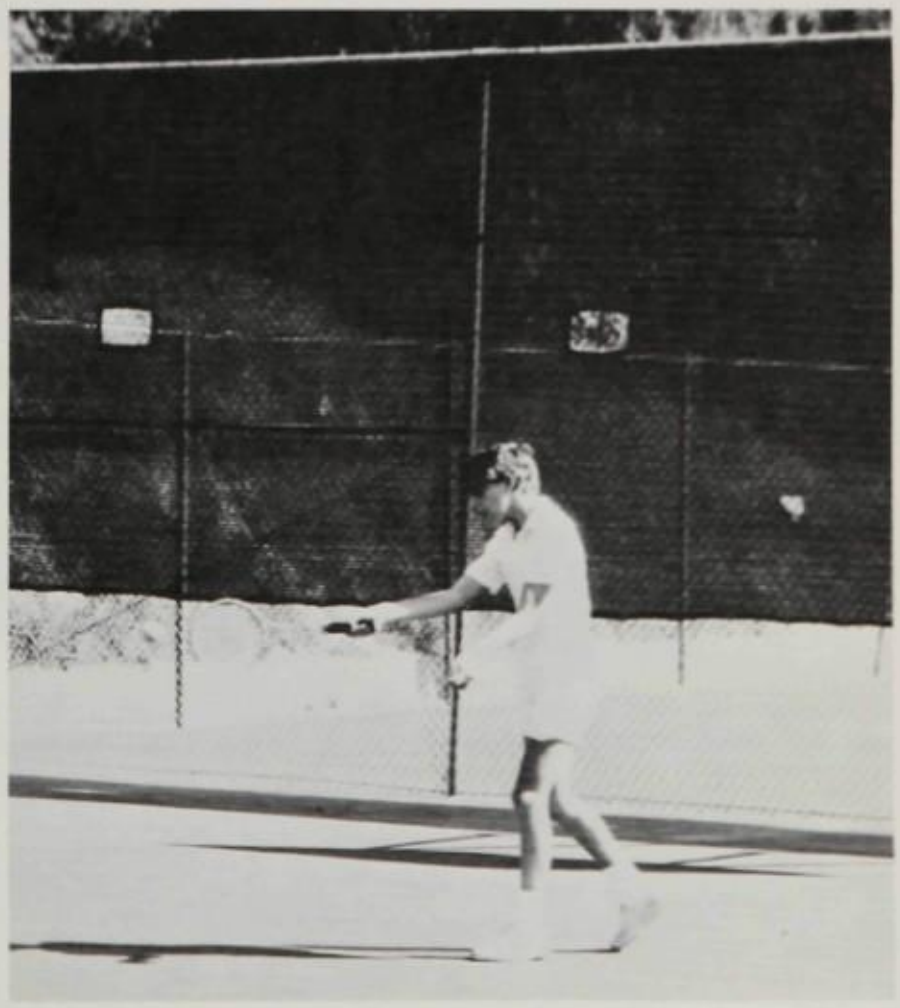
HARVARD	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	THACHER
HARVARD	PASADENA POLY
HARVARD	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	WEBB
HARVARD	LOYOLA
HARVARD	PASADENA POLY
HARVARD	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	ARROYO GRANDE
HARVARD	WEBB
HARVARD	THACHER
HARVARD	LOYOLA

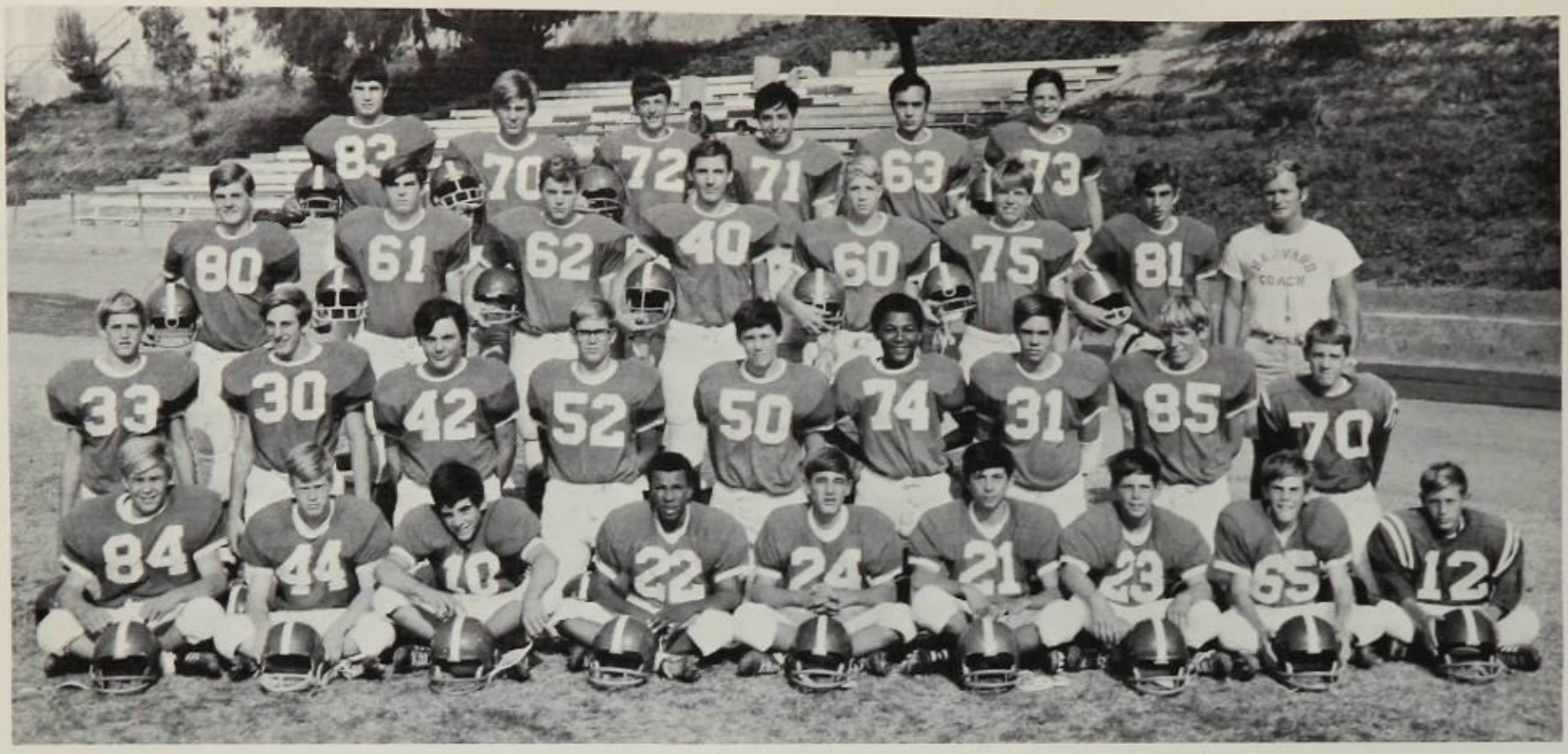
If, on your way to the Gym, you see tennis balls plummeting through the air, tennis rackets flying over the nets, and ten sloppy characters falling all over the courts, don't be alarmed; it's only the Harvard Junior Varsity Tennis Team practicing for another match. After seeing all this, you may ask yourself how such a team could ever win a tennis match; to which the easy reply would be that the opposing teams are simply worse than the Harvard J.V.'s. To prove this, one only need to note the stunning victories over the J.V. teams of Bishop Montgomery, Miraleste, and Notre Dame. Carrying on the tradition of past Harvard J.V. teams, this year's seems to have tremendous depth. So much so, that Chris Morley, Jeff Prater, Peter Ellis, and Peter Davis were called upon to play first and second doubles on the Varsity team. Their brilliant play led them to decisive victories over their opponents. The singles positions are ably filled by Fraser Heston, Laird Robertson, Peter Douglas, and Leonard Pick. Rotating between the doubles and singles are Chip Clements and Bruce Read. With this depth, there is no doubt that the team will defeat ALL of its opponents.











BOTTOM ROW: Huchel; Porteous; Badham (Co-Captain); Townsend; Skoby; Tan; Walker; Escher; Mendell; SECOND ROW: Green; Morgan; Palance; Jamison; Rule; Williams; Braun; Hunt; Mitchell, B; THIRD ROW: Ingram; Smith; Carroll; Cooper; Pratt; Allen; Miller; Coach Drummond; TOP ROW: Wilson; Adams; McCourt; Cuddy; Stevenson (Co-Captain); Stuppy.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

OLYMPIC LEAGUE CHAMPIONS

HARVARD	0	14	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	6	8	BISHOP MONTGOMERY
HARVARD	0	20	ANTELOPE VALLEY
HARVARD	12	6	AGOURA
HARVARD	24	6	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	0	14	QUARTZ HILL

Three wins and four losses: this really isn't that fantastic a record but it was good enough to win the 1969 Olympic League title.

We started the season by losing 14-0 to Miraleste. Our first point didn't come until the next game when Rick "OJ" Townsend took a hand-off from quarterback Jim Badham and went 35 yards for the score. But in spite of our many efforts, we lost this game too, 8-6. The next team we faced was the toughest Antelope Valley team in history. They ran all over us, 20-0. It was at this point that our luck began to change. We got a new Assistant Coach named Ahn who made us pay for the 20-0 loss all week in practice. When we went out against Agoura the following Friday, we beat them 12-6. Our touchdowns were made by Craig Cooper and Mark Morgan respectively, with fine blocking by Chuck Pratt and Peter Meyer. Liking the taste of victory, we took our next game against Lutheran by a score of 24-6. It looked like the Frosh football team might finish the season with a respectable record. But we all became too overconfident and lost to Quartz Hill 14-0. It was our biggest let down. We wanted to avenge our loss by killing St. Genevieve. We worked extra hard all week in practice just to learn that St. Genevieve had forfeited. Without two wins and the forfeit, we still came out League Champs.

FRONT ROW: Farrer, C; Davis, P (Captain); Johnson, J; Wacker, C; BACK ROW: Hardekopf, W; Lynn, R; Pick, L; Blakely, C.

"C" WATER POLO

HARVARD	6	14	BEVERLY HILLS
HARVARD	6	3	LASUEN
HARVARD	3	7	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	16	2	LA SALLE
HARVARD	16	3	VENTURA
HARVARD	20	1	ST. MONICA
HARVARD	5	4	OXNARD
HARVARD	8	4	NOTRE DAME
HARVARD	8	0	ALEMANY

This year, the C's were the only water polo team with a winning record. The C's were also perhaps the most mish-mashed (jumbled?) of all the three teams as we consisted of one Senior, two Juniors, two Sophomores, and three Freshmen.

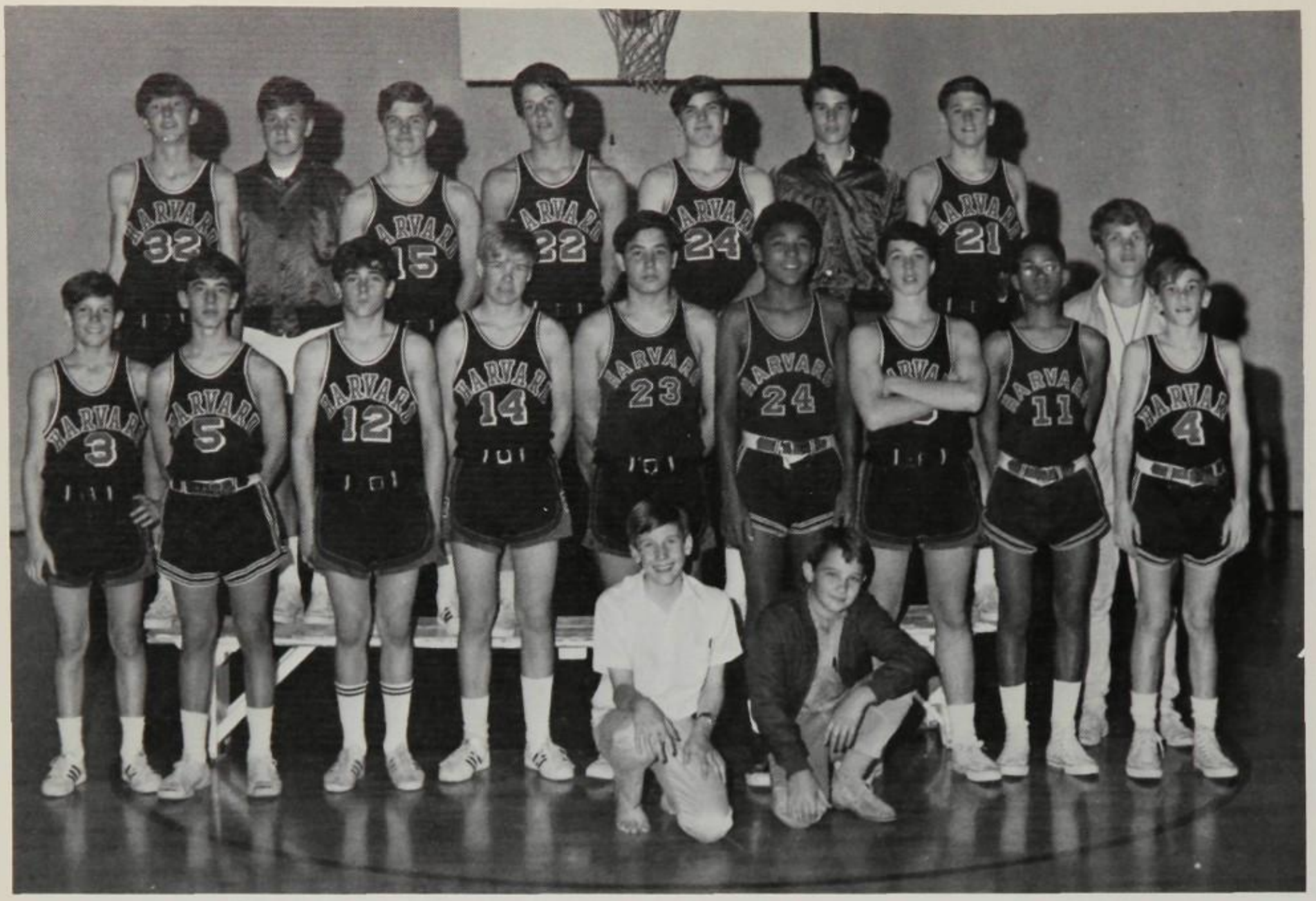
Our lone Senior, Jon "Buzz" Barry, shifted up and down and down and up between B and C all season. He proved to be a very valuable defensive man.

The two Juniors, Leonard Pick and Chris Blakely, were two of the top players on the team. Leonard was an excellent shooting forward while Chris' performance at guard was so exceptional that he gained the Most Valuable Player award.

Richard Lynn and Bill Farrer, our two Sophomores, also added a great deal to our playing and spirit. Richard played guard and proved most adept at stealing balls from unsuspecting sprinters with his elongated arms. Bill was a very valuable sharp-shooting forward.

Our three Freshmen were Charlie Wacker, Jay-Jay Johnson, and Peter Davis. Jay-Jay, who could hardly swim when he first came out, turned into a fine guard by the end of the season. Charlie was a non-expendable forward-guard. Peter, the team's Captain, appeared to follow in his brother Phil's "fins" by turning in consistently professional performances at center-forward. Pete was also the team's High Scorer.

With material like this, Harvard can look forward to a triumphant future in water polo.



BOTTOM ROW: Managers Von Keszycki and Priver; MIDDLE ROW: Walker, R; Skoby, P; Badham, J; Huchel, T; Cuddy, P; Williams, M; Jones, Q; Anderson, A; Escher, W; Coach Hoeland; TOP ROW: McCourt, M; Rand, R; Ingram, J; Bodek, H; Campbell, B; Biggs, J; Green, K.

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL

HARVARD	36	40	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	37	21	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	35	50	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	17	31	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	28	52	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	29	19	VALLEY CHRISTIAN
HARVARD	29	31	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	16	14	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	17	49	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	23	28	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	40	53	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	36	54	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

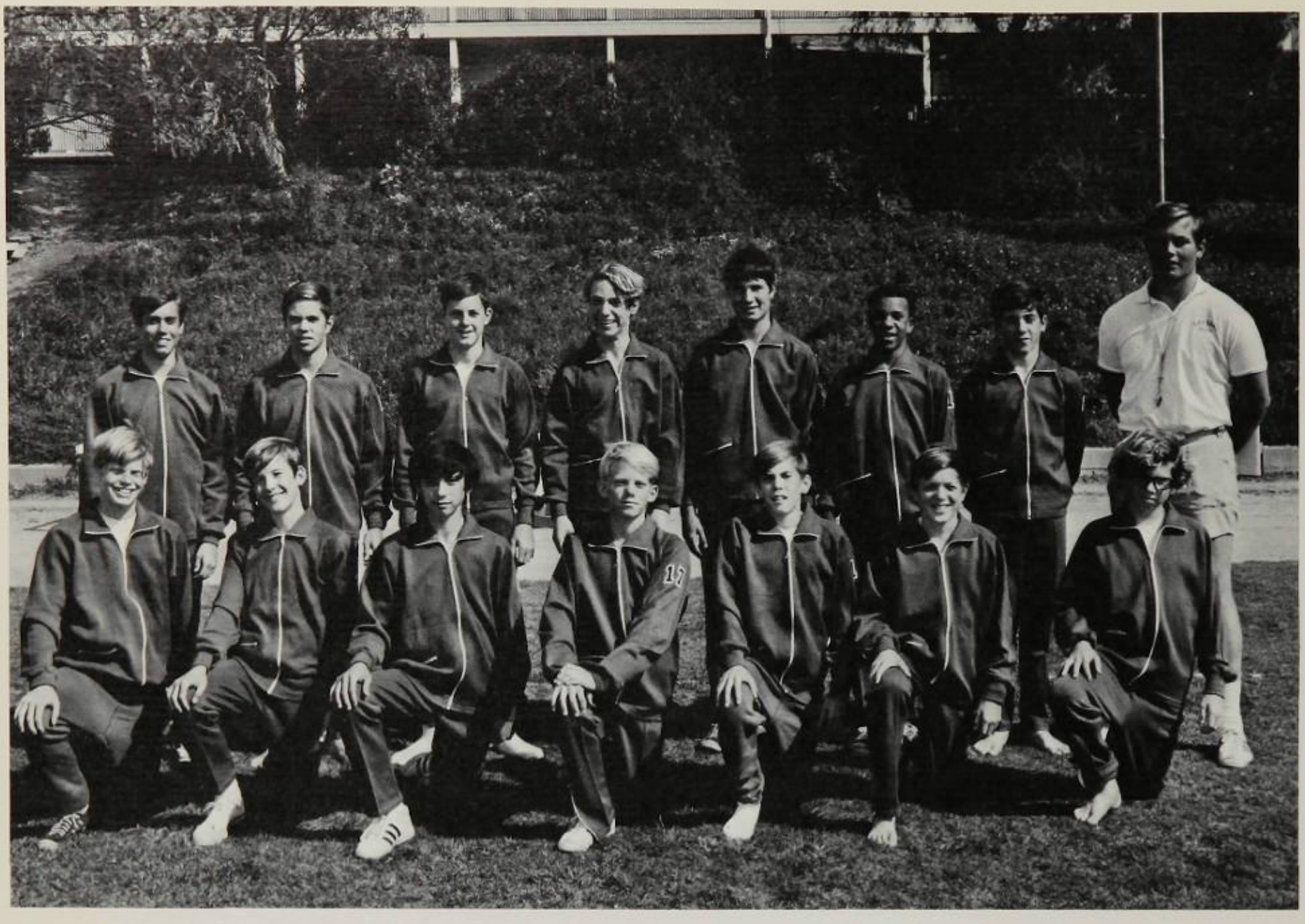
"Is that a basketball team?" This question is always asked when the freshman basketball team first takes to the gym courts, but never after their first proof of talent and ability. This season, such proof came in the opening games of the year for the 1970 Saracen Freshman Basketball team. Walker, Badham, and Anderson did not strike terror in the opposition with their size, but they did terrify the opposing teams with their ball handling and shooting. Filling out their club were the potentially outstanding forwards Green and Rand. Their coach, Mr. Hoeland, although somewhat inexperienced in handling such a young team, did nevertheless have a great deal to do with the success of the Frosh team. Thus, in answer to the opening question . . . Yes, believe it or not, the Freshman Basketball team was a real basketball team . . . and a good one at that!

FRONT ROW: Blakely, C; Davis, Pe; Wacker, C. BACK ROW: Wilson C; Lynn, R; Blanton, J.

"C" SWIMMING

HARVARD	26	51	MIRALESTE
HARVARD	54	17	EL SEGUNDO
HARVARD	49	20	ANTELOPE VALLEY
HARVARD	56	19	BURROUGHS
HARVARD	43	33	SANTA BARBARA
*HARVARD	40	37	SERVITE
*HARVARD	39	37	NOTRE DAME
*HARVARD	52	25	ST. JOHN BOSCO
*HARVARD	49	27	LOYOLA
*HARVARD	37	40	OXNARD

With a 4-1 record, their only loss being the first meet of the season, the "C" Swim team is definitely favored to win the Olympic League. In the C.I.F. relays, the 4x50 yard breaststroke relay and the 4x50 yard backstroke relay qualified for the finals, placing fifth and fourth respectively. Appearing to have gained great confidence from these triumphs, the "C's" started a winning streak which, at the time of this writing, is four wins in length. The "C" team is led by all around performers Peter Davis, Miles Schoenfield, and Chris Blakely. Invaluable contributions to the "C" team were also made by Richard Lynn and Clark Wilson.



FRONT ROW: Porteous, J.; Von Keszycki, M.; Tan, B.; Lau, C.; Escher, J.; Green, D.; Lord, C. BACK ROW: Shipp, C.; Braun, B.; Mannon, R.; Hunt, J.; Wilson, M.; Townsend, R.; Badham, J.; Coach Bayless.

"C" TRACK

HARVARD	CHAMINADE
HARVARD	L.A. BAPTIST
HARVARD	ALEMANY
HARVARD	LUTHERAN
HARVARD	BELL JEFF
HARVARD	ST. GENEVIEVE
HARVARD	VALLEY CHRISTIAN

The "C" Track team, at this writing, is already well on its way toward another league win. They started out in league competition by rolling over L.A. Baptist with such performances as the ten foot pole vaulting of John Swift, a strong C.I.F. contender, and sprinting of those like Bill Braun, as well as many other great performances within the team.

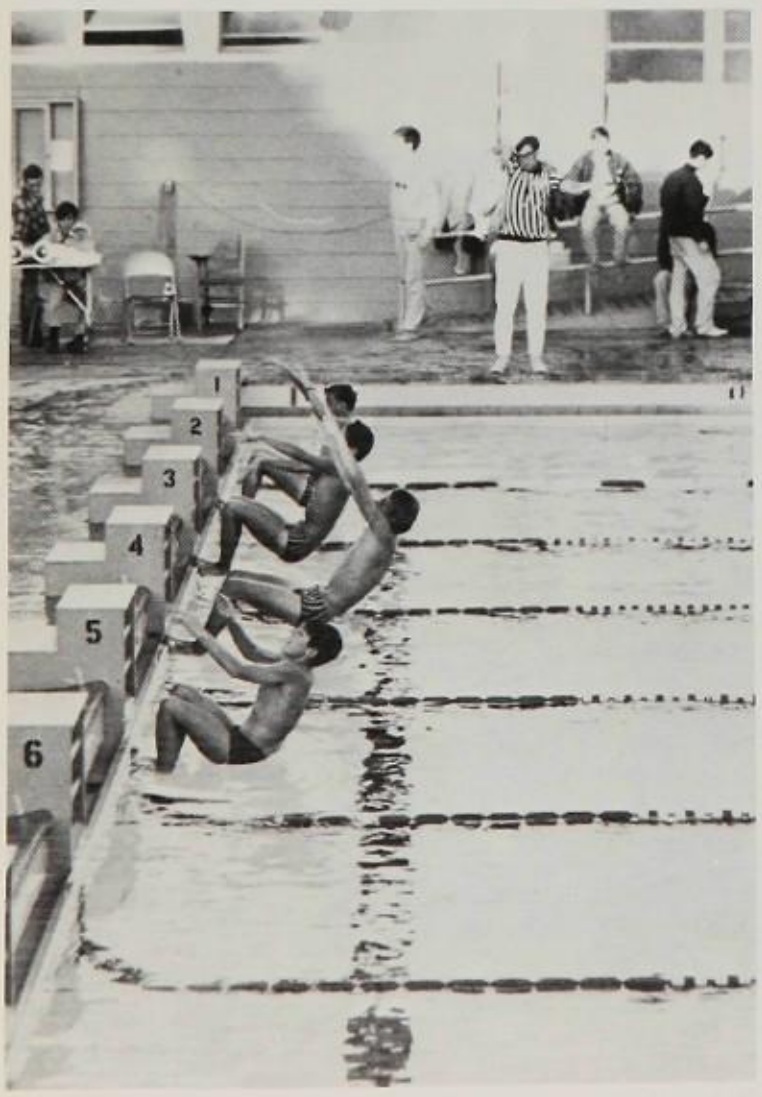
At this time there is much individual effort taking place and the "C's" are very capable of taking many first places, but are in need of greater depth in order to fill the second and third place slots as well.

If they can attain this necessary depth and learn to work as a solid team unit, the Harvard "C" Track team should, without much trouble, again capture the league crown.

75
40
30

22

24


1
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5
6

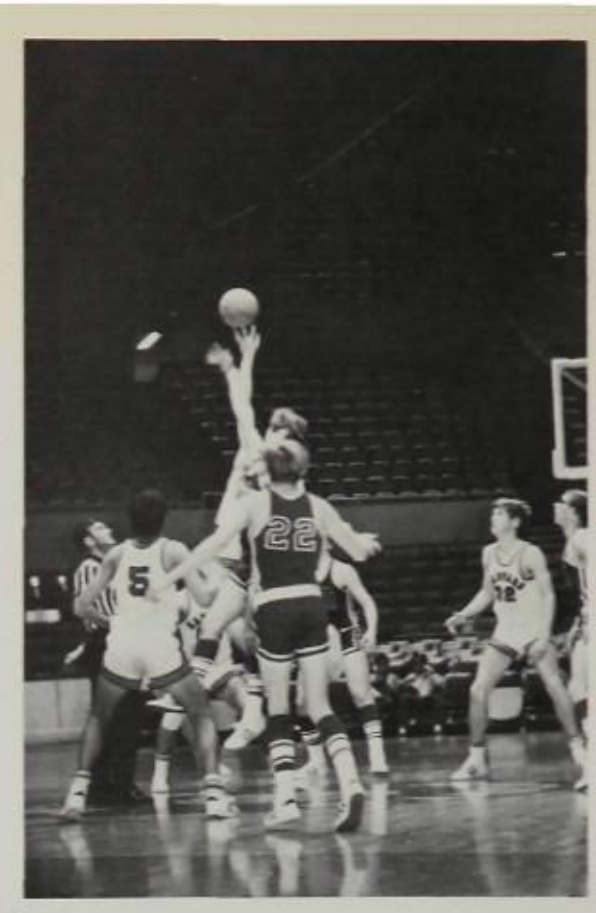
Red Team

Green Team

White Team

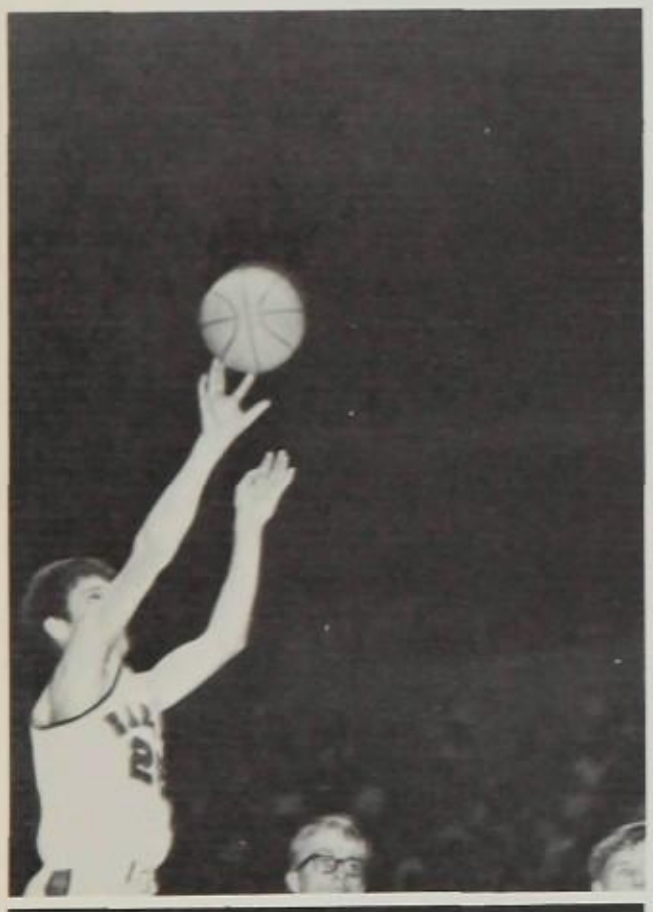
Blue Team

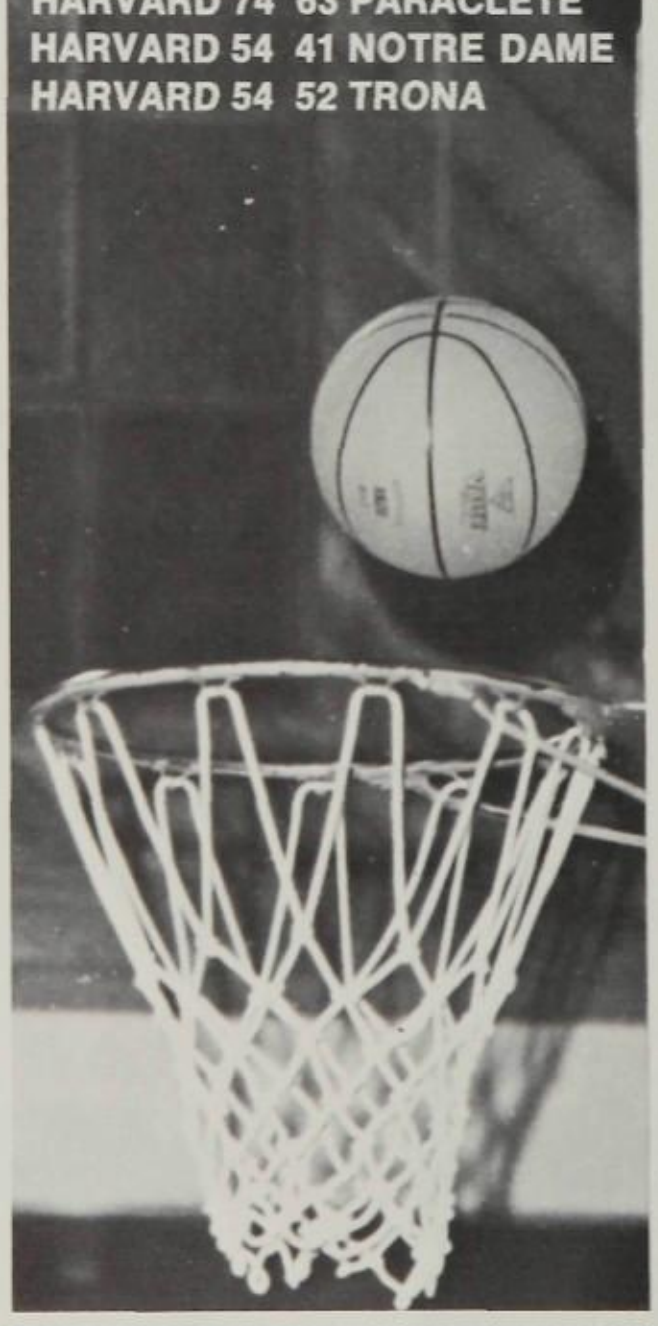
LOWER SCHOOL SPORTS

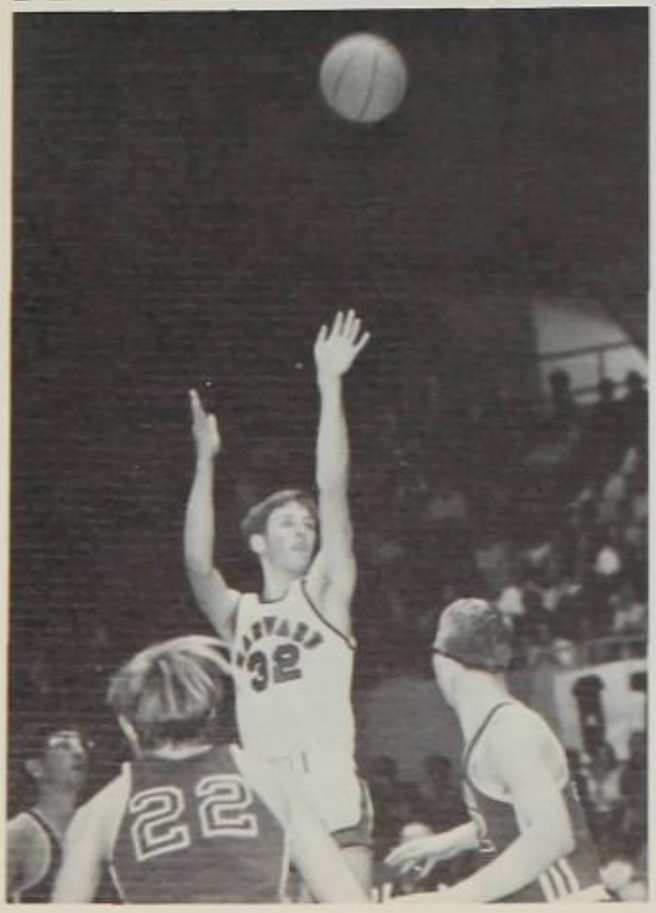


CIF "A" CHAMPIONS

HARVARD 85 43 CHADWICK
HARVARD 66 49 ST. JOSEPH
HARVARD 74 63 PARACLETE
HARVARD 54 41 NOTRE DAME
HARVARD 54 52 TRONA







The game is never over
no matter what the scoreboard reads
no matter what the clock says.
The secret of the game
is to do one's best
to persist and endure
and as someone said
to have not yet begun to fight.

HARVARD GYM BULLETIN BOARD NOTICE. SPRING, 1970

ACTIVITIES
ACTIVITIES
ACTIVITIES
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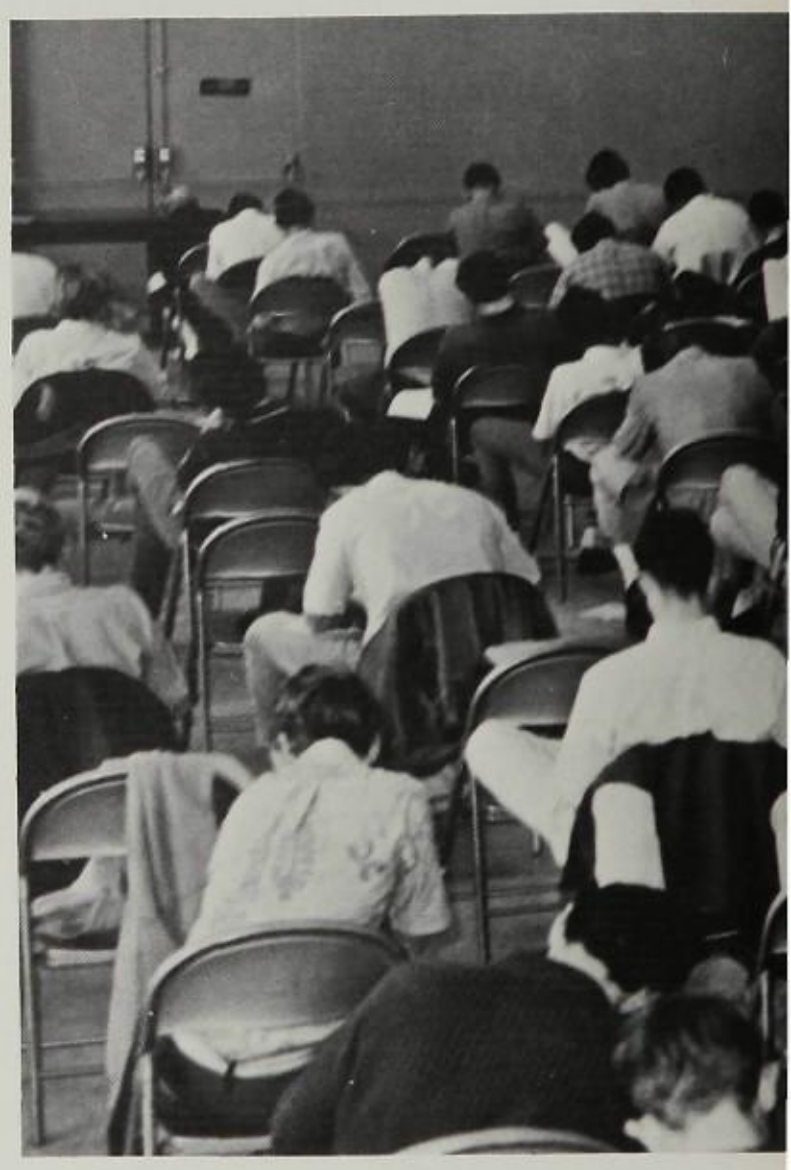
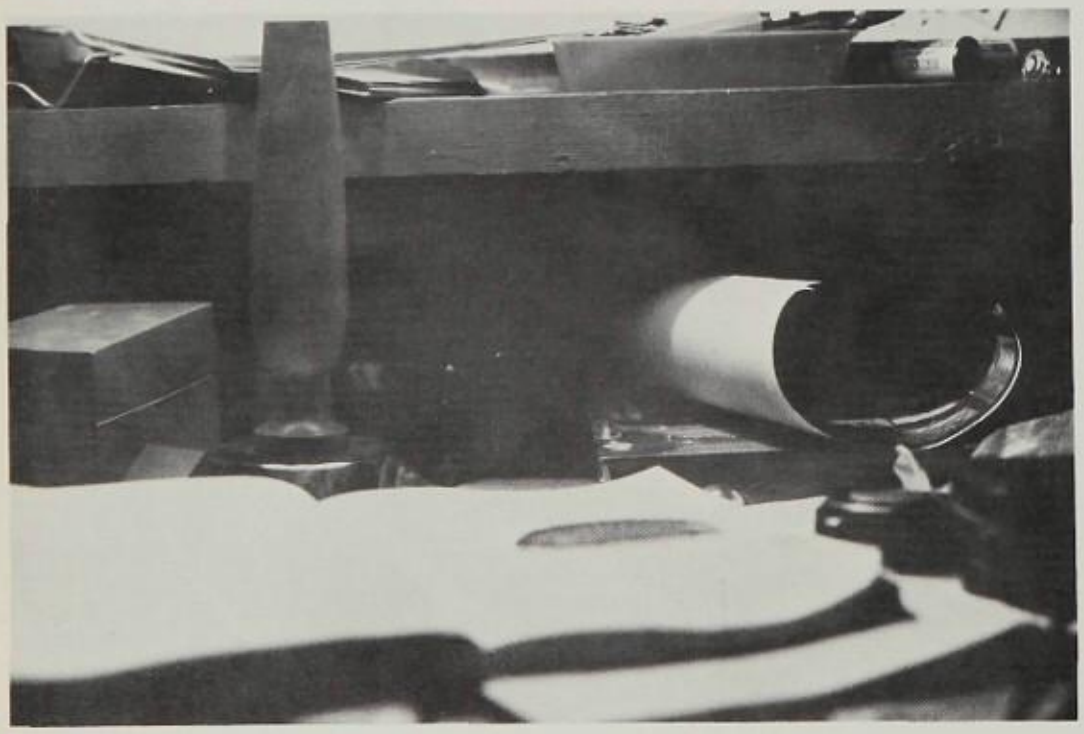
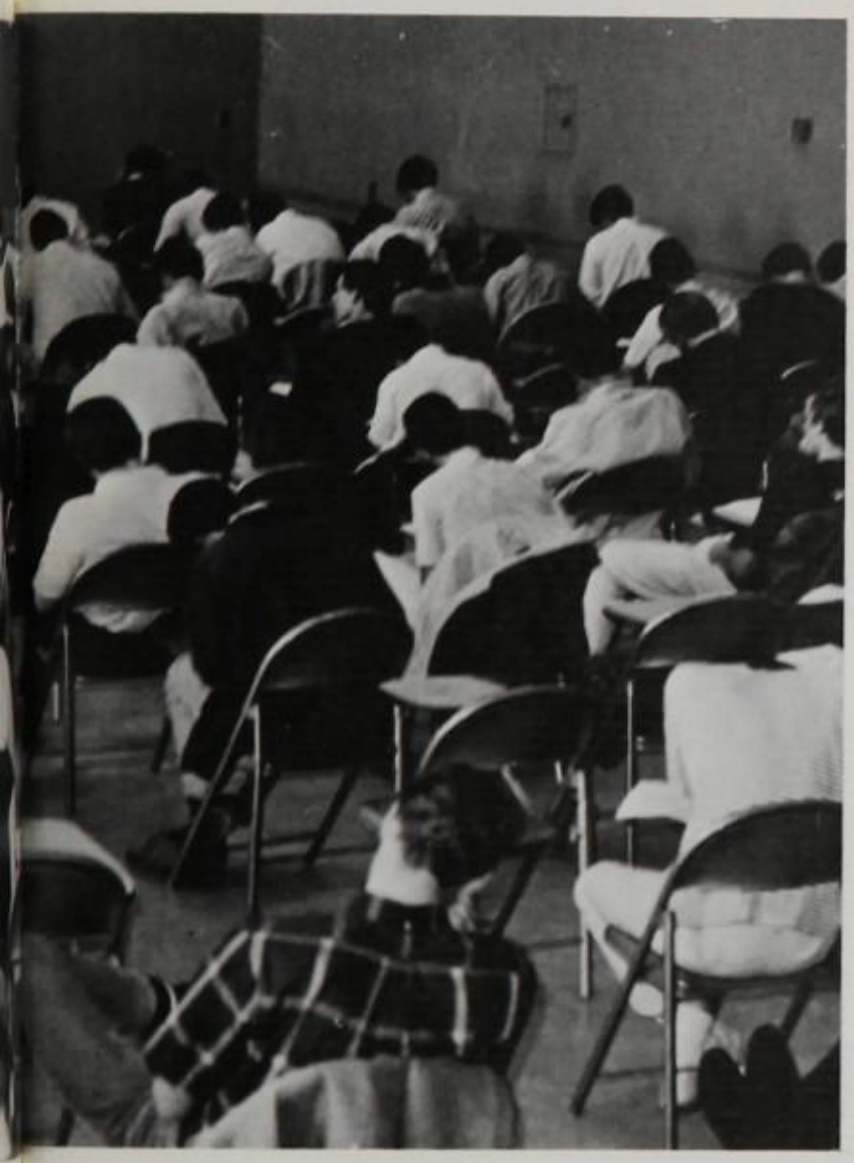






JANUARY 23-26, 1970

Camp and Meyer

Camp, R.; Meyer, M. (President); Irvine, J.

LOS ANGELES FORUM

The Los Angeles Forum, an organization of the top independent schools in the county, was founded in 1967 in conjunction with the National Association of Independent Schools. It, along with four other forums across the state, constitutes the California Association of Independent Schools and is recognized as an important bond in our relationshlp with other schools.

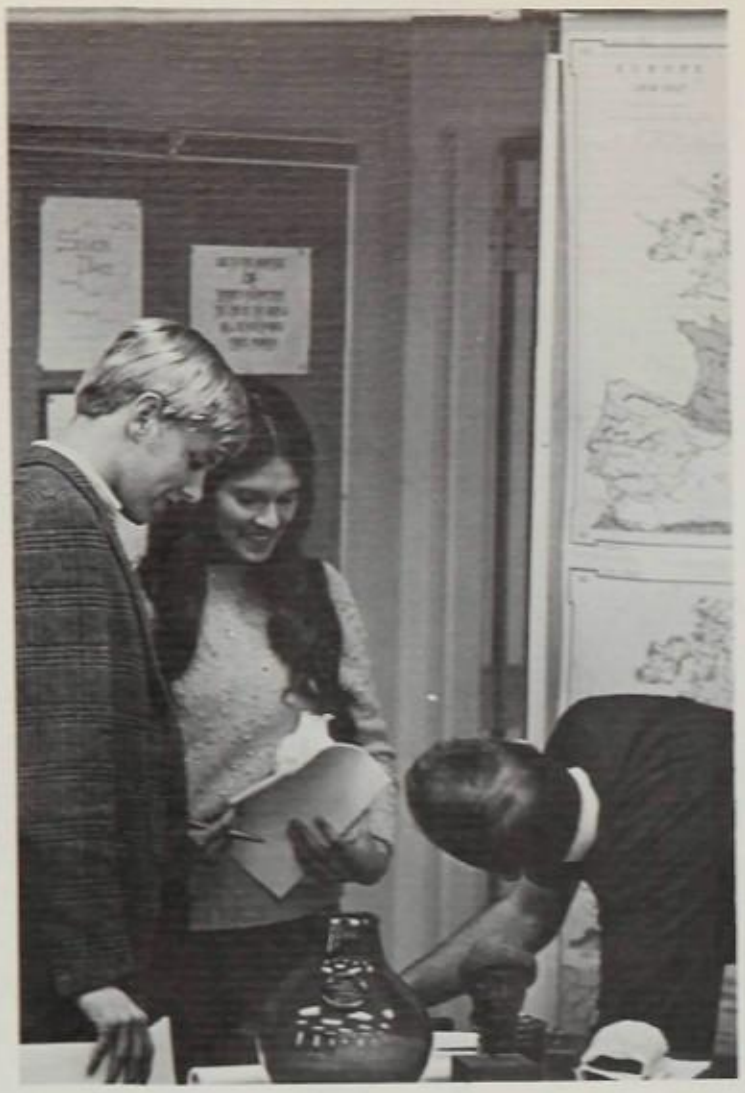
Last December, Mike Meyer, resident Penguin Crusader of Harvard School, came across the charter of the Forum. Filled with visions of grand accomplishments, he contacted the other schools in the old Los Angeles Forum as to the whereabouts of their now seemingly defunct organization. The reply was resounding, only Marlborough and Marymount responded. Again Meyer sent out a letter calling for a meeting, only to find out that Argyll had sent out a previous notice the day before on the same subject. At that first meeting, which only included Student Body Presidents, Mike Meyer was elected President of the L.A. Forum. Our Forum Representatives were John Irvine, First Prefect, and Rocky Camp, Junior Class Vice-President.

Although the Forum's actual term of operation during the school year was only three months, it accomplished a great deal as far as getting the Forum established as a respected force within the community and insuring its continuance as an effective organization in years to come. Such projects as this year's Rock Concert, Field Day for Orphans, Exchange Day, and the rewriting of the Charter will be expanded next fall to include a statewide Forum convention and many Forum activities in the arts.

And this is only a beginning.

HARVARD • WESTLAKE COMPUTER PROGRAM

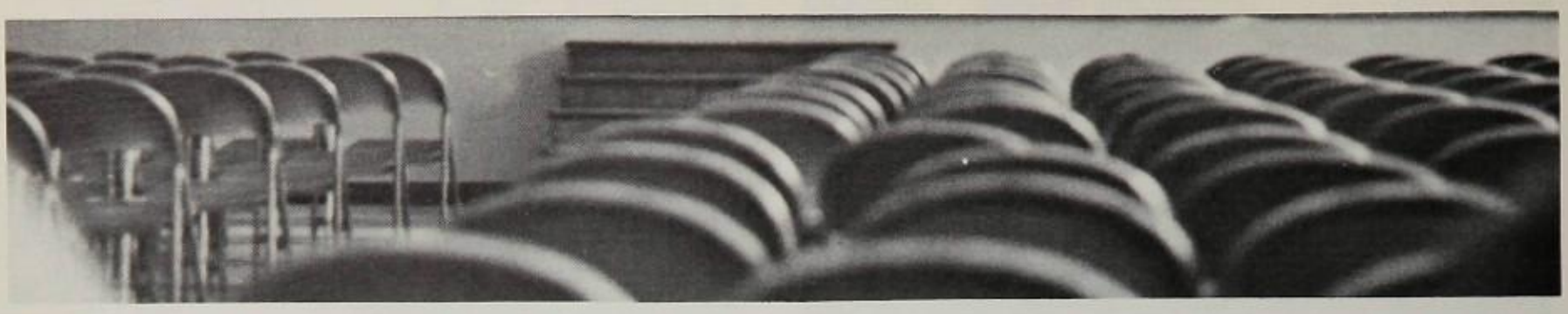
For the first time this year, Harvard joined its sister school Westlake in a Rand Corporation course of study involving computers. The class was run by a Rand employee, Mr. Blackwell, and met twice weekly. Aside from being very interesting and a chance to use computers, enthusiasm was great mainly due to the fact that it provided an opportunity to come into contact with Westlake's bountiful beauties. Does co-education loom large in the horizon of our future?



EXCHANGE DAY FEBRUARY 24, 1970

ENDED: 70 YEARS OF FRUSTRATION • MARCH 14, 1970

O brave new world that has such people as these . . .



APRIL 18

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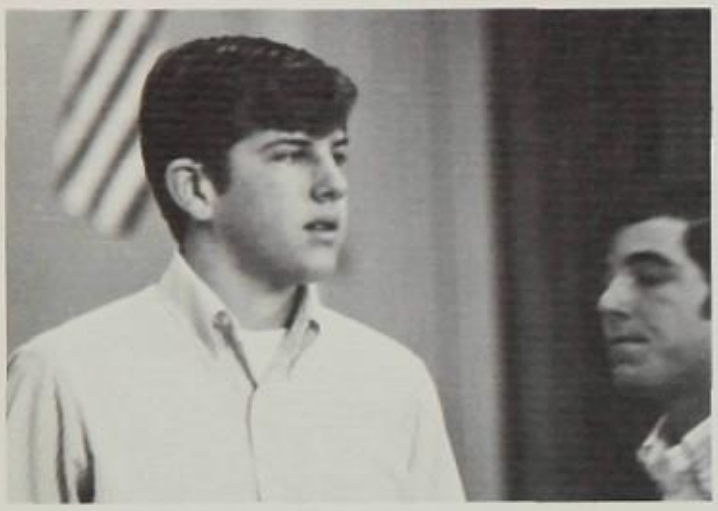

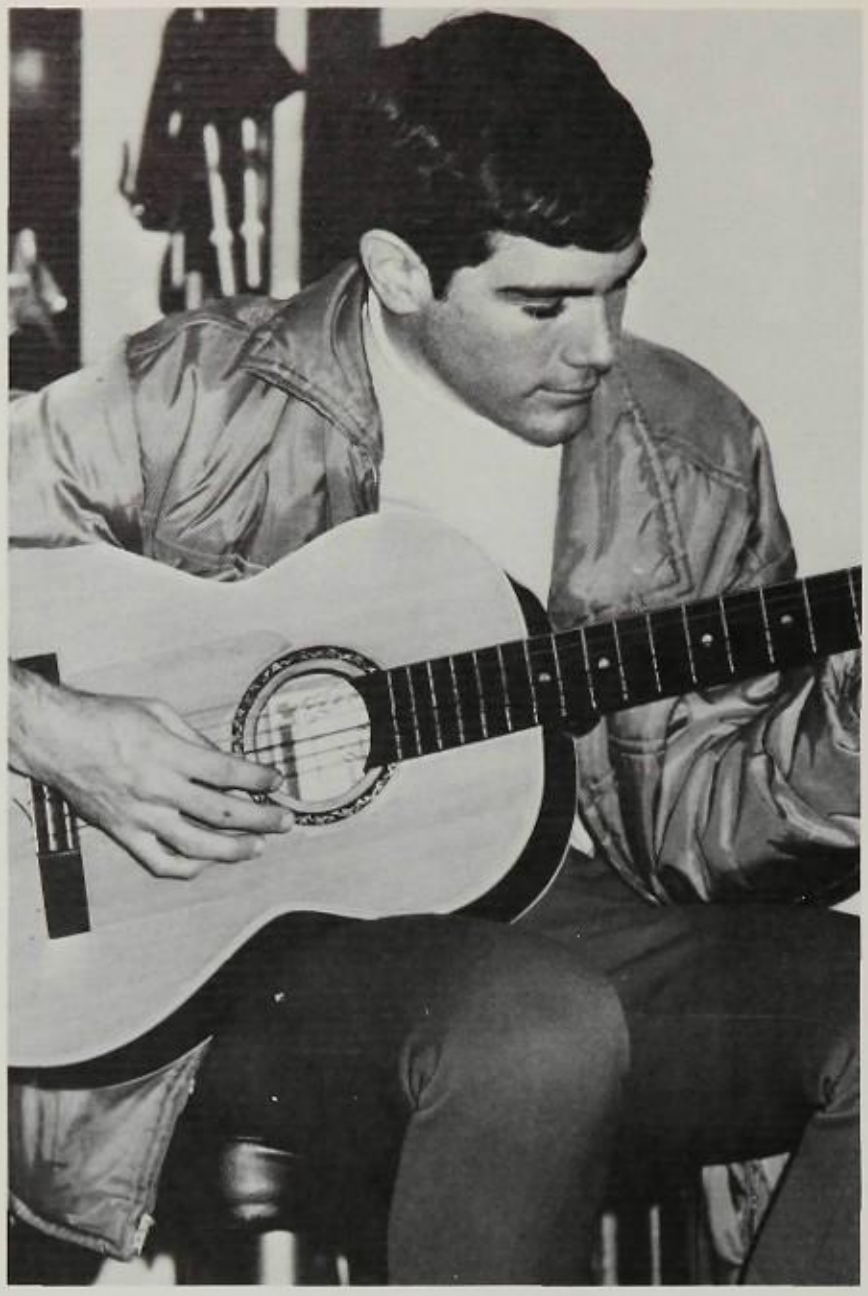

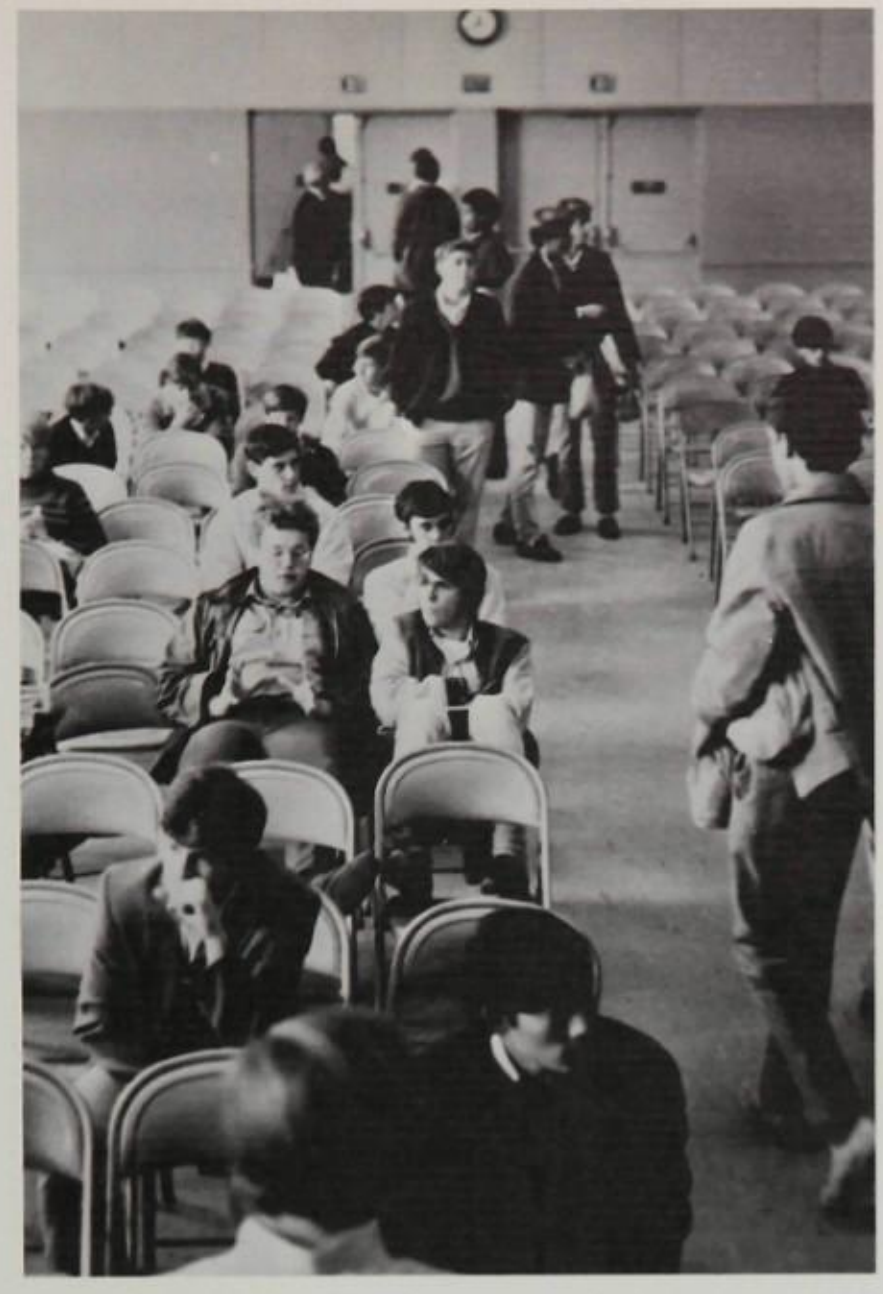

EDITOR'S EPILOGUE

Each year, the Editor of the ANNUAL has the somewhat enviable, possibly dubious, honor of preserving his attitudes towards the school for all posterity by writing a final, heavily dramatic "Epilogue". Yes, even when the Valedictorian's address has drifted far from the memory banks of our minds, the Editor's "Epilogue", printed right there in front of you, will always remain. Of course it is placed at the end of the book and is never looked at during one's first glance through the ANNUAL, due to its perturbing lack of pictures, but still, one night when you are feeling sentimental or suffering from stomach cramps, you'll pick up this manuscript and flip through, desperately trying to find something, anything, new to look at. And finally, as you begin skimming through the Ad section for the 80th time, you'll happen to come across this page and perhaps, from sheer boredom, condescend to read venerated reflections of an individual who you couldn't care less about, is undoubtedly not a hallowed sage, and, hopefully, you won't ever have to see again.

Most Editors resist the temptation to write an "Epilogue" mainly due to the fear that after one page of writing, one tends to sound rather verbose and tiresome. Also, who the heck is the Editor to write his memoirs on ANNUAL expense? Has he learned and experienced so much of life that he is now ready to communicate his vast store of knowledge to everyone in order to insure the makings of better human beings? As I said, most Editors would agree with you. Unfortunately, I am not most Editors.

I guess to even attempt an "Epilogue" it must take a great deal of conceit and guts on the part of the author. Maybe so. But ever since I became a part of the ANNUAL staff last year and really even before that, I truly felt that if I ever received the opportunity to write an enduring piece of literature in commemoration of my graduation and for future generations to come, I might sincerely be able to say something worthwhile and give those upcoming Harvardians some advice that could actually be of some help as they wade through their own yearly trials and tribulations. Hence, this last MAM Production.

At the beginning of the second semester, I took a fact-finding tour of the Ivy League Universities. I found myself easily drawn in to the relaxed atmosphere of these institutions and learned a great deal about the verities of college life. This mini-vacation also gave me a chance to see Harvard and my years there in a new light, the light of proportions.

It is very easy for one, during his secondary school education, to become so involved and intense with activities that he loses all perspective of time and place. What seems like the most radical movements and important programs in the history of mankind become very insignificant from a cosmic viewpoint. "What is a Prefect and SENTINEL; are you sure your high school's name is Harvard?" are questions I was automatically asked at each college. And each night, after coming back from a day of lectures, interviews, and constant oral verbosity, I'd be too numb to go to sleep and therefore be forced to read my Saul Bellow into the early hours of the morning, concentrating halfway on the book and halfway on the realities of MY Harvard.

And somewhere in between Asa Levanthal and the Student Council, I'd fade into deep meditation and from there, into a dazed, dreaming sleep. By the time I landed back in Los Angeles, my nights of contemplation had resulted in the fruition of a new awareness towards what my varied experiences at the school had taught me and a new insight into the workings of myself.

It is possible for a man to have much and still be a failure, even in his own eyes, because what a man is is infinitely more important than what a man has. Some of the most frustrated men in the world are those who seem to have everything, the more they have, the deeper the frustration. These men tend to forget that life is "being", not just having.

The inexplicable loneliness of some "big men" comes from their never being really sure who their friends are. Secretly in their hearts they wonder whether they are recognized for themselves or for their possessions, because no intelligent man is satisified with the respect of others if that respect is based upon what he possesses rather than upon what he is. Would people love them or respect them as much without their possessions, are they wanted because of the kind of men they are or because of what people hope to get out of them?

A glaring failure of our modern world is that it has taught us how to GET and HAVE and neglected to teach us how to live. Training in character has failed to keep pace with science and technology. We are technical giants, moral and spiritual adolescents.

Man was intended to have things, to possess his possessions and use them as tools. So often, they are his master and he is possessed by them.

During my tenure at Harvard, there was much talk about "apathy". Among adults, this would not be odd. However, among youth, it is a disturbing and somewhat frightening fact indeed. One's youth is a time of idealism and faith, it is a time of beating one's head against a wall and believing that one can actually go through it. To be indifferent or to not question is being beaten and turned back by the wall, it is giving in to the easy way due to lack of strength and guts. It is the duty of the individual to fight growing old by retaining a dedication and commitment that can truly make life worth living. Once one gives in and refuses to care anymore, one is dead.

My one cause celebre at Harvard was that no one cared. In my later years, I tried to remedy this situation a bit, but to no avail. A new administration can change the system; people, however, can only change themselves.

The basis of unhappiness is when one looks back at anything and regrets it. True self-understanding is the individual's knowledge of how he'll look back on any action or decision that he must make. I sacrificed everything for a few goals. I have been called a fool. I have no regrets.

However, most important of all, each student must realize that he's got the strength, endurance, and courage to do anything he wants. Nothing at Harvard School is beyond his grasp if he's willing to drive himself internally as far as possible. He can blame his parents or environment for his childhood, he can only blame himself for his accomplishments or lack of them at Harvard School. I know that it can be done, it is all up to the individual.

I cannot think of a suitable ending for this literary piece. I have always had dreams of going out triumphantly in grand style, but now see that this is ridiculous and, after re-reading this essay, impossible. However, I do want to conclude by saying that Harvard is what the individual makes it. As in life, we have a choice, a choice that only we can make. It is not up to the new Administration to make Harvard an instant heaven for it will always be a hell to someone. If there is but one thing that I can be remembered for, let it be this resolution of self-determination. People must act, people must try. It is in this spirit that I leave.

Robert Kennedy, a man I truly admired, was fond of saying, "Some men see things as they are and say why; I see things that never were and say why not."

In my own presumptuous way, I hope that I have left Harvard a little better than it was when I came.

Michael Anthony Meyer

pax

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  And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
  In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
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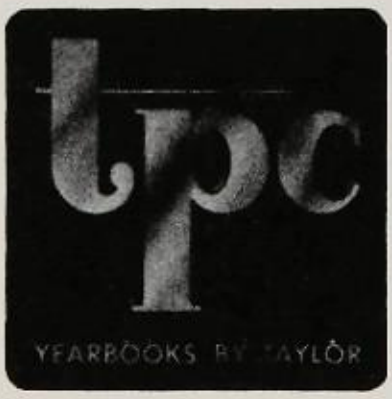

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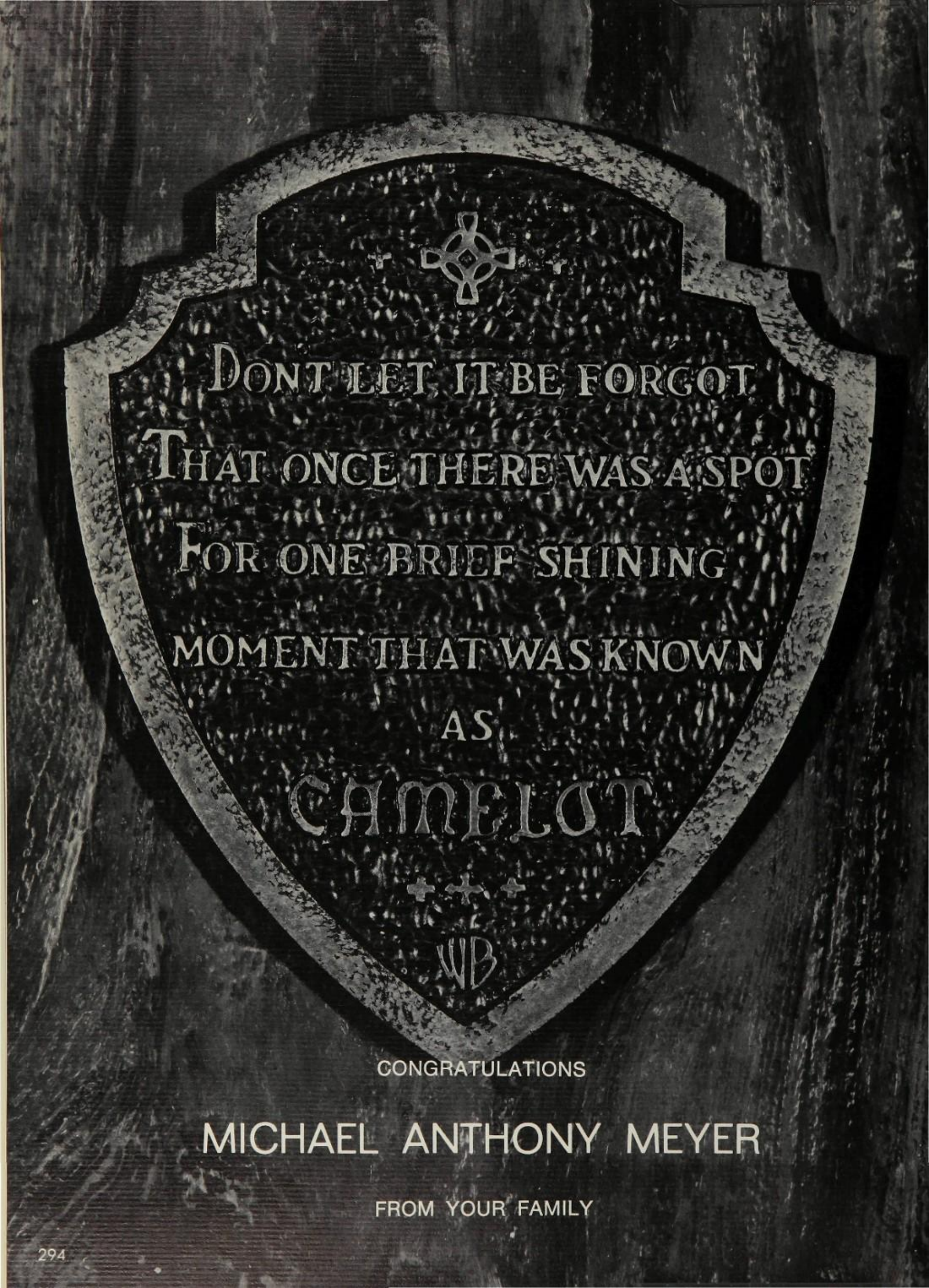

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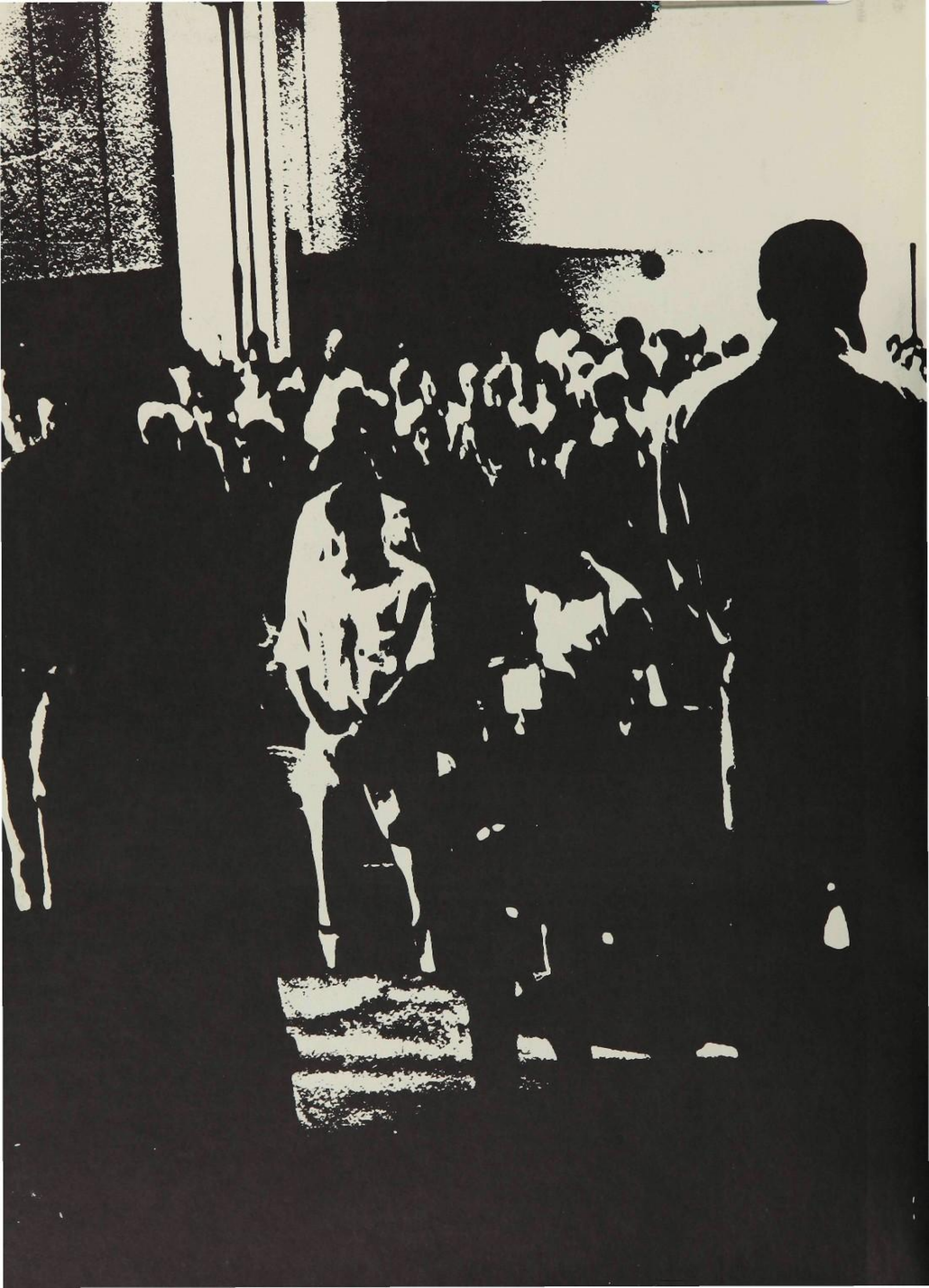
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